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Collier's

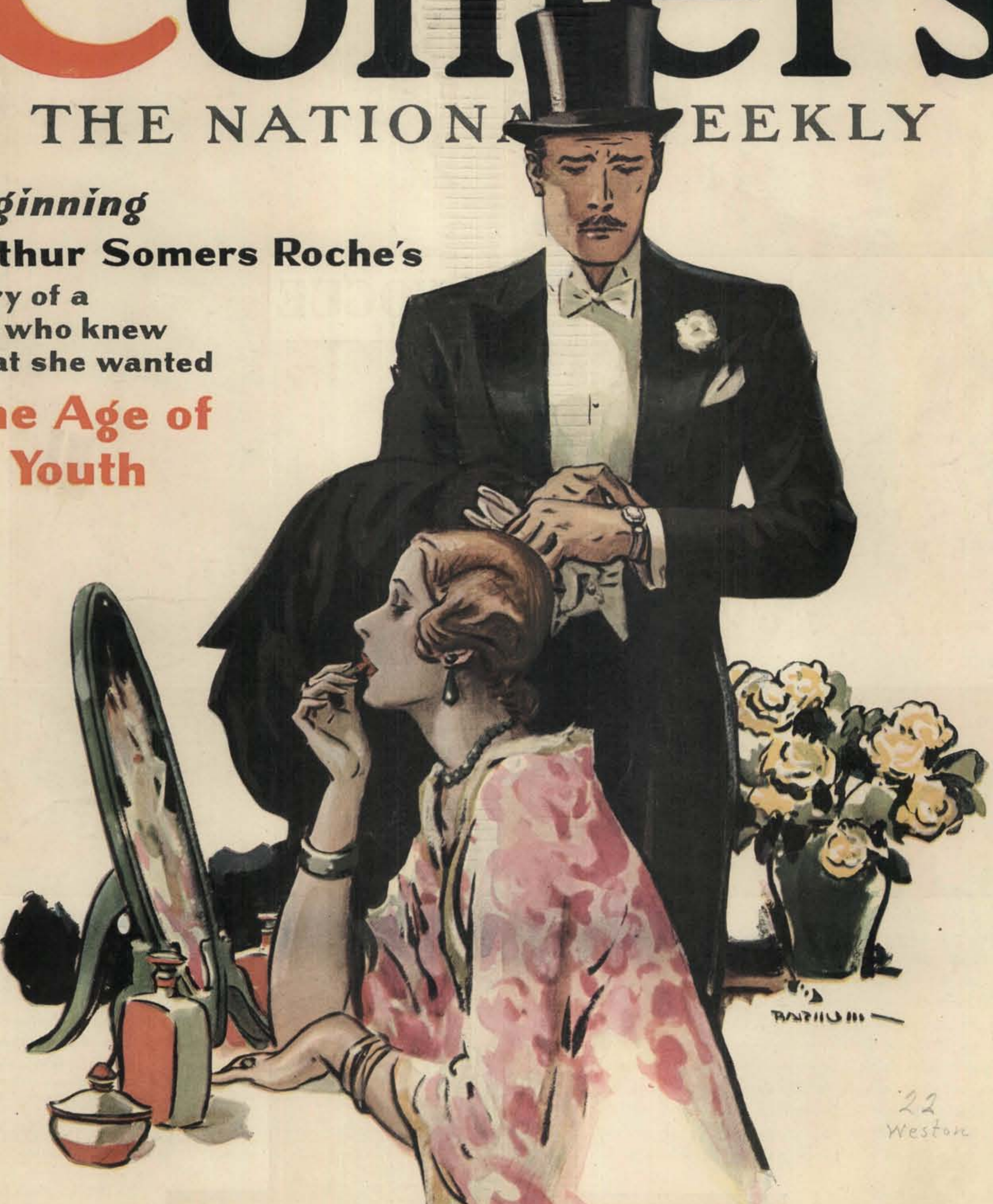
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Beginning

Arthur Somers Roche's

story of a
girl who knew
what she wanted

The Age of Youth



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Weston

Nov. 16, 1929

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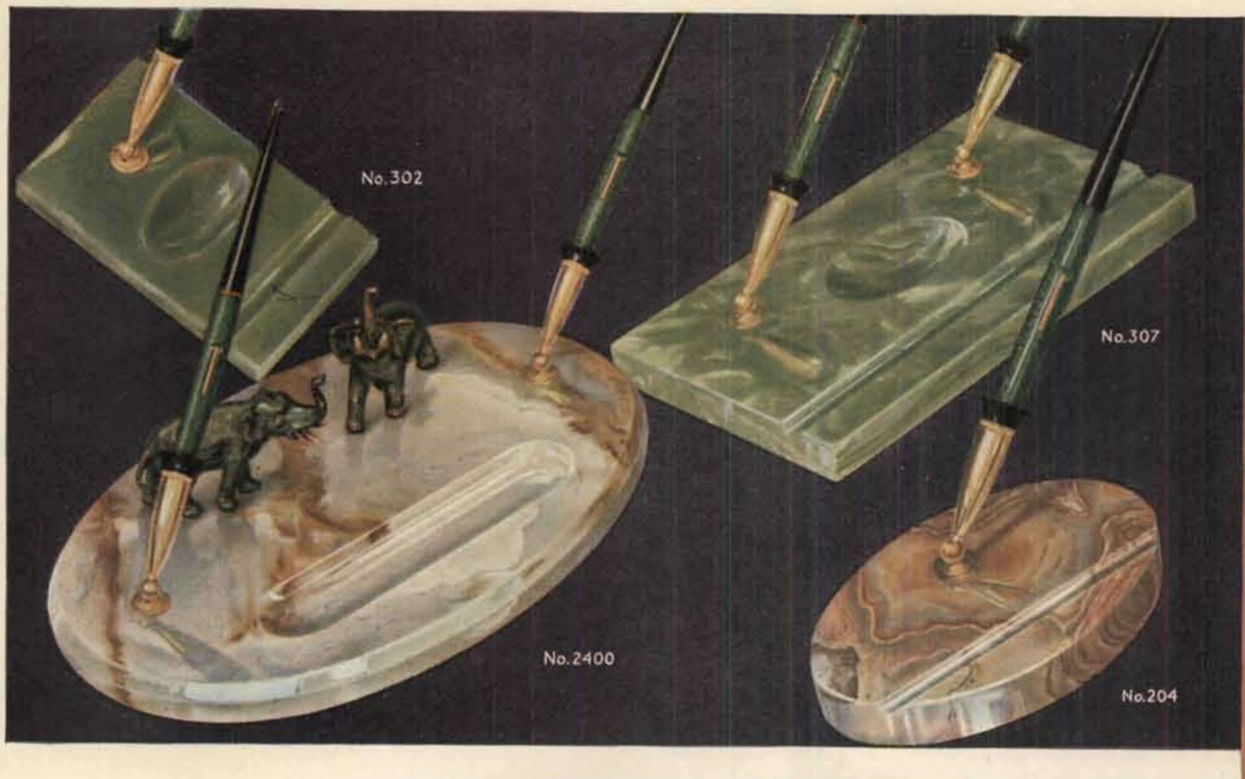

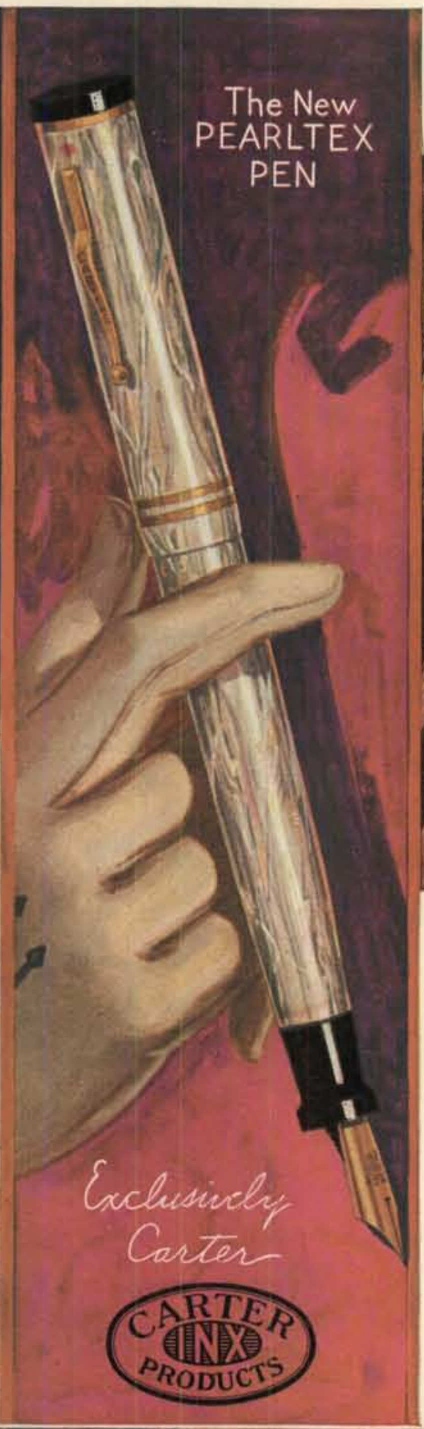

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IN THE NEW VOGUE

CRISP November air . . . snow now and then . . . Christmas just around the corner . . . a long list of what to buy—and, while we are on the subject, may we suggest that the new Carter Pearltex Pen will simplify a number of your problems . . . If you expect beauty, newness and utility in a gift, the Carter Pearltex Pen will meet all your expectations. It is new, with the flair that is the pen vogue of tomorrow . . . It answers your quest for a gift that will most completely express the affection which prompts its giving. For the Carter Pen is the pride of every owner; the envy of those who have always wanted this beautiful friendly pen . . . Beautiful? Yes, but dependable, too. Enduring service is grafted into its smoothly gliding flexible point tipped with long-wearing Osmiridium. Its Rocker Spring Clip is *built* into the cap—it grips firmly, yet releases with a gentle finger pressure . . . Why not go tomorrow to any of the better stores and with certain relief buy the Carter Pen knowing that you have accomplished much for someone's happiness and writing satisfaction?

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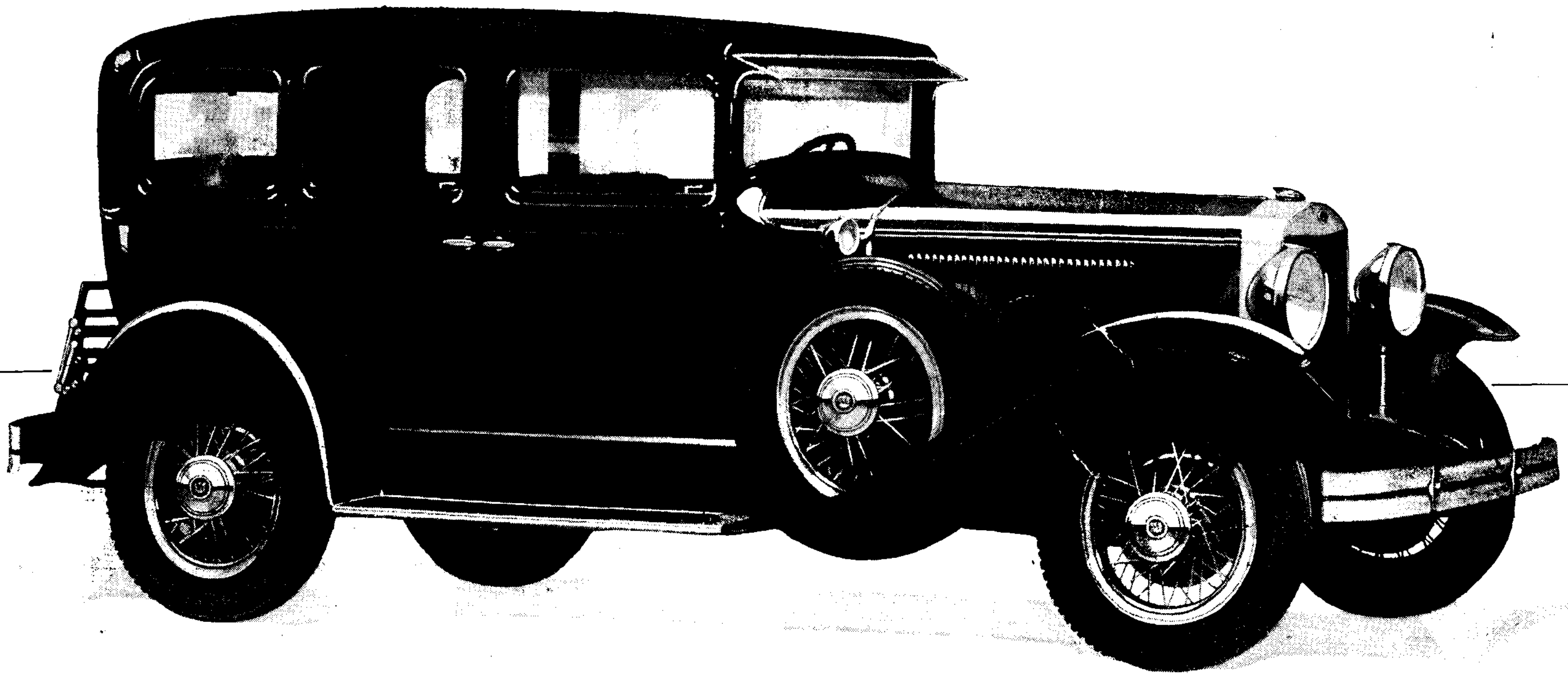


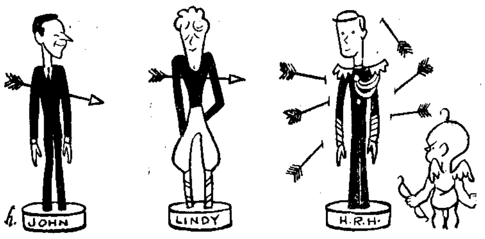
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WITH Colonel Lindbergh and John Coolidge safely married and off our hands it's time we devoted some serious attention to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Is he in love? Was he ever in love? What about all these dancing gals one hears about? Why doesn't he marry?

We were just wondering whom to ask about it when we received three manuscripts from Richard Dent. The first is entitled "Why the Prince of Wales Hasn't Fallen in Love," and if that doesn't answer our questions, what does?

Mr. Dent is a former member of the press staff at Buckingham Palace. He has accompanied the Prince of Wales on many of his tours and knows a great deal about the young man. A very great deal.

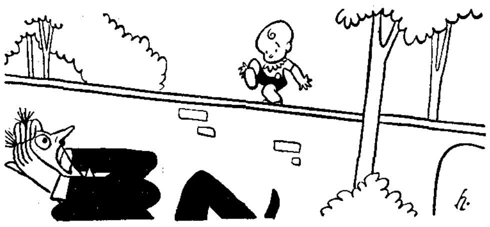


SUPPOSE you were a famous theatrical producer—well, it's all in fun anyway and you don't *have* to be, you know—and found that a little stock company out in the country was pirating your best play. You'd be upset about it, to say the least. The man we have in mind was so mad about it he traveled hundreds of miles to throw the whole Vinton Dramatic Company in jail. But he couldn't do that, he found, without jailing Mrs. Vinton, too, and she had trouble enough, what with her husband, and no money and pretty general hard luck.

What he did do, is Mark Swan's story "The Man Who Couldn't Forget." If you want to see what a real trouper is like, read it.

—

ON AN important first night there's another side to the story. It's amusing when you can read about it instead of feeling it. The playwright is like a father who must helplessly watch his child running along a high garden wall, says Alexander Woollcott. His article is called, strangely enough, "The Child on the Garden Wall" and it's full of stories you can tell at dinner if you're clever enough to bring the talk around to the right subject.



SIR JASPER SLANE, our current detective, is here again in "The Golden Bird of Mallory," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. It's the most dangerous situation of all, and we're afraid Sir Jasper is hooked.

—

MORE fiction by Hugh Wiley, "Chinaman's Chance"—that's good news; and Dorothy Perkins' "Diplomacy"; the Short Short Story, Grantland Rice, Uncle Henry, The Look of the Month, Arthur Somers Roche, Zane Grey and others.

—

You'll have to elbow your way through a dense throng of Collier's addicts at the news-stands.

THIS WEEK

November 16, 1929

Cover—Jay Hyde Barnum

Page 7—Arthur Somers Roche
THE AGE OF YOUTH: Begin it now and save yourself time.

Page 10—William G. Shepherd
DOUGHBOYS' DOUGH: Whether they need it or not.

Page 12—Jerome Beatty
TOMMY GETS THE BREAKS: Golf, baseball, business, love and luck. Is there anything more?

Page 14—E. Phillips Oppenheim
THE TROUBLESOME KINGDOM OF SELM: Sir Jasper goes in for big stuff.

Page 17—Grantland Rice
DUTIFUL BUT NUMB: Out on their feet.

Page 18—Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars
WILD PARTIES: Some cagey ones, too.

Page 20—George Weston
THE GIRL WHO BLUSHED: And she blushed at nearly everything.

Page 25—John W. Heisman
HERE ARE MEN: Football players, to be exact.

Page 26—Uncle Henry
HI-JACKING THE FACE: Fall renovating.

Page 28—George R. Preedy
THE PRINCE'S DARLING: The conclusion of a great serial.

Page 32—Marie Beynon Ray
BOB RIGHT: Snip! Snip! Now look in the mirror!

Page 34—John B. Kennedy
STOP THE SHOW! Libby Holman, the crooner.

Page 36—W. Ron Ferguson
IN A BOTTLE: The Short Short Story.

Page 39—Zane Grey
THE YELLOWJACKET FEUD: The Hash Knife cracks.

Page 50—Word Hunt

Page 58—Edwin E. Slosson
CATCHING UP WITH THE WORLD

Page 65—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
A WICKERSHAM BATTLE: The lowdown.

Page 81—Milton C. Work
HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT? Shuffle and deal.

Page 82—Editorial

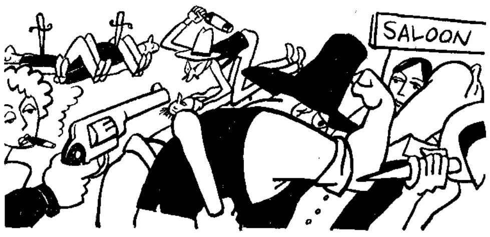
Any Week

WHAT fascinates us about our position is that we never know what is going to agitate us next. For example here's a letter from Mr. Frank G. Menke, who tells us that he has met a large number of oil men lately who solemnly assure him that Berger, Texas, is the toughest town in American history—or was.

His oil men report seventeen murders in one honky-tonk and the utter disappearance of motorists driving in and out of town, whose cars later turn up in Berger to be sold by the criminals. . . .

Somehow we doubt that Berger is as bad as all that. Also they'll have to prove that the town is as tough as some we've seen. Phoebus, Virginia, for example, in the old days. Or El Paso years ago. Or Leadville and Goldfield in their first golden months. And we remember a few days we spent in Butte, Montana, twenty years or so ago. . . .

However, we think Mr. Menke's informants are just a little overwrought. We've never been in Berger but we'll bet there are tougher towns. In fact we wouldn't be surprised if the place was being libeled. However, we have an open mind on the subject and if you have any nominations for the honor, let us know.



FOR years we've been dreaming that Publicity was going to make us rich. Just as we were about convinced that there was nothing in dreams, a young fellow named Paul Deresco Augsburg gets his name in Collier's over a neat short story and, lo, a lawyer appears asking for the lad's address that he may turn over to him a country estate to which Mr. Augsburg had fallen heir but which had never been transferred because the lawyers couldn't locate him. It's all in picking the right magazine, we suppose.

—

MR. MARSHALL, secretary of the Shanghai Club (Shanghai, China), writes to correct our statement that the American Club in that city has the largest bar in the world. That bar, says he, is not half as long as the Shanghai Club's, which is 112 feet from end to end. Letters asking what of it will not be answered.

—

"IT IS my opinion," writes Mr. Thomas F. Cassidy of Chicago, "that your present circulation of over two million will be doubled in a very short time." Well, we wouldn't drop dead.

—

PAUL NEILL, editor of the Yakima, Washington, Herald, claims credit from Mr. Harvey MacDowson of Kansas City for originating the idea of learning to play golf one hole at a time—play the first hole until you do it automatically in or under par and then take on the others one after the other. He complains that he had reached hole five—a treacherous water hole—when they rearranged the course, renumbered the holes and destroyed his faith in humanity.

—

As for ourselves, we just laugh golf and life off lightly. Probably you've heard us.

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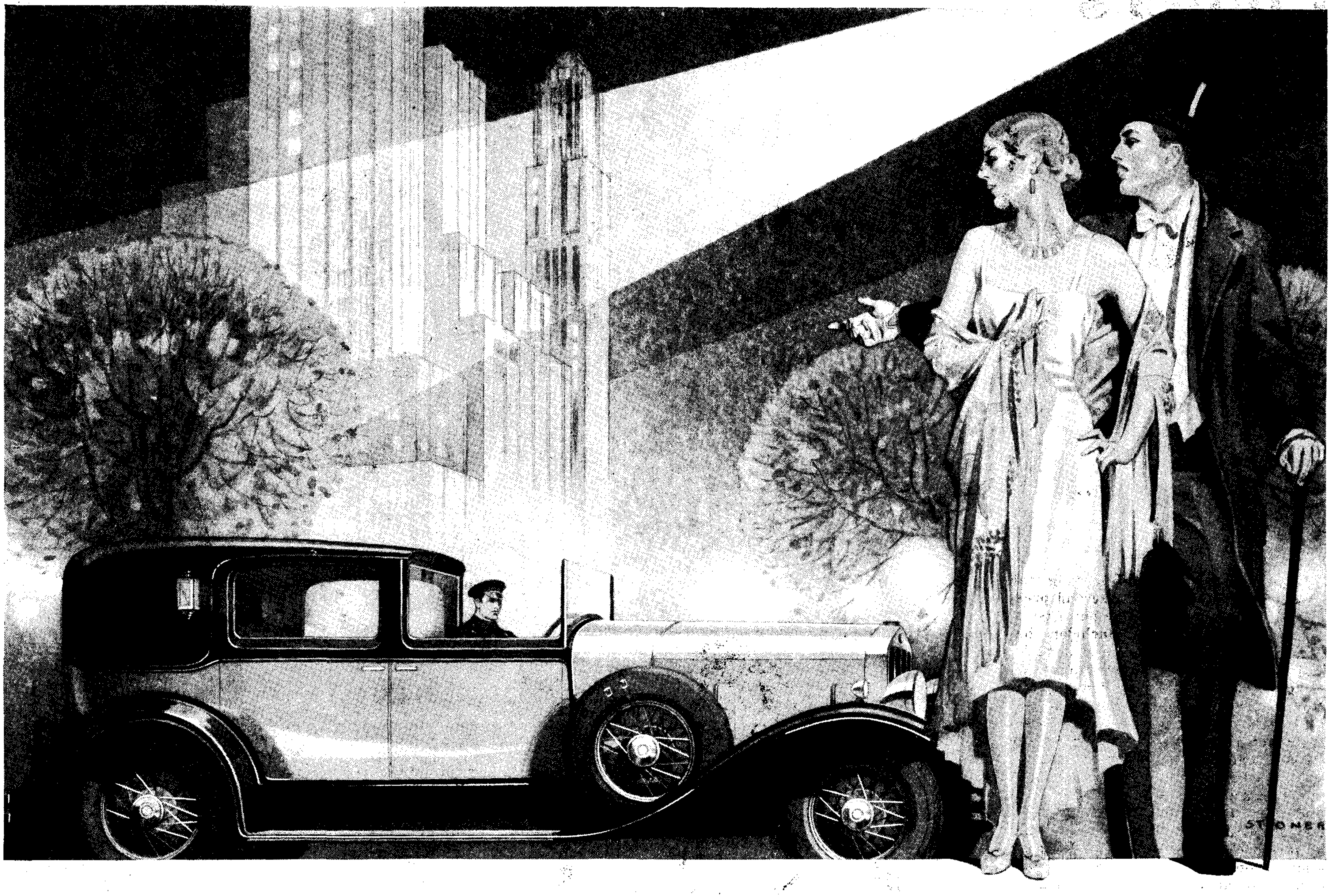

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Collier's
The National Weekly for November 16, 1929

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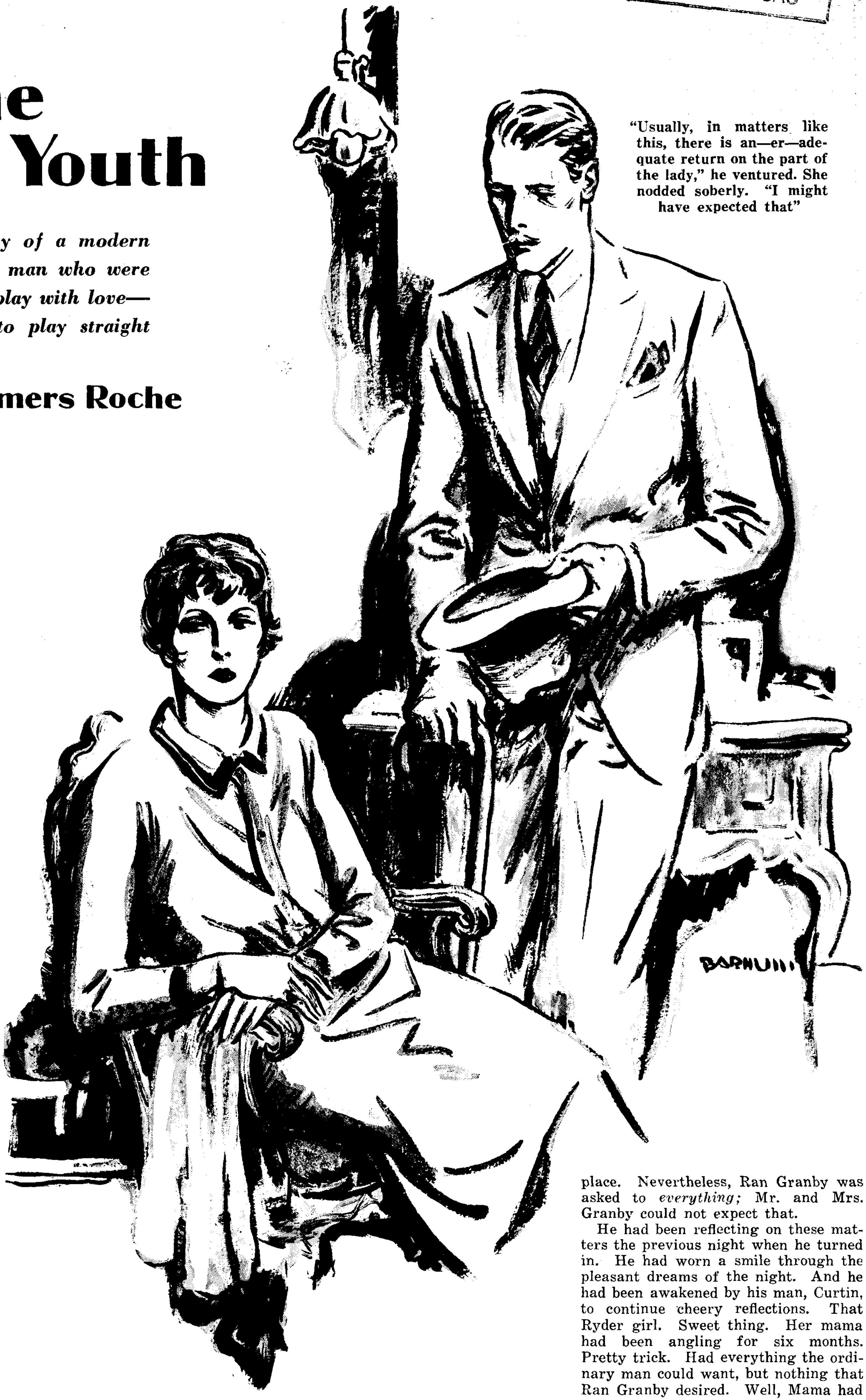
The Age of Youth

Beginning the story of a modern girl and a modern man who were foolish enough to play with love—and wise enough to play straight

By Arthur Somers Roche



"Usually, in matters like this, there is an—er—adequate return on the part of the lady," he ventured. She nodded soberly. "I might have expected that"

RANDOLPH GRANBY rang the bell twice. Into the second pressure of the button he put a petulant impatience. Bachelors become victims to routine, and Granby had been a bachelor for a long time. Longer than he liked to contemplate. Not that he desired to change his estate. The wariest fish in New York's matrimonial sea had no desire to be hooked, gaffed and placed in a bowl like a goldfish. To pretend to nibble at the entrancing bait trolled before him, and then to dart swiftly away. . . . Nevertheless, it was a bit disconcerting to have one's barber remark, "Thinning a bit on top, sir." And it was not reassuring to have one's tailor suggest, though ever so diffidently, that a certain pattern was a trifle youthful. . . .

Of course, thirty-nine was not young. Neither, by any stretch of the imagination, could it be termed old. Why, middle age didn't begin until the fifties were reached. He hadn't even reached the prime of life. Five sets of tennis; thirty-six holes of golf; a half-mile swim. . . . He was stronger now than he had been at twenty. All this chitter-chatter. . . . "Time you settled down, Ran. Must be pretty lonesome having no one waiting home for you. Wait till you have a couple of kids of your own, old man."

Twaddle. He'd never seen a girl yet to whom he wanted to yield his freedom. And as for this vaunted delight of domesticity. . . . Well, most of the men one encountered at the Mallet or the Stream were benedicts. Bachelors didn't hang around clubs. They were out somewhere, having a good time.

ROMANCE? He could have plenty of that. A pretty girl, assiduous attentions, the light in her eyes that meant he might kiss her. And then—to move on before that light became more calculating, before it became possessive. After all, we live but once, and to give over life to the keeping of another was too sublime a generosity. What did one get in return for it? Affection, love? Well, even so. But one paid so tremendously for those things. A bachelor went to Palm Beach when he chose, not when a wife told him. A bachelor considered himself, not a wife and children, and a wife's social obligations. A bachelor could be crusty in the morning, could stay on or leave a party. A bachelor didn't need to readjust his life to the whims of another. Oh, maybe it was selfish, but—it was darned pleasant.

Also, to have achieved practically nothing in life, and yet, because of one's wealth, to be sought after. Oh, no, not the money alone; it was the singleness of his estate. He was an "extra man." Not a great deal on which to plume one's self, but—it made for entertainment. He knew every celebrity that had ever come to America, knew them by the mere grace of the fact that he was available, that he could be asked without the necessity of asking a wife also.

Not that a wife would have been a detriment. The woman who married Ran Granby would step into an assured place. Nevertheless, Ran Granby was asked to *everything;* Mr. and Mrs. Granby could not expect that.

He had been reflecting on these matters the previous night when he turned in. He had worn a smile through the pleasant dreams of the night. And he had been awakened by his man, Curtin, to continue cheery reflections. That Ryder girl. Sweet thing. Her mama had been angling for six months. Pretty trick. Had everything the ordinary man could want, but nothing that Ran Granby desired. Well, Mama had been pretty frigid last night. Perfectly all right. She had justice with her. If a man didn't intend committing himself, then he had no right to sew up a girl's time. Another pleasant interlude was ended. Well, another new one would begin almost any day.

Meantime, it was pleasant, sort of,

to realize that one didn't have to telephone, didn't have to think of a new attractive place for luncheon, could neglect ordering orchids, arranging too-late parties at the Embassy or Montmartre. In short, one could, until a new butterfly flitted before one's vision, relax into perfect unconcern for everything save one's own peculiarly private concerns.

Selfish? All right. What of it?

A shave, a bath, a perfectly served breakfast, and now, with the first cigarette of the morning soothingly permeating his lungs, the mail. He liked his morning mail. Though he rarely appeared at the estate offices, knowing well that his lawyers were honest and far more able than himself, it was a polite fiction, to which his attorneys gave outward credence, that he himself studied every proposed investment, every intended liquidation of any of his assets into cash. All letters that were addressed to him must be sent to his home, there to be opened by his secretary, who would submit them with penciled notes and suggestions, when they would be sent to the lawyers for them to do as they saw fit.

BUT nothing unpleasant was to be laid before the eyes of Ran Granby. Begging letters, anonymous letters, threatening letters—these were deleted from the mail by his efficient secretary.

Efficient! Damnation, he had given the signal—two peremptory rings upon the bell—that he was ready for what he termed work. And Crandall, the deprecating, self-effacing, machine-like secretary, had not answered. Ran Granby's pleasant face—it is easy to be pleasant when one hasn't a care in the world—grew petulant. He arose from bed one minute after Curtin awakened him. Three minutes later, after a few exercises before an open window, he stepped into his tub. Three minutes after that, he began shaving. Six minutes later he sat down to breakfast. The headlines and sporting pages while he ate, then the first puffs of his cigarette and then—the mail. And Crandall hadn't answered the bell.

He frowned upon the grave obsequious Curtin as the valet entered.

"What the deuce is the matter with Crandall, what?" he asked.

Curtin laid a pile of letters upon the desk beside his employer.

"Sorry, sir. He telephoned, sir."

"Telephoned what? What the devil did he telephone for? Can't look over my mail over the phone, can he?"

Crosses, obstacles, impediments in the way of our desires, are the things that develop character. Never having encountered any of these things, Ran Granby had little will, little real strength of character. He had the spoiled person's substitute, irascibility, and he vented it now.

"Mr. Crandall is ill, sir," explained Curtin.

"Ill? Ill? He wasn't ill last night."

Ran said this as if he produced an unanswerable argument against the possibility of Crandall really being sick.

"YES, sir, he was quite well when he left here last evening, sir," agreed the valet.

Ran snorted.

"But he was taken ill in the night, sir. Quite seriously, sir. As a matter of fact, he's running an extremely high temperature and can't leave his bed, sir. Pleurisy, his wife says, sir."

"Oh, he didn't phone himself?"

Granby asked the question to fill in a gap. Damn it, when a faithful employee becomes ill, one must do something. And doing anything was extremely annoying at the moment, because Ran Granby planned to sail for France within a few days, and he was booked for every minute.

"Shocking," he said. "Suppose I ought to run up and see the poor devil, what?"

Curtin shook his head. "I told Mrs. Crandall that would be your first thought, and she told me to tell you not to bother. She said that no one could possibly be permitted to see her husband, and that she hoped his illness would not too greatly inconvenience you, sir."

Ran Granby pursed his lips.

"I can carry on by myself," he stated. "One must, Curtin, when an emergency arises."

"Quite so, sir," agreed Curtin. There was nothing in the valet's manner to indicate that the task—of reading his own mail—that suddenly confronted Granby was of anything less than the utmost magnitude. A man may not be a hero to his valet, but the successful valet conceals that fact.

The man's prompt acquiescence soothed Granby's ruffled mood. He saw himself, briefly, as a man who carried great burdens, arrived at momentous decisions, and the sight hurried him into an impulse.

"Crandall hasn't been chipper for several weeks," he remarked. "Er—telephone his wife and tell her to send all bills—all of them, be sure—to my lawyers. Tell her that his salary continues, and that in the event of anything special arising she may draw upon my lawyers up to five thousand dollars. Attend to that at once, Curtin."

Quite properly impressed, his lips forming soundless words of appreciation, Curtin left the room. Granby looked at himself in the mirror. A chap ought not to plume himself for having done a decent thing, but—well, he was treating Crandall quite well. He felt a warm glow permeating his being. Didn't believe in charity, but decent generosity to a hard-working, faithful chap who was down on his luck. . . .

HE LOOKED at himself a moment longer. A glint of gray at the temples rather distinguished a chap. He ran his hand over the top of his head. His barber was a jackass. And his tailor—naturally, a man grew more solid as he became mature, but muscle should not be confounded with fat. Just as slim. Much more active. . . .

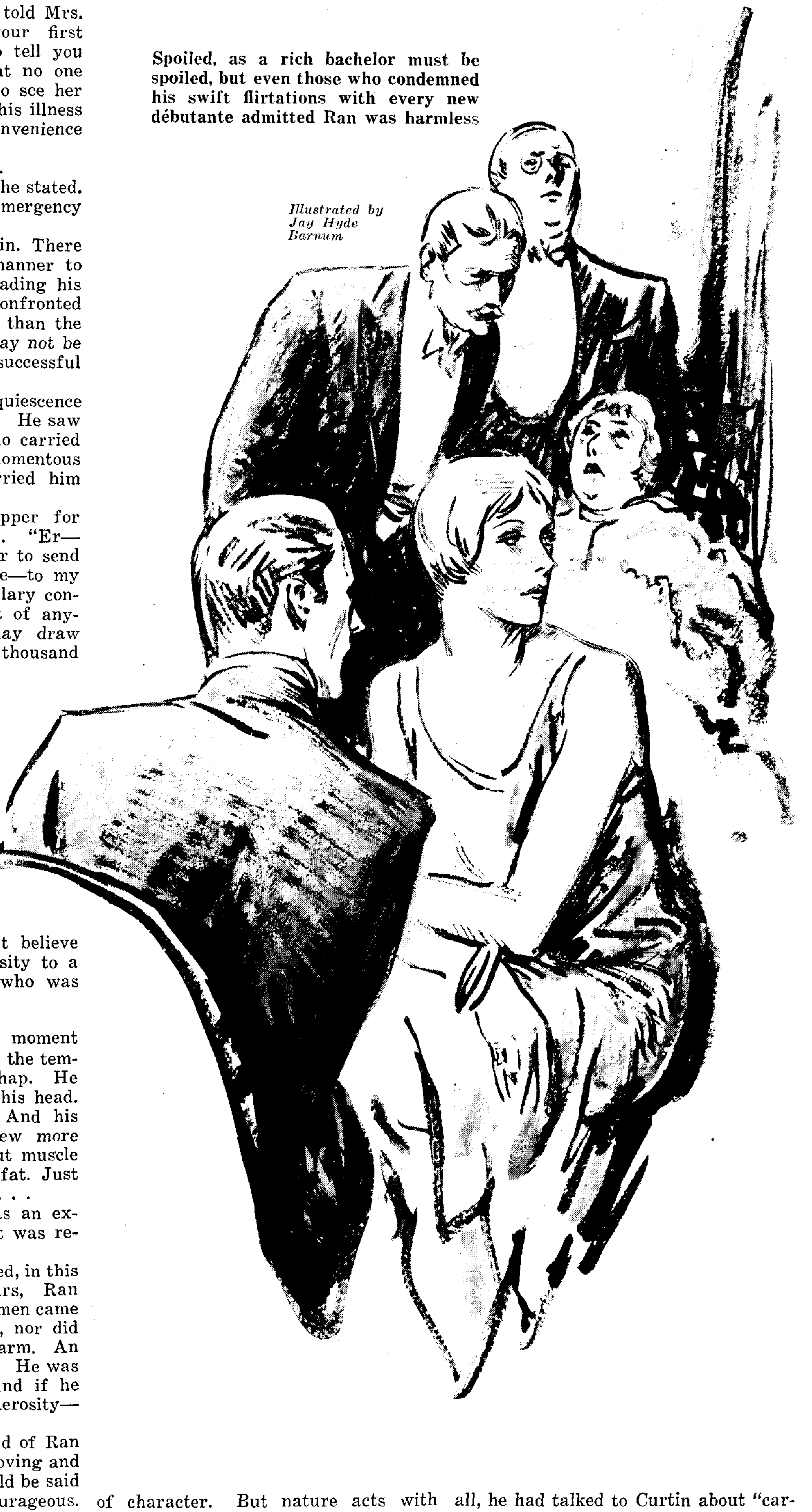
As a matter of fact, it was an extremely personable figure that was reflected in the mirror.

As such matters are appraised, in this matter-of-fact world of ours, Ran Granby was a gentleman. Women came to no particular good by him, nor did they come to any particular harm. An untruth was impossible to him. He was neither stingy nor lavish. And if he liked an audience for his generosity—well, so do most of us.

The worst that could be said of Ran Granby was that he was self-loving and a bit stupid. The best that could be said was that he was honest and courageous. An average sort of man, save for his millions. Spoiled, as a rich bachelor must be spoiled, but even those who condemned his swift flirtations with every new débutante admitted that Ran was harmless. Necessary to the education of every young girl just launched into society, his friends chuckled. And if a girl occasionally was hurt in her pride because the expected proposal did not materialize, she was seldom hurt in her heart. He was not the kind to inspire great passion in every feminine heart.

He might, had he been compelled to earn his way in the world, have developed strength, will and endurance of character. But nature acts with humans as with animals. Where there is necessity, nature develops coats of fur, long necks, huge teeth. Who shall say that the skinless, short-necked, fangless beasts are any less worthy than the others? If a man's circumstances are such that he needs neither thrift nor economy nor hardness of will to serve him, who shall condemn him because he lacks them?

His men friends liked him.



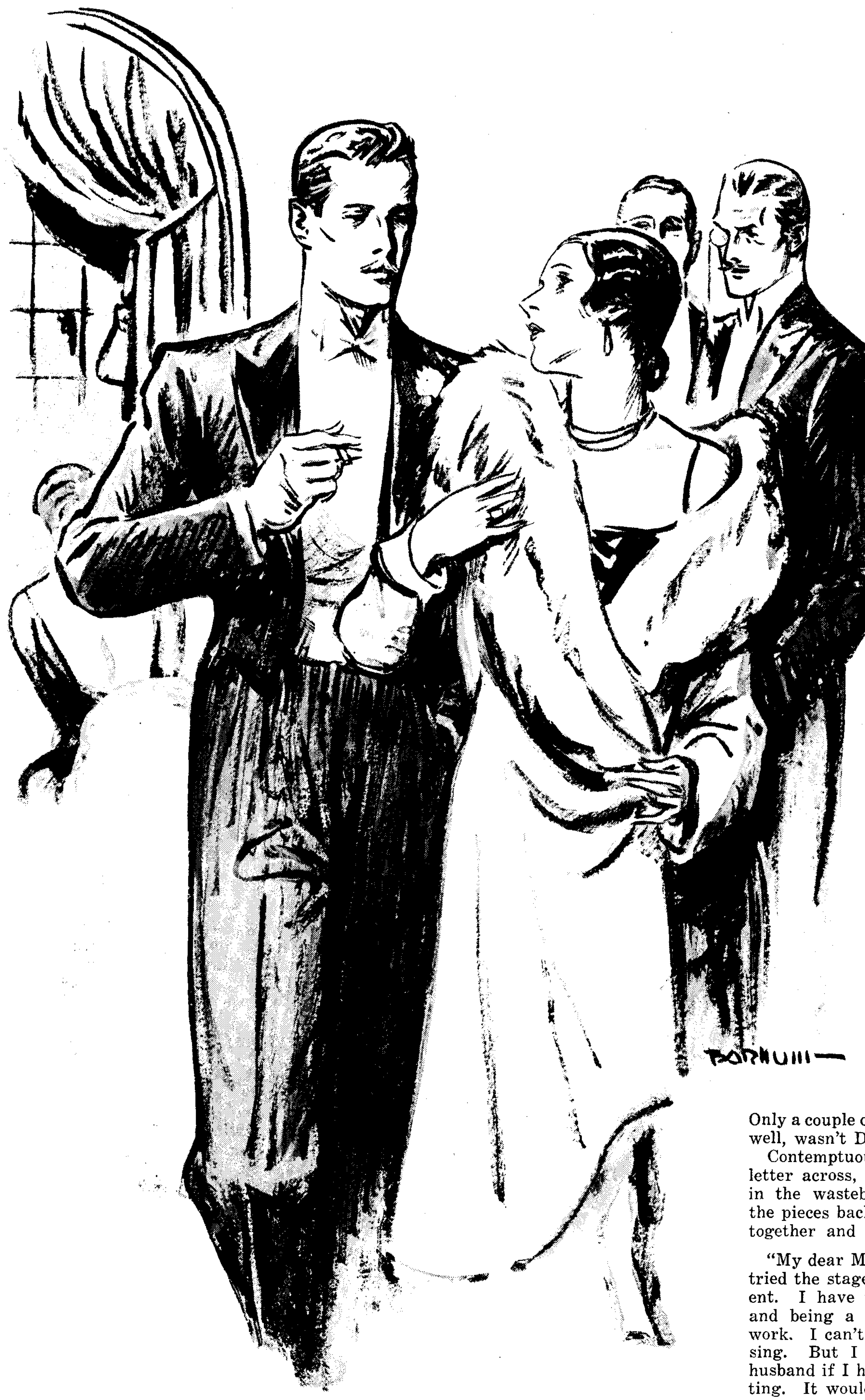
Spoiled, as a rich bachelor must be spoiled, but even those who condemned his swift flirtations with every new débutante admitted Ran was harmless

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

HE TURNED away from the mirror and surveyed the pile of mail before him. He grimaced with distaste. He could send it to his lawyers. . . . After all, he had talked to Curtin about "carrying on." Furthermore, he would not care for Blenkinstone, Birmingham and Magruder to know that he didn't even read his own letters. So he sat down before the desk, pulled the envelopes nearer to him, and busied himself with a paper cutter.

H'm. . . . Mrs. John Raston has the honor, etc. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Willingham Blake request the honor. . . . Mmm . . . make a note of that; something from Cartier's. . . . The Governors of the Mallet. . . . The Mayor's Committee of Reception for Distinguished. . . . The Alliance Francaise. . . . Twenty dollars to purchase



a saxophone for a convict in Pennsylvania? Damnation, a man who wanted to play the sax ought to *stay* in jail. . . . Founder member of the proposed Club. . . . Little Jinny Murdock's coming-out party. . . . Good heavens, had Joe and Evelyn been married that long? . . . Would he care to buy forty per cent of Maxey Weinsaub's managerial rights in Cocoa Riley? Rot. Riley couldn't go three rounds with that little Cuban flash. . . . House boat down the Potomac, up the James . . . too bad he was going abroad; he'd have liked that. . . . Chickens Copper and a private car to the Kentucky Derby? Must send her a line—no. . . . And what was this one?

He spread out this one for a second reading, smoothed the creases in the perfectly plain, unscented white note paper that had been contained in the uncompromising stamped envelope sold by Uncle Sam himself. What was the signature? Pleasing writing, but not too legible. He looked at the back of the envelope. Yes, Donna was the name. Rather pretty name. Made a chap think of moonlit nights. . . . Donna Raynor, eh, the Mercat Hotel, West Forty-seventh Street. H'm. Nice neighborhood—for certain things.

And what did little Donna want, bless her baby gold-digger's heart? Just a thousand a month for—how long? Only a couple of years, eh? Well, well, wasn't Donna modest?

Contemptuously he tore the letter across, started to drop it in the wastebasket, then drew the pieces back. He fitted them together and reread the letter.

"My dear Mr. Granby: I have tried the stage, but have no talent. I have tried stenography and being a salesgirl. I hate work. I can't write or paint or sing. But I could get a rich husband if I had the proper setting. It would cost a thousand a month and I'd need two years to get the proper man. Will you give it to me? Yours truly, Donna Raynor."

Granby read it a third, fourth and fifth time. Gad, that would be a sparkling thing to do, now, wouldn't it? Foist a cheap little gold digger. . . . Damn it, it was the frankest, most straightaway letter he'd ever read. He wondered what she looked like.

He could visualize her: hard eyes; too-red lips; decent figure, probably, which she would reveal as generously as the candid fashion of the day permitted; bobbed hair with untidy ends; a manner blended of greed and cunning; a voice whose commonness she would try to disguise by a broad A and a rising inflection at the end of each sentence.

Lord, hadn't he met hundreds of them? Untalented little girls who started out earnestly and honestly, perhaps, but who wound up by offering to almost any purchaser their frankly salable charms. He'd met them and—avoided them. Not that he was an anchorite, but—he was fastidious. Also, from boyhood, almost, he had realized that a man of wealth was a shining target for variegated forms of blackmail. Good taste and cunning—an odd combination—had kept his name out of the scandal columns. He didn't propose to put his name there now.

Yet again he stayed the hand that started to toss the torn note away. The writer of this letter must be of different mentality from the ordinary little go-getter of the Forties. Or perhaps she was merely a mistress of what he had heard business executives term the "approach."

HE STUDIED the handwriting. He wished he were one of those Johnnies one was always meeting at dinners nowadays, who could tell you all about yourself by the way you parted your hair, or did your tie. There ought to be all sorts of information about the writer of this note, concealed in her handwriting.

But her way of phrasing her extraordinary request ought to afford some indication of her character. "I hate work." Fair enough; so did practically everyone who wasn't a howling success at his or her work, but how many would admit to laziness? No talent? Modesty? Or the frankness of desperation? Well, not so modest. She certainly had confidence in her ability to land a rich husband, given the proper setting. And a bit choosy, too, as his boyhood saying had it. It would take her two years to get the proper man. Not going to take any poor beseeching devil with perhaps only eight or nine millions to his credit. Two years? Sounded as though she intended combing the field pretty thoroughly. And a thousand a month, eh? Not as expensive as the "friends" of many of his pals. Intimating, very politely, that she wasn't overly grasping.

It was as fascinating as that game—what was it? Twenty questions? You thought of something and somebody clever asked you which hemisphere it was in, and a few things like that, and wound up by telling you that you were thinking of Charlie Chaplin.

It would be sort of fun to ring up a few of the lads and make up a pool. Everyone to put in a hundred, say, and the one that described Miss Donna Raynor most correctly, to scoop the pot. At that, this probably wasn't the first letter of the sort Miss Donna had written, and he wasn't the first gentleman of means to receive one. If he cast about a bit, he might find that practically all his acquaintances knew of the young lady without talent who wanted a wealthy husband.

ONLY—somehow—he didn't think so. The letter was so straightforward, so frank, that it was almost despairing. Of course, that might be because of the fact that she had tried so often. . . . He didn't think so. His lips set firmly as he arrived at this thought: Why should she try him *last?* Wasn't he about the best-known of the rich bachelors of New York?

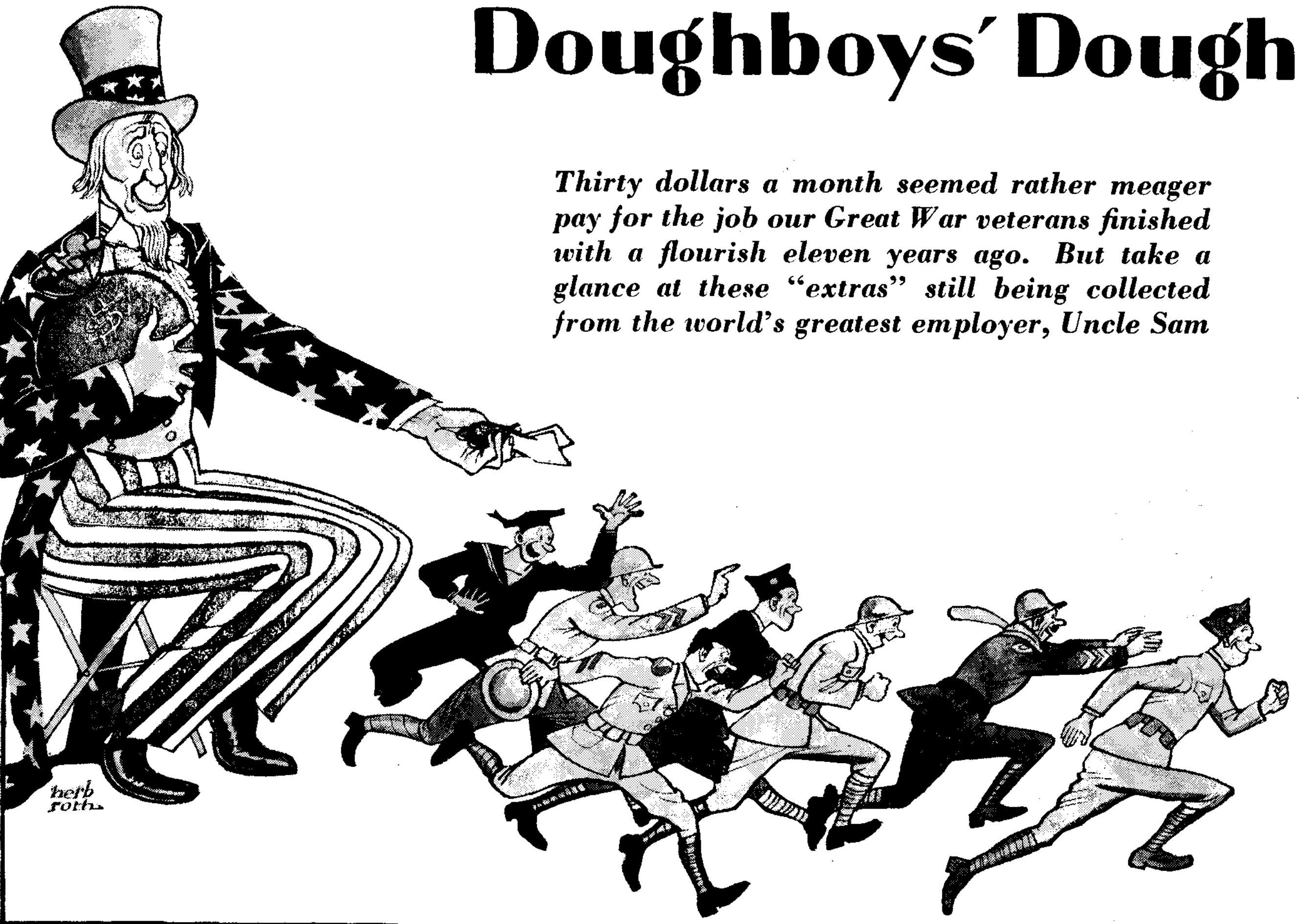
His expression changed, became shamefaced now. After all, this was a poor celebrity on which he was priding himself. Furthermore, a man of affairs had no time to waste on the contemplation of the acquisitive mind of a gold digger. What with Crandall being ill, matters that would have been taken care of by the secretary must be attended to by (*Continued on page 66*)

Doughboys' Dough

Thirty dollars a month seemed rather meager pay for the job our Great War veterans finished with a flourish eleven years ago. But take a glance at these "extras" still being collected from the world's greatest employer, Uncle Sam

JIM LARSON got off the transport in New York harbor with his souvenirs from France. He didn't carry them in his kit, either. A fellow had to have plenty of souvenirs. You couldn't go back home and hope to make the folks understand where you'd been and what you'd seen and done, just by using mere words.

For this special purpose Jim Larson's souvenirs were particularly good—they consisted of twenty-one scars, made by a certain momentary blast of machine-gun bullets, aimed at Jim's husky torso. They ranged in location from his stomach up to his shoulder blades. Any one of the wounds might have killed Jim, but none did. He was a powerful youth, a dozen years ago, with the resistance, in flesh, muscle, bone and nerve, of a punching bag.



That rush from the army back to the folks was one big stampede. Many an ex-doughboy now regrets his haste

Every veteran has unlimited hospital facilities at his service

What Uncle Sam thought would be an insurance business has turned out to be an enormous loan agency

He was mustered out in New York City. Fifty wondering young soldiers in the "mustering-out office" gathered around as Jim went through the physical examination which every soldier was supposed to take as he said good-by to the guns.

"I feel fine," he told the doctor and everybody else; "they'll have to start another war to get me."

The doctor looked him over as carefully as possible. Jim was in a terrible hurry to get home to his family.

"Hustle up, Doc," he said, proudly and with a hearty laugh. "Nothin's the matter with me."

The doctor made notes of the case, which proved necessarily meager, and let Jim hurry away.

Thousands of the doughboys, just back from France, pushed their way past the doctors in their haste to get home, took the sixty dollars in cash which was given to every soldier as Uncle Sam's good-by, and started for home as fast as they could. Many of them, today, regret this haste.

It would have saved Jim Larson much difficulty if he had permitted the doctor, when he was mustered out, to make a complete examination and put down the results in a complete record. Every year that followed Larson's discharge from the army brought out with his increasing age and lessening resistance some new pain or complication caused by his wounds.

Not long ago, because the record of his war injuries had not been made clear on that important day when he proudly rushed the army doctor, Jim, unable longer to even try to make his own living, appealed to the American Legion to help him get full compensation from the government.

Today he has it. It ought to content every American who reads this to know that James Larson is receiving every month a check for $257.50. He'll receive it for life.

There's many a doughboy like Larson. If you ever hear any criticism of how our Veterans' Bureau is taking care of our Great War veterans, it will come in all likelihood either from the veteran who "rushed" the doctor at the finish or from the doughboy who hasn't gone to the trouble to find out just what benefits he is entitled to receive.

Stampeding Home

That rush from the army back to the folks was one big stampede. The boys laid down their arms on Armistice Day, eleven years ago, and dodged as much ceremony as possible in getting back home. And this is one reason why no one can blame a good many of the ex-doughboys today for not knowing exactly how much compensation they are entitled to receive from the government.

It has been hard to keep track of it, from the first. It's harder now than it was at first and it's going to get harder as the needs of veterans increase with age.

A young captain from San Francisco handed his discharge papers to a sergeant at Camp Merritt, New Jersey, just after the war.

"Here you are," said the sergeant.

The young captain was amazed to have three twenty-dollar bills placed in his hand.

"Well, that's a surprise," he said, laughing. Then he started to walk away.

"Wait a minute," said the sergeant. "You've got more coming."

"More?"

"Why, yes. You enlisted in San Francisco, didn't you? And you asked to be demobilized in New York?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's your carfare to 'Frisco." The sum was $120.

With $180 in sudden cash in his pocket the young man went over to New York to begin facing the world—which he has pretty well succeeded in doing ever since.

This incident is double-pointed. In the first place, the young man didn't realize that he was entitled to the money; he was glad enough not to have Uncle Sam ship him back to San Francisco by military force.

In the second place, it shows that America was taking care of its new veterans with cold cash the very moment they stopped being soldiers and began to be veterans.

Five billion dollars already spent for this purpose, up to this eleventh armistice anniversary, November 11, 1929, shows that America has been trying to take care of them ever since, and every year we're doing more.

The war, in its two palmiest, most expensive years—1918, 1919—cost us an average of ten billion dollars a year.

Compare this ten billion a year for war with the one-half billion a year we are paying the veterans in peace and you can see that we have been doing the job of taking care of our veterans *en masse* just as thoroughly as they did the job of taking care of the enemy *en masse* in the six-weeks battle of the Argonne.

Of course there are veterans in the United States who are not thoroughly satisfied with what a proud country has done for them, as individuals. It has been a desperately difficult and highly technical task to see that every individual got his dues.

The Battle of New York

On the afternoon of September 10th, in an office in the Veterans' Bureau in Washington, I saw a letter from a veteran who had just discovered that as a discharged soldier he had been entitled to receive sixty dollars—the sixty dollars that every man received as Uncle Sam's formal benediction and good-by. With the war eleven years gone, the writer asked for his. And, of course, he got it. That made one less of the four and one-third millions who, at the end, were entitled to "new suit" money.

On an average, 150 requests a month are coming into the Veterans' Bureau in Washington for a belated payment of this sixty dollars.

Now that sixty dollars was really our starter in the way of helping to steer our boys back again into civilian life. It was their money to spend as they pleased.

New Yorkers remember what might well be called the "Battle of New York." In the late winter months and early spring of 1919 hundreds of young men slept nightly on newspapers stretched out on the steps of the New York public library; other hundreds slept in parks. They were all as near to Forty-second and Broadway as possible.

They came from everywhere in the Union. They were boys who had always wanted to see New York. They had flashed through it as soldiers heading toward France; now, with their sixty

By William G. Shepherd

dollars "new suit" money and with the cash substitute for their railroad fares home, they were polishing off what they had learned of Europe by adding to it a knowledge of "little old New York."

Middle-aged men they are by now, many of those thousands of venturesome young fellows who took their "going away" money to spend in seeing the town. Many a young son of those sidewalk sleepers has probably heard Dad tell of the time "I was in New York," with many of the details omitted.

These thousands of young men had a right to see New York if they wanted to instead of buying railroad tickets and clothes. Most of them got home all right at the finish. And if some of them did stick in New York or Chicago or San Francisco or some other of our big cities instead of going back to the farm—what of that?

However, even before this sixty dollars was paid to each soldier, as he was discharged, the government tried to do a magnificent thing for each boy it called to the colors.

It took the unprecedented step of offering life insurance. Who in all the history of warfare had ever before heard of a soldier's life being worth a cent?

"The biggest life insurance companies would have gone broke," says Dr. Louis Dublin, insurance statistician and expert, "if they had tried to insure soldiers' lives at any rate within the reach of the soldier."

For the highest possible risks—those of modern war—for a risk, in many cases, as it proved, as great as that of a man about to sit down in the electric chair, the government gave life insurance at the lowest possible rate.

"Ten thousand dollars—that was what most of our soldiers were insured for; civilians, according to expert figures, were carrying an average of only $2,300 insurance that same year. This insurance wasn't a gift, by any means. But it was insurance at less than a minimum cost, with office overhead of a great insurance company left out. About six dollars a month was what soldiers paid for ten thousand dollars of this insurance. Each soldier took as much of this insurance as he could possibly afford. Under the crosses today sleep 150,000 veterans of that great army of over four million, who were enabled by the government's insurance law to pass on to their loved ones the gigantic sum of one and one-third billions of dollars in soldiers' life insurance.

Reluctant Conversion

This huge sum, under the terms of war risk insurance, is being paid out in the form of term or monthly payments to "spouse, child, grandchild, parent, brother, sister, uncle, aunt, nephew, niece, brother-in-law or sister-in-law."

Up to this point you haven't seen any gift business in our relations with our veterans, have you?

The railroad fare back home—that certainly wasn't a gift, for the government had taken each young man away from his home.

The sixty dollars in cash that each man received—that wasn't a gift; it was only a slight boost to help the young man head back, with a new necktie, shirt, shoes and a suit, toward the civilianship from which he had been so rudely jarred. That was no more than fair.

The life insurance the doughboys paid for themselves, out of their own soldier salaries. And of the one billion dollars' worth of insurance that is going into the homes of dead veterans today, only about half came from the tax-filled United States Treasury. The rest came straight from an insurance treasury filled from soldiers' pockets.

No, satisfactory as it has been, the soldiers' insurance involved no marked generosity of government or taxpayers.

Up to this point you see no sign of a bonus. But now we come to a fourth financial deal which each veteran is entitled to have with his government. A free, peacetime insurance company is being operated by the government for any veterans who choose to avail themselves of it. The veterans who carried the wartime insurance are entitled to turn these policies into regular life insurance policies, issued by the Veterans' Bureau.

"Convert your wartime policy into veteran insurance," the government advised the veterans. "The government will not charge anything for bookkeeping or for office overhead. It will give you insurance at actual cost, with the lowest possible premiums."

Of the 4,000,000 veterans only 650,000 have asked to have their policies changed. Congress extends the time for conversion, hoping other veterans will come in. Those who have wisely stuck to Uncle Sam as their insurance man are making a good thing out of it.

Three billion dollars is the face value of these 650,000 peacetime life insurance policies for veterans.

Still we see no sign of a bonus. The government "life insurance company," which receives premiums on these three billions of dollars in life insurance, keeps books and pays the beneficiaries in case of death, is a large unit, with a heavy pay roll, but it is only a small part of a gigantic organization of which I shall tell later, necessary to keep the governmental affairs of our veterans in running order.

Taxpayers pay for the operation of this "insurance company," though the veterans pay at a higher rate, proportional to the risk, for their peacetime than they did for their wartime insurance. All policyholders have received dividends on their policies, annually, in some cases equivalent to one month's premium. About thirty millions have been loaned on these policies.

Well, then—where does the bonus come in? Here are four different financial transactions between the government and the veterans, none of which seems to be a bonus. What was the bonus measure that President Coolidge vetoed so vigorously, and that was passed over his veto?

There is a fancy name for the bonus. It is called "adjusted compensation." I can illustrate the nature of this compensation by a declaration made by an extremely well-to-do veteran among my acquaintances.

Four Billion Dollars

"Adjusted compensation is a bonus and I've always been against a bonus." He hesitated, and smiled. "One reason I haven't taken it, maybe, is that I've never needed it. I got a good break as soon as the war ended and I've had good money ever since."

There are plenty of veterans, however, willing enough to take the extra money involved. To be exact, five times as many of them have asked for adjusted compensation, which costs nothing, as those who took advantage of the cheap peacetime life insurance policies.

Three and a half million, roughly speaking, out of the army of four million, have asked for and received "adjusted compensation" certificates. And now, though sums previously mentioned may have seemed to be large, we are getting into big money. Here's where we begin to count billions by twos or threes—maybe by fives before it's all over.

The Great War ended, officially for the United States, not on Armistice Day, of course, but on July 2, 1921, when we separately made peace with Germany. One thousand days after this date the Adjusted Compensation Act was passed, over the veto of President Coolidge.

Here's what the act gave to all veterans who applied for it:

One fine imposing yellow-backed certificate showing that at the end of twenty years the veteran will be entitled to draw anywhere from $150 to $1,600 from the Federal government.

It will mean almost four billion dollars by the time the veterans or their beneficiaries have all collected in full, somewhere around 1945.

In reality this yellow-backed "adjusted compensation" certificate is a fully paid-up twenty-year-endowment life insurance policy.

Here's how the size of the policy for each individual doughboy was fixed:

He was allowed, whether he was a soldier, a sailor or a marine, a credit from the government of one dollar for each day that he served on this side of the water. He was allowed a credit of $1.25 a day for all time served on the other side.

For some veterans, of course, the sum was not large. If it was fifty dollars or less, the veteran who applied for it received the sum in cash.

If it was over fifty dollars the government took the sum due the veteran and placed it in the form of the endowment life insurance policy to mature at the end of twenty years.

"Rainy Day" Money

Roughly each doughboy figured out the total credit that was due him, multiplied that by 2½ and thus arrived at the value which his policy would possess at the end of twenty years. The largest possible policy is $1,580. The smallest is about $150.

Average policies run from $700 to $800.

Right at this point, it seems to me, citizens may begin to throw out their chests a little bit over the very obvious effort of America to "do right" by our Great War veterans.

An effort has been made to make it as unprofitable as possible, within reason, for a veteran to take his "bonus" just now. He is now in his prime; knee-deep in life. His (*Continued on page 69*)

Uncle Sam is "the rich uncle" indeed—the most generous in history

Illustrated by Herb Roth

His widow and children receive compensation sufficient to pull the family through to adult years

Those who have wisely stuck to Uncle Sam as their insurance man are making a good thing out of it

Tommy Gets the Breaks

By Jerome Beatty

Just a little Beatty cocktail, composed of golf and business—with a liberal dash of love, to make it perfect

TOMMY JENKINSON felt the battered yellowish desk. Sure enough, it was real. And his! Hot dog!

In high spirits he slapped it with his hands, playing a tune—bum bumba bum bum, bum bum *bum!* He rubbed the dust off his fingers, thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest, threw out his chest and surveyed the office.

It was a grand office, almost as big as the hall bedroom he had rented from a widow in the Bronx. All furnished, too, the office was. There was the swell desk, a swivel chair, a table piled with magazines and a wastebasket.

And a telephone and a push button on the desk. A push button! He was an executive, that's what he was. Only executives have push buttons. He wondered what would happen if he rang.

"Hot dog!" said Tommy Jenkinson, "I got me a job!"

They had told him that it would be tough work to land a job in New York. Fooey! All you had to do was to go in and ask.

His eyes fell upon the button. He daringly reached over and gave a good, vigorous, peremptory push. Then he wished he hadn't been so impulsive. Maybe he shouldn't have done it.

He waited a moment and nothing happened. He hoped he had not committed a business error—called the president of the company, or anything like that. He began to breathe easier. Probably the thing didn't work. Relieved, he pulled out a drawer. It was filled with dusty papers and dozens of wire clips, left there, evidently, by the previous occupant. He took out the drawer and stood with it poised over the wastebasket, when the door opened and he found himself looking into the liquid brown eyes of Arabella Mortimer, the prettiest girl in the world.

He quickly put the drawer on the desk and nervously drew out a handkerchief and wiped off his hands.

"Did you call?" she asked. She surveyed this new young man with interest. He was tall, and his sandy hair had a suggestion of a wave in it. His chin was strong and his eyes were clear and blue. He was not handsome, but he was pleasant looking, and genial. She didn't know why, but somehow he reminded her of Babe Ruth, who was her favorite hero.

TOMMY'S face was red with confusion and he was not left-handed and he had absolutely no interest in baseball. His game was golf. But still he reminded her of Babe Ruth.

"I—I—why, er," Tommy looked from Arabella to the push button. "Does that," he inquired, pointing to the button, "bring *you?*"

"It does," she said.

"Some button," he breathed, tremendously impressed with the wonders of science.

She ignored the remark. "I am the secretary for the three offices along here," she explained.

Tommy reached over and ran a forefinger thoughtfully and admiringly around the rim of the button.

"Who would think that a little button like that—"

"You rang," she reminded him, reprovingly.

"Sure enough," he agreed. "I—er—just wanted to introduce myself. I am Mr. Jenkinson."

"I am Miss Mortimer. Is that all?" The way she emphasized "that" was histrionically magnificent. Not a strong, rude *that!* She just put on the word a light verbal check mark, sufficient to indicate that Tommy's line was not entirely stimulating.

"I'm afraid so, Miss Mortimer," Tommy said, chastened. "Oh, you might see if I could get some copy paper—and pencils."

"Very well." She closed the door with a firm click.

He shrugged his shoulders, turned and looked again at the push button. He saluted it.

"Hi, boy," he grinned. "You sure deliver the goods."

THE door opened. Miss Mortimer was there again. In her hands she held pencils, pens and paper.

"You asked for these." She dropped them on his desk.

"Thanks very much, Miss Mortimer. Thanks." He glanced at the push button. "I didn't mean to be er—fresh. This is all so—" he spread out his hands and looked around the office—"so nice. It's so much better, even, than I ever hoped. And you—er—you're so nice and—"

"Anything else I can get you, Mr. Jenkinson?"

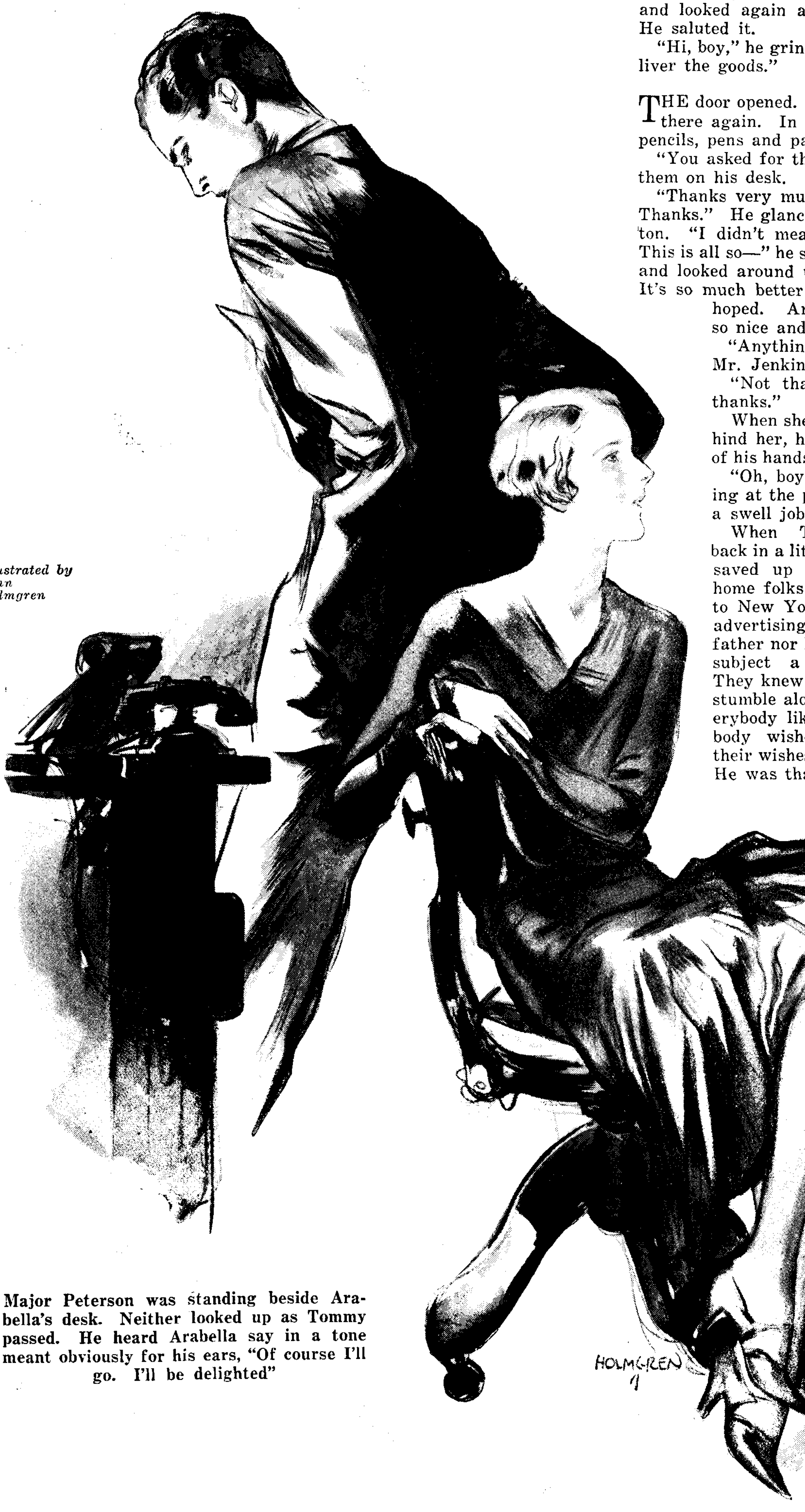
"Not that I can think of, thanks."

When she closed the door behind her, he rubbed the palms of his hands together, joyously.

"Oh, boy," he exulted, looking at the push button. "What a swell job I got me!"

When Tommy Jenkinson, back in a little town in Indiana, saved up $500 and told his home folks that he was going to New York to become a big advertising man, neither his father nor his mother gave the subject a moment's worry. They knew that Tommy would stumble along to success. Everybody liked Tommy. Everybody wished him well, and their wishes usually came true. He was that kind.

Illustrated by John Holmgren



Major Peterson was standing beside Arabella's desk. Neither looked up as Tommy passed. He heard Arabella say in a tone meant obviously for his ears, "Of course I'll go. I'll be delighted"

A friend gave him a letter to George Barkinfelder, one of the vice presidents of Johnson, Doolittle, Vendenberg, Martin & Hinkle, the greatest advertising agency of them all. The friend, who purported to be wise in the ways of getting a job in New York City, told Tommy that New York was mostly bluff and that he should give the impression that he knew more about advertising than St. Patrick did about snakes.

Tommy doubtfully decided to act upon this shrewd advice and rehearsed a speech so unreserved that a listener would at once come to the conclusion that this monumental mind sought nothing less than a seat in the White House, rather than one behind a yellowish desk with veneer cracked off.

When Tommy found himself face to face with Mr. Barkinfelder, alas, he forgot his nominating speech and said he wanted to be an advertising man but that he did not know much beyond reporting for a country newspaper and raising chickens. He played fairly good golf, he added, having heard that golf was one of the qualifications necessary for success in advertising.

"Ever see an incubator?" Mr. Barkinfelder asked.

That was a strange question, Tommy thought. Of course he had seen incubators—everybody has seen incubators. As well ask him if he ever had seen a singletree or a four-tined hayfork.

"I've made 'em," he answered, "with coal-oil lamps. That's the way I got the money to come to New York—raising baby chicks."

"Ever hear of the Peterson incubator?" Mr. Barkinfelder inquired, with interest.

Tommy looked queerly at Mr. Barkinfelder, feeling that the gentleman was a little bit balmy, asking such silly questions.

"That's the best incubator made," Tommy replied. "I had three of 'em."

Mr. Barkinfelder thanked Heaven for sending Tommy Jenkinson.

"We have been asked to handle the Peterson account, and have consented to take it over," said Mr. Barkinfelder, forgetting for the moment that Messrs. Johnson, Vendenberg, Martin and Hinkle all had been after the account for three years and that Mr. Doolittle would have been after it too, had it not been that the unfortunate man was dead.

"The men around here," said Mr. Barkinfelder, bitterly, "know that chickens lay eggs and get the pip, but that is the last boundary of their vast store of information. They still don't believe me when I tell them that live chicks are sent by mail. You're hired. The salary is twenty-five hundred."

WITHIN a week Tommy Jenkinson was an important factor in the agency because Mr. Peterson himself said that here was a young man who had ideas and knew incubators and that he thought Tommy would go a long way toward awakening the incubator consciousness of the farmers of America.

Oscar Peterson said that he thought so, too. Oscar was the pride and joy of the president of the Peterson Incubator Company and was learning the business from the egg up, starting as Director of Public Relations for the Peterson Incubator Company, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Since he lived at home, he managed to get along very well on this salary—with trivial assistance from the allowance of one hundred dollars a week for pin money that his mother gave him.

Oscar was known as Major Peterson, having been a lieutenant in the war, and he insisted upon the title. In a few years he would raise himself to colonel. He was tall, fair-haired and dumb. Had his father not been rich, Oscar probably would have been a very good professional wrestler. He was mentally alert only when two subjects were under discussion—baseball and girls.

Major Peterson was the contact man for the Peterson Incubator Company, which means that he was the fellow who accepted the invitations for lunch with the venders who thought they were making a date with the president.

Tommy got under way with a rush. It was an instance of his characteristic good fortune. He wrote an advertisement headed:

PETERSON CHICKS BECOME
GOOD CHICKS

Which was nothing to turn the world upside down. Tommy's penmanship was scrawly, and as Miss Mortimer copied the advertisement she mixed things up. When it reached Major Peterson, who passed it on to his father, it read:

PETERSON CHICKS BECOME
GOOD CHECKS

Old man Peterson was delighted, so the Major was, too, and the Old Man told Mr. Barkinfelder that it was the first new idea that had been advanced in incubator advertising in years, that it marked a new era and that they ought to have a conference about it.

At the conference Tommy tried to explain how it happened.

"IT WAS an accident," he said. "You see, I wrote—"

"All great ideas are accidents," Old Man Peterson interrupted. "Now let's get going."

"But I didn't write it that way. My idea was—"

"It's good," nodded Major Oscar Peterson, importantly. "It's a good thing, that line. You know, all great ideas are accidents."

Tommy shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"Well then," he said, "let it go. But I think it would be still better if we made it 'Peterson Chicks Bring in the Checks.'"

"Marvelous!" said Old Man Peterson. "'Peterson Chicks Bring in the Checks.' That will be our slogan. Wonderful! We'll put it on our letterheads and envelopes and on the incubators and use it in all our farm paper advertising."

"Why not a sign on the Post Road, alongside your plant?" Mr. Barkinfelder suggested. The Peterson Incubator Company's factory was a real thing of beauty, old brick buildings covered with vines, with flower gardens in front and a tiny bronze sign proclaiming its identity.

"Umm," mused Mr. Peterson, doubtfully. "I sort of like the looks of my plant now. Don't you think it would make it rather—"

"You have a billboard location worth a million dollars," said Mr. Barkinfelder. "I'll bet twenty thousand people pass there in cars every day—hundreds of farmers, potential customers."

"All right!" said Old Man Peterson. "Son," he turned to the Major, "get a sign, a big one, with the slogan on it."

Major Peterson at least could carry out orders, and when he had an opportunity to do something in a big way, he was nothing short of gigantic. In two weeks the beautiful ivy-covered buildings and the tulip beds were hidden by a ten-foot fence two hundred yards long, on which blue letters on a yellow background proclaimed "Peterson Chicks Bring in the Checks." At night, all illuminated, it looked even better.

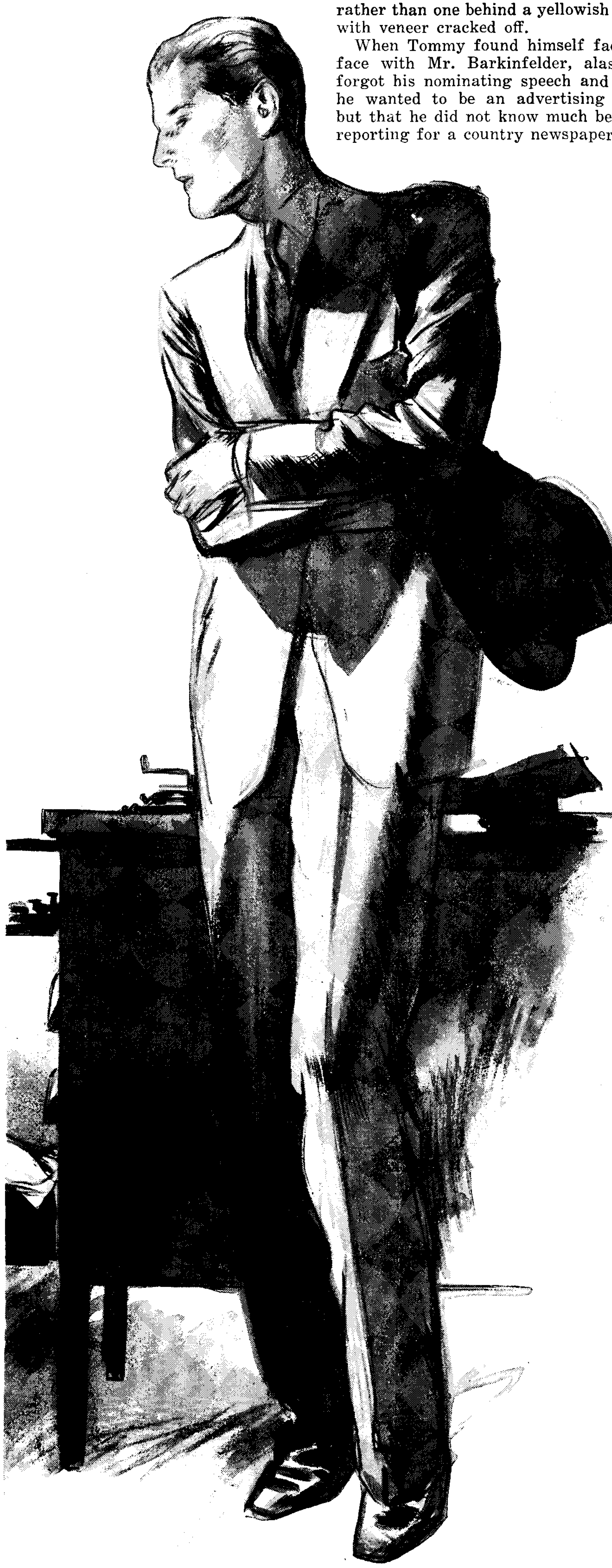
Tommy, in spite of his protests, was a hero. He had invented a slogan and as such sat in the Hall of Fame somewhere between Shakespeare and P. T. Barnum.

The news spread all through the office and Tommy found that he had become a personage. The girl at the information desk said, "Good morning, Mr. Jenkinson," when he came in, and the switchboard operators no longer asked, "Are you sure he works here?" when someone tried to get him on the telephone.

Arabella Mortimer said it was grand, and when he tried to explain that she, unwittingly, had inspired the masterpiece, she just laughed and said she liked modest men.

ALL the gods were on Tommy's side. They had given him fame. Now they added fortune.

One of the men in the office told Tommy that American Marine was a cinch—good for twenty points. The news, it seemed, came from the sister of the confidential secretary to a man whose wife was a great friend of the daughter of one of the vice presidents of American (Continued on page 71)



The Troublesome Kingdom

Sir Jasper Slane plays a dangerous game, with the stakes a crown and a king's ransom

JASPER SLANE lowered his Times as his fellow-passenger addressed him. He had no wish to seem lacking in courtesy, but he had all the Englishman's desire to read his newspaper at the earliest possible moment of the day, and without interruption.

"A beautiful country of yours," the stranger remarked, waving his hand patronizingly out of the window. "I like it very much."

Slane murmured his gratification, and prepared to settle down again to the reading of a spirited debate in the House of Commons. His vis-à-vis in the carriage, however, had other ideas.

"What I like so much about England is this," he continued earnestly. "Wherever one travels there are so many like you who go about making games and sport."

Slane was in golfing attire, having played that morning at Rye, and being now on his way back to town. He laid down his newspaper. If the man was a foreigner, he must not be given a wrong impression of an Englishman's manners. There was something a little intriguing, too, in the melancholy-eyed, olive-skinned young man with his close-cropped black military mustache, his air of a somewhat faded elegance.

"We don't find quite so much time for sport as we used to," Slane confided. "Life moves on a little faster nowadays. I have been down at Rye for a week-end's golf."

"Golf," the young man repeated. "I have not golf. I ride the horse most days. You find I speak English good, yes? I was educated at your Oxford."

"YOU speak very well," Slane assured him hastily. "Much better, I am quite sure, than I could speak your language."

"Mine is difficult," the young man acknowledged, with a little sigh of self-satisfaction. "I learn languages very much. It is necessary for me."

"You travel a great deal?"

"I must travel," was the somewhat disconsolate reply. "I am what you call an exile."

"Bad luck!" Slane murmured. "What is your nationality?"

The young man sighed, but he seemed not to hear the question. He was gazing at the rows of neat villas, at the tall factory chimneys on the outskirts of the town through which they were passing.

"So much money there is in your country!" he murmured. "So little in mine."

"You should go to America if you want to see what prosperity's really like," Slane suggested.

"It is a long way from home," the young man reflected, "and they tell me that it is a country of strange customs. But I'd like to go there some day."

He produced a gold cigarette case from his pocket, upon which was embossed what appeared to be a foreign coronet, and passed it to his neighbor, who shook his head as he was already smoking his pipe. Whereupon the young man lit a cigarette himself, and sighed once more. He was apparently in a melancholy frame of mind.

"What is your country?" Slane asked.

The foreigner looked at him for a moment a little vaguely. Then he blew away a cloud of tobacco smoke, and shook his head.

"I am here what you call incognito," he confided. "It is best that I do not speak of my country. She has misfortunes. Tell me, are you, by any chance, a friend of your Prime Minister?"

"I certainly am not," Slane declared. "I am afraid my political acquaintances are few and far between."

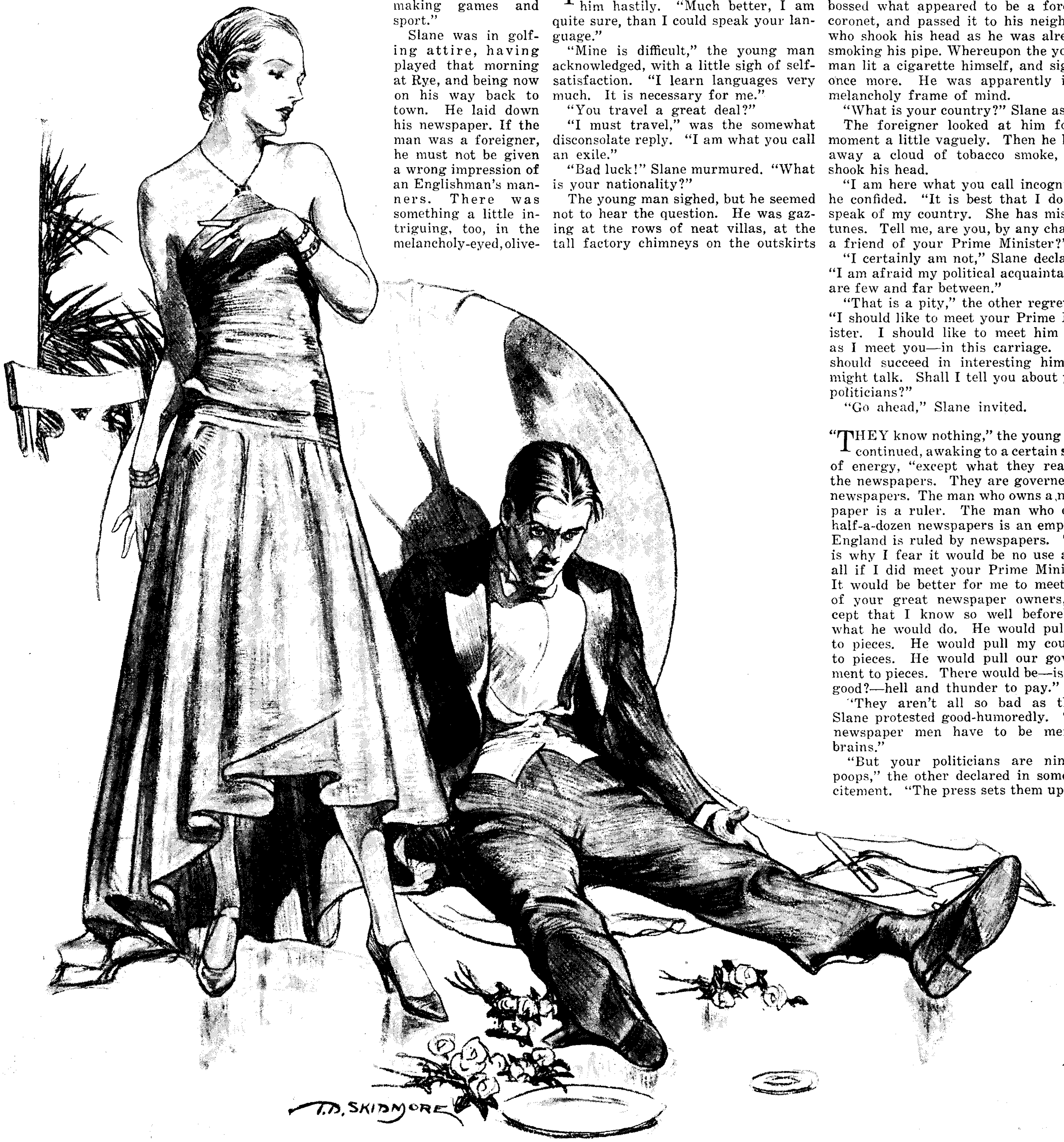
"That is a pity," the other regretted. "I should like to meet your Prime Minister. I should like to meet him just as I meet you—in this carriage. If I should succeed in interesting him, he might talk. Shall I tell you about your politicians?"

"Go ahead," Slane invited.

"THEY know nothing," the young man continued, awaking to a certain show of energy, "except what they read in the newspapers. They are governed by newspapers. The man who owns a newspaper is a ruler. The man who owns half-a-dozen newspapers is an emperor. England is ruled by newspapers. That is why I fear it would be no use after all if I did meet your Prime Minister. It would be better for me to meet one of your great newspaper owners, except that I know so well beforehand what he would do. He would pull me to pieces. He would pull my country to pieces. He would pull our government to pieces. There would be—is that good?—hell and thunder to pay."

"They aren't all so bad as that," Slane protested good-humoredly. "Our newspaper men have to be men of brains."

"But your politicians are nincompoops," the other declared in some excitement. "The press sets them up; the



# of Selm

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

press throws them down. They last just as long as the newspaper which supports them decrees. That is what I find out. I come to your country, and I find that out."

"Do you take an interest in the politics of your own country when you are at home?" Slane asked.

"An interest? In my own country I am nothing what count. I talk too much. It is a fault when I get a little excited. Forget what I have said, sir. You English are wonderful. You fill *the position to which Germany aspired.* You dominate Europe."

He relapsed into silence, and Slane picked up the Times again. At Waterloo Station the latter was not quite sure whether he would not find on the platform the uniformed attendants of some country lunatic asylum waiting for his fellow traveler. In their place, however, a personable young man, wearing a college tie, hurried to the carriage door, welcomed his companion respectfully, and led him away toward a waiting motor car. Slane would probably have forgotten the incident of this strange foreigner altogether but for the fact that, on arriving at his house, his servant placed in his hands an official-looking document which had just arrived from the Foreign Office.

"Sir John rang up himself a few *minutes ago, Sir Jasper," the man con*fided. "He wants to see you the moment you arrive."

Slane broke the seal upon the envelope, and glanced through the few written lines, which were merely a confirmation of the telephone message. He picked up his hat, stepped back into the car, and was driven to Whitehall.

"I came just as I was," he apologized, as he was shown into Sir John's private room.

"Quite right, my dear fellow," the other greeted him. "I wanted just a word or two with you quickly. Just home from a golfing week-end, eh?"

Slane nodded.

"I've been down at Rye. Wonderful course, but rotten weather until this morning."

SIR JOHN *pushed a box of cigarettes* across the table.

"I sent for you," the Minister began, "because I believe that you could help us in a little matter concerning which we are in some difficulty. There's a man over in this country from Selm—Prince Francis, as a matter of fact, the King's brother—and we very badly want to know what he's here for."

"Surely your people in X. Y. O. Department could find out all they want to know about him?" Slane queried.

"Naturally they could," the other agreed. "So could Scotland Yard. On the other hand, the young man has announced his mission here to be entirely non-political, and he is, I believe, traveling incognito. That being so, we should get into a hell of a mess if it were ever found out that we were officially concerned in prying into his doings here. I want to pry into them all the same, but I want you to do it."

"You've come to the right man," Slane observed. "I've just traveled up from Rye with him."

Sir John raised his eyebrows.

"Do you mean that?" he asked incredulously.

"Well, I traveled up with a distinguished foreigner," Slane recounted, "who told me that he had been educated at Oxford, and refused to tell me his nationality because he was traveling incognito."

THE Minister stretched out his hand toward his writing table, reached for a photograph, and passed it to his visitor. The latter nodded.

"That's the fellow," he assented. "Left him at Waterloo half-an-hour ago."

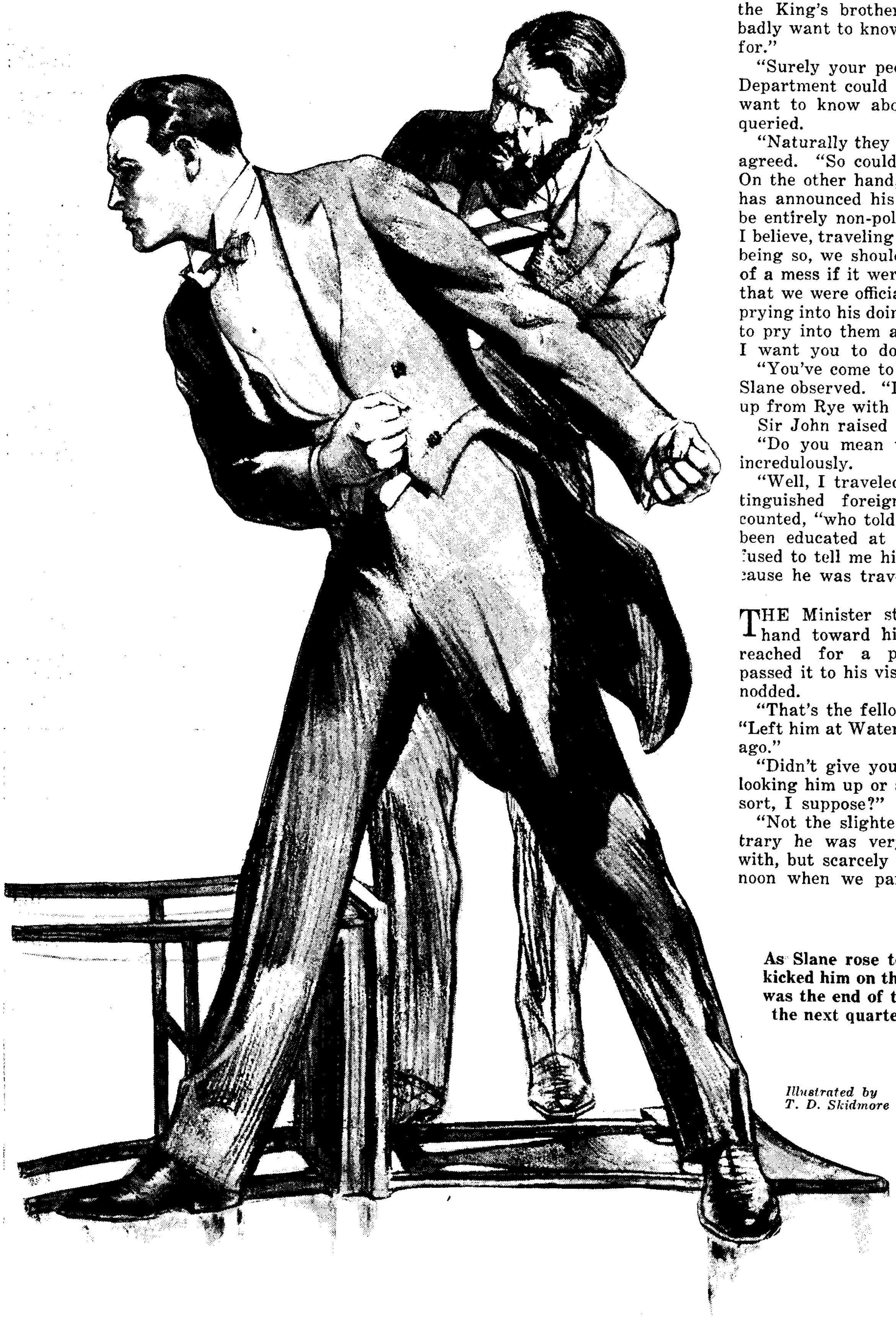
"Didn't give you any excuse for looking him up or anything of that sort, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest. On the contrary he was very *civil to start* with, but scarcely said good afternoon when we parted. Temperamental sort of chap, I should think."

"He's supposed to be the only one of the royal family with any brains," Sir John confided. "We're in a queer sort of position with regard to Selm, Slane. God knows why, but we floated their last loan, and we're practically their only creditors. They're behindhand with their interest already, and if we have to put the screw on there'll be hell to pay for the simple reason that a country with whom it would be impossible for us to quarrel has secretly and *for some unknown reason been acquiring* powerful interests there. I've already sent a polite note to Prince Francis—Count Pratzo, he calls himself here—saying that although I have every desire to respect his incognito I should be glad to have an informal chat with him if he would call. His reply was civil but definite. He was here, he said, on busines which precluded his discussing the affairs of his country. I want to know what that business is."

"I see," Slane murmured. "I can use M. I. X. O. Branch, I suppose, for anything I want?"

"Unofficially, certainly," Sir John assented. "Do your best, Slane, and let me hear from you as soon as possible."



As Slane rose to his feet, he kicked him on the shins. That was the end of the Prince for the next quarter of an hour

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

SLANE, after three or four singularly unsuccessful days, during which every effort he had made to get into more intimate touch with the mysterious visitor from Selm had met with complete failure, had a stroke of luck. He met Louise Drasdaire in Bond Street, found himself promptly recognized, and invited her to dine with him that night. She accepted after only a slight hesitation.

"I come over here," she confided, "to be with a fellow countryman, who pretends to be very fond of me, but who will go nowhere because he doesn't wish to be seen. I think he comes to make some mischief. We will dine somewhere where he is not likely to be. I am tired of those small places in Soho, and hotel rooms. . . . Ciro's? Yes. I have never heard him speak of Ciro's. At nine o'clock."

So Slane, who had a man in hospital, quite properly thrown out by the servants of Prince Francis, during an uninvited visit to his study, and who was finding it exceedingly difficult to learn much of the doings of a young man who seldom left the sitting-room of the hotel where he was staying, discovered himself at last in touch with someone who could, if she would, tell him something *about the activities of this elusive* personage. She happened, however, to be an old flame, and showed a distinct preference for talking of more personal things. Slane was feeling a little in despair as the evening passed on without any result.

"Why are you so interested in this Prince Francis?" she asked, after one of his seemingly casual inquiries. "He is, I assure you, a very dull young man. He has no money either—unless these Russian friends decide to help him."

"To help him in what?" Slane inquired carelessly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Who can tell? Something to do with his country. He hopes that they will help to place him once more upon the throne of Selm, I think."

"But what on earth does he want to be back on the throne for?" Slane demanded. "It's a miserable, half-starved country."

"*Ecoutez, mon ami,*" she confided, holding his arm, "this you must not tell.

Perhaps, if I knew more, I should not tell you anything—but there is something in Selm that is precious, something in which the Russians might participate if they got Francis back. And now, ask me no more. You are a nice man. I like you very much, but I do not like to tell stories about my friends. I give Francis up when you will, but we will talk no more about him. I do not know why I came to England with him. He is so jealous one has no liberty, and these visits to the shops, always they are coming, but they do not arrive. I tell him that I shall go away with his Russian friend who loves me. Oh, la, la!"

It certainly was "la, la!" Prince Francis, with one of his Russian companions, had paused in front of their table. The Prince was very angry, and a little drunk. He addressed Mademoiselle in fluent and abusive French. Slane he at first ignored, then, suddenly recognizing him, he completely forgot Mademoiselle.

"It was you, you spy, who traveled with me to London!" he exclaimed. "It is your men whom my servants find always about the place. Soon now you try to learn about me from Mademoiselle, eh? You are a *cochon!*"

Slane easily parried the Prince's ill-directed blow, and held him at arm's length. The young man was infuriated though, and as Slane rose to his feet, he kicked him on the shins. That, for the next quarter of an hour, was the end of the Prince, who was sent hurtling into the middle of the floor by a straight left-hander. There was commotion, a great deal of talk, and explanations, and finally, the evening being a purposeless one so far as he was concerned, Slane consented to leave. Mademoiselle, offered her choice, very much to Slane's relief, elected to remain. . . .

AT HAMPSTEAD he found at last the report, the obtaining of which had cost him so much trouble. He rang up Sir John, whom he was fortunate enough to find at the St. James Club.

"I'm on the trail," Slane confided. "I'm off to Selm tomorrow."

"The devil you are!" the Minister rejoined. "What on earth is there to be done there?"

"More than here anyway," Slane assured him. "I shan't be able to go within a mile of the Prince again. I was giving his lady friend dinner at Ciro's tonight when he came in and made a scene. After that, I'm not a damned bit of use here, but I think I may be in Selm. I'm catching the eleven-o'clock train. I want a large sum of money, or a credit will do, a diplomatic passport, and an X. Y. O. cipher."

"Can't you be a little more explicit?" Sir John begged.

"I'd rather not," Slane admitted frankly. "I'm working on an idea. If I'm right, I think I'll be able to save you a great deal of trouble; if I'm wrong, I'm unofficial, and I shan't do any harm. Could we leave it at that?"

The Minister hesitated, but only for a moment.

"Very good, Slane. Have it your own way," he decided. "There's just one thing, though. When you get to Selm, you must go straight to the Embassy. Houlden's not a bad fellow, though he's a trifle out of date. And remember, Charles is the man we want to back. He's a fool, but he's honest. Francis, as we happen to know, was philandering with a Turkish envoy before these people from Leningrad sent for him."

"Right-o!" Slane replied. "From the little I have seen of Francis, I should say you were right." . . .

SO, AT eleven o'clock on the following morning Slane steamed out of Victoria Station upon what was for him rather a novel form of adventure.

Exactly nine days later, a mud-caked, dusty, disheveled-looking figure, unshaven, with torn clothes, and unmentionable linen, limped out of a broken-down touring car in front of the English Embassy at Pratza, the capital of Selm, and was scornfully directed by a footman, who answered the door, to the office quarters. Robinson, the First Secretary, however, who was crossing the hall, had an inspiration. He came forward gasping.

"It can't be—is this Sir Jasper Slane?" he asked.

"What's left of me," Slane admitted weakly. "Can I sit on a chair I shan't spoil, and have a double whisky-and-soda?"

Slane knew a few moments of supreme luxury. A whisky-and-soda arrived as though by magic. The supercilious footman kneeled upon the floor and cut away his boots. He was led to a lavatory and plunged his hands and arms and face into hot water. His collar dropped away from him. His clothes followed. They brought him a warm, long dressing gown, took him back to Robinson's room, and refilled his glass. Sir Robert was there by that time.

"My dear Slane!" he exclaimed. "I am Houlden, you know. They sent me a long dispatch about you. Where on earth have you been?"

Slane was feeling like a man again.

"I tackled this job my own way, Sir Robert," he confessed. "I may have been wrong. I may have been right. I had a hint about the western frontier, and I didn't try it. I came in from the north, bought a car and hired a man who understood a little French, and I have come through the districts I wanted to visit. Everything turned out just about as I expected. What we want to arrange now, as soon as ever I can get some clothes, is an audience."

"We can have that any time you like," Sir Robert assured him. "Your clothes are all here. They telephoned me from the station that they were holding the trunk, so I sent for it at once."

"You were quite right about the possibility of trouble at the western frontier, Sir Jasper," Robinson confided. "One of the only first-class passengers, on the day you should have arrived, was shot there by a soldier on guard. They swore it was an accident, but no one believed them. Since then, there's been an extra passport examination every day, and the trains have never been less than an hour late."

"Whatever your mission here may be," Sir Robert observed, "it doesn't seem to have made you popular with the military party."

"I've discovered that for myself," Slane acknowledged. "I'm afraid I had to shoot a man coming through the Bunja Pass—one if not two. They pretended to be bandits, but I'm pretty sure that they were soldiers of a sort."

"I shouldn't be surprised," Sir Robert reflected. "Ferastor—he is the head of the military party here—is a thoroughly unscrupulous fellow—kill you as soon as look at you if he wanted you out of the way. Come along, Slane, and I'll show you your room. After dinner, we'll have a talk, and Robinson shall arrange for the audience."

AT a little before the appointed hour he descended into the drawing-room. There he received his first shock, for, as the stately major-domo announced him, the only visible occupant of the room—a woman both expectant and impatient—rose to her feet. Slane stood rooted to the spot.

"Louise!" he exclaimed.

She patted the seat by her side on the divan. With a little gesture of the hand she waved away the servants. The room was curiously shaped. The recess in which they sat was deserted. From the main portion came the sound of voices. To all intents and purposes, however, they were alone.

"What are you doing here?" Slane demanded.

"And what are you?" she flashed out. "I knew you were lying at Ciro's the other night. That is why I followed you. It is a pity you did not stay on the Orient express."

"On the whole," he murmured, "I think I am just as well pleased that I didn't."

SHE swallowed what seemed to be a torrent of words, and struggled for composure.

"What has Francis done to you?" she demanded. "Are you here to bolster up this poor effigy of royalty? What have you to do with all this business? Everything was arranged—everything was well arranged—and then you come! Where have you been since you arrived in Selm?"

"Does a man," Slane asked, "make a confidant of his enemy?"

"I do not wish to be your enemy," she declared. "I wish to be your friend—anything you would have me be—but I want to be Queen of Selm."

A servant appeared hesitatingly in the background. Slane, welcoming the interruption, rose promptly to his feet.

"You make me forget my manners," he confided. "I must pay my respects to my hostess."

Again Louise made an effort to control herself. She rose to her feet and passed by his side into the more important part of the salon. Lady Houlden—a rather tired, fair-haired lady, who did her duty by her husband but preferred Paris to Selm—welcomed him in lukewarm fashion. There were no other guests except Robinson.

Dinner was rather an impressive meal. Notwithstanding its somewhat cellar-like appearance, the dining-room of the old palace possessed a certain air of magnificence, and, after his four days of absolute privation, Slane thoroughly enjoyed his return to civilization. All the time, however, there remained the problem of Louise. Her eyes seldom left his face. When her hostess rose, she paused by his chair and laid her hand for a moment upon his shoulder.

"Will you talk to me for five minutes, please, Sir Jasper, before you go to the palace tomorrow?"

"I am a little afraid of you," he confessed, stooping down and looking into her eyes.

(*Continued on page 77*)

The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

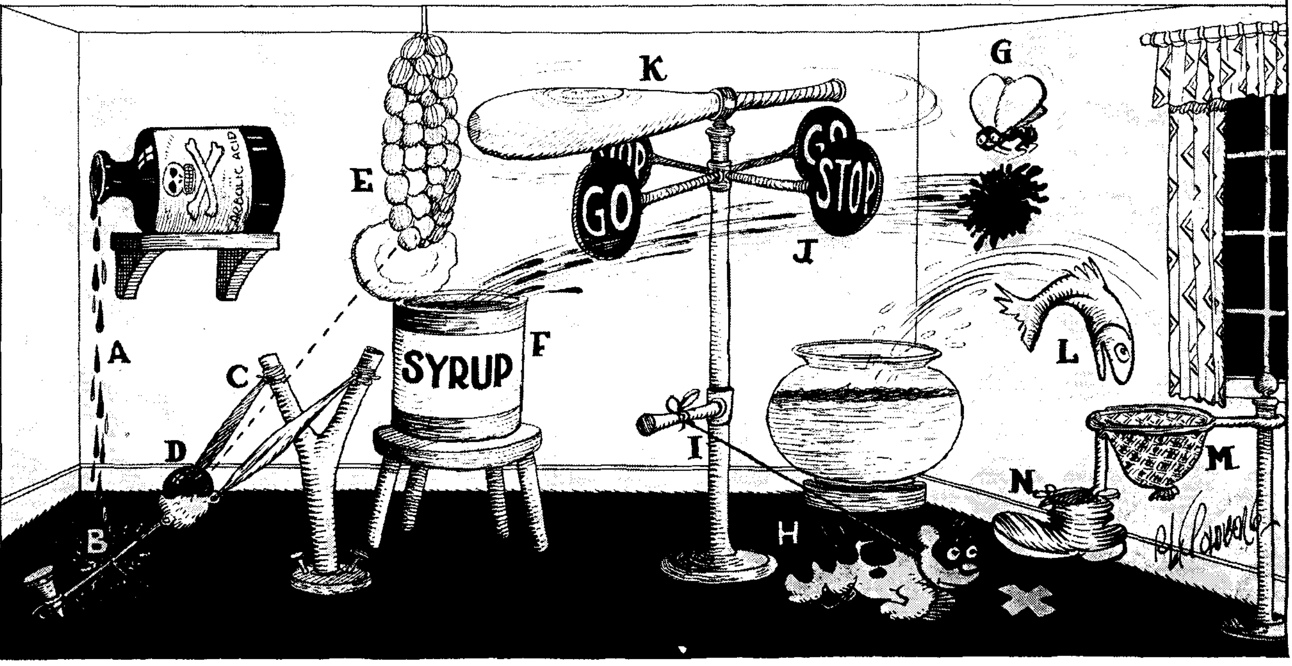
By RUBE GOLDBERG

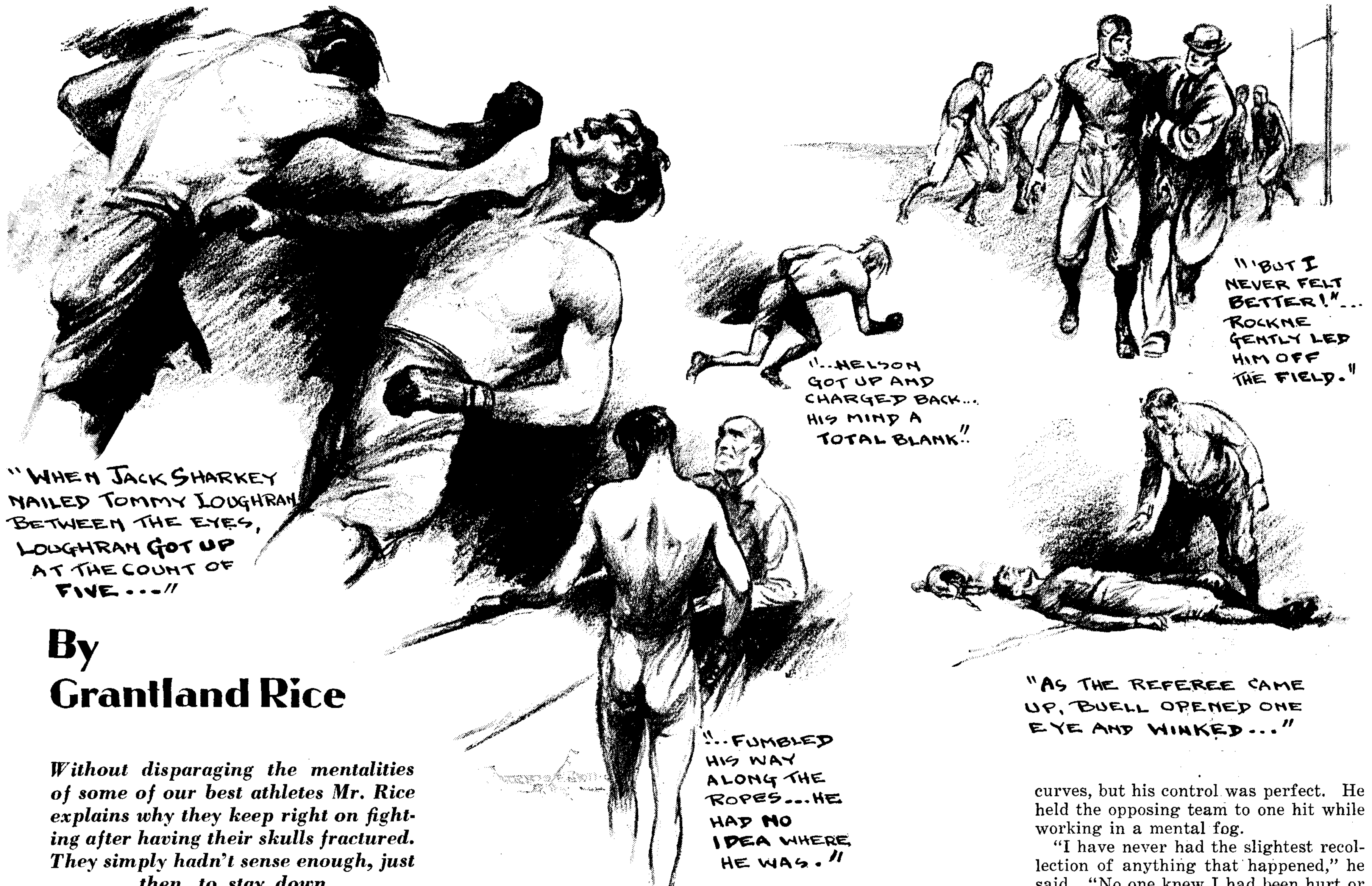
A SAFE FALLS ON THE HEAD OF PROFESSOR BUTTS AND KNOCKS OUT AN IDEA FOR HIS LATEST SIMPLE FLY SWATTER.

CARBOLIC ACID (A) DRIPS ON STRING (B) CAUSING IT TO BREAK AND RELEASE ELASTIC OF BEAN SHOOTER (C) WHICH PROJECTS BALL (D) INTO BUNCH OF GARLIC (E) CAUSING IT TO FALL INTO SYRUP CAN (F) AND SPLASH SYRUP VIOLENTLY AGAINST SIDE WALL. FLY (G) BUZZES WITH GLEE AND GOES FOR SYRUP, HIS FAVORITE DISH. BUTLER-DOG (H) MISTAKES HUM OF FLY'S WINGS FOR DOOR BUZZER AND RUNS TO MEET VISITOR, PULLING ROPE (I) WHICH TURNS STOP-GO SIGNAL (J) AND CAUSES BASEBALL BAT (K) TO SOCK FLY WHO FALLS TO FLOOR UNCONSCIOUS.

AS FLY DROPS TO FLOOR PET TROUT (L) JUMPS FOR HIM, MISSES, AND LANDS IN NET (M). WEIGHT OF FISH FORCES SHOE (N) DOWN ON FALLEN FLY AND PUTS HIM OUT OF THE RUNNING FOR ALL TIME.

IF THE FISH CATCHES THE FLY, THE SHOE CAN BE USED FOR CRACKING NUTS.




"WHEN JACK SHARKEY NAILED TOMMY LOUGHRAN BETWEEN THE EYES, LOUGHRAN GOT UP AT THE COUNT OF FIVE ..."
"...NELSON GOT UP AND CHARGED BACK... HIS MIND A TOTAL BLANK."
"'BUT I NEVER FELT BETTER!'... ROCKNE GENTLY LED HIM OFF THE FIELD."
"...FUMBLED HIS WAY ALONG THE ROPES... HE HAD NO IDEA WHERE HE WAS."
"AS THE REFEREE CAME UP, BUELL OPENED ONE EYE AND WINKED ..."

By Grantland Rice

Without disparaging the mentalities of some of our best athletes Mr. Rice explains why they keep right on fighting after having their skulls fractured. They simply hadn't sense enough, just then, to stay down

Dutiful but Numb

WHEN Jack Sharkey nailed Tommy Loughran between the eyes and Loughran got up at the count of five to fumble his way along the ropes asking Referee Magnolia to get him a chair, the episode seemed incredible to a big part of the crowd. Thousands of spectators figured that any cove able to get up and walk around ought to be able to keep on fighting, or at least to keep on trying. They overlooked the fact that a man can receive a certain type of head injury in boxing, football, baseball or other hard competition that will stop his entire mental system for the time being.

As far as one can see he may be unhurt and completely normal. He may be able to talk and walk. And yet he may not have any idea where he is or what it is all about. This is the fix that Loughran was in.

Two years ago Chick Meehan of New York University had a star quarter-back named Connor. He could run, pass, kick and handle a team up to any standard. About that time N. Y. U. met Colgate in a battle that ended 0–0.

"What was the matter with your passing game?" I asked Meehan the next day, N. Y. U. having depended almost entirely on a running game.

"That's one of the queerest things I've ever known in football," Chick replied. "I waited all through the first two periods for Connor to pass, but he didn't. During the intermission I asked him why he hadn't thrown the ball. He told me he was waiting to use passes in the last two periods. He talked as rationally as anyone possibly could.

"I kept waiting all through the next two periods for the pass attack to start. I saw members of the team go up and talk to him, only to have him drive them away. He was the best man on my team and I did not want to take him out. He was playing hard physical football. He was running and tackling and blocking beautifully but his headwork on calling plays was all off.

"After the game I talked to him again in the dressing-room and found that he knew nothing that had happened on the field. He thought men were in the game who were on the bench. He thought he had thrown a flock of passes. I had him examined and found he had received a concussion from a hard blow at the base of the brain and it was two days before he could get his head cleared. And even then he remembered nothing about the Colgate game."

Faking a Pass-Out

Aurelio Herrera, the Mexican, one of the stiffest punchers for his weight that ever lived, once caught Bat Nelson on the chin with a smashing right. Nelson landed on the back of his head and the lights went out. This was in the fifth round. He scrambled up and charged back in. But his mind was a total blank for the next five or six rounds. After the fight he was unable to remember anything that happened, where he was, whom he was fighting, or what he did until his head suddenly cleared fifteen or twenty minutes later and he knocked Herrera out. He could tell you what happened through the first four rounds and the final round, but the rest of it was a total blank.

It was during a Crimson-Blue game a few years ago that Harvard's team doctor rushed on the field where Charley Buell lay, apparently knocked out.

Buell had just taken a Yale punt and run it back a good thirty yards to Yale's eleven-yard line. The Blue tackler who hit him put everything he had into the dive, and Buell lay stretched out as stiff as a log.

As Tom Thorp, the referee, came up, Buell opened one eye and winked. Then he closed his eyes again. The team doctor asked Buell what day it was, what team he was playing against and several other questions. Buell answered a few and finally told the doctor to go away and let him think. As it happened, the Harvard quarter-back could have gotten up at once, but he wanted to take his time in mapping out the next two or three plays to carry the ball across.

In just two plays Buell sent Owen over for a touchdown. The first was a fake forward pass and the next a crack at the line where Buell told Owen to wait until the lines locked and then dive over. They were not plays that a cracked or battered skull could have figured out.

Al Mamaux, once a big-league pitcher, was hit in the head by a thrown ball and from that moment his mind was a total blank. Yet for five innings he not only had all his allotment of speed and curves, but his control was perfect. He held the opposing team to one hit while working in a mental fog.

"I have never had the slightest recollection of anything that happened," he said. "No one knew I had been hurt or dazed. All I know is what they told me later and the box score I saw next day. I read a full description of each inning I pitched but it might as well have been someone else in another state."

Knute Rockne of Notre Dame tells of one of his men who was hurt but who got up. Knute did not like the queer look in the boy's eyes. When Rockne started to take him out the player kicked.

"I never felt better in my life," he said. "I haven't even got a headache."

Knute Knows Best

Rockne had too hard a schedule to take any chances.

"What day is it?" he asked, "and what team are we playing?"

"It's Tuesday," the battered athlete answered, "and we're playing the Army."

The Notre Dame coach gently but firmly led his half-back off the field.

Few who saw it can ever forget the insane grin that came over Jess Willard's face when Dempsey dropped him with a punch that shattered his cheek bone. Willard at that moment was as crazy as a loon and yet something forced a queer-looking smile to his lips at the idea of a man sixty pounds lighter and six inches shorter spilling him with one wallop.

Willard, who had the stamina of two men, kept getting up mechanically, but he had no definite idea where he was.

It is Jimmy Bronson's contention that Tunney's brain had cleared completely at the count of four (the second count), because he followed instructions by watching his corner for the signal.

"Gene might have looked at any one of 80,000 people that night," says Bronson, "but he looked directly at me."

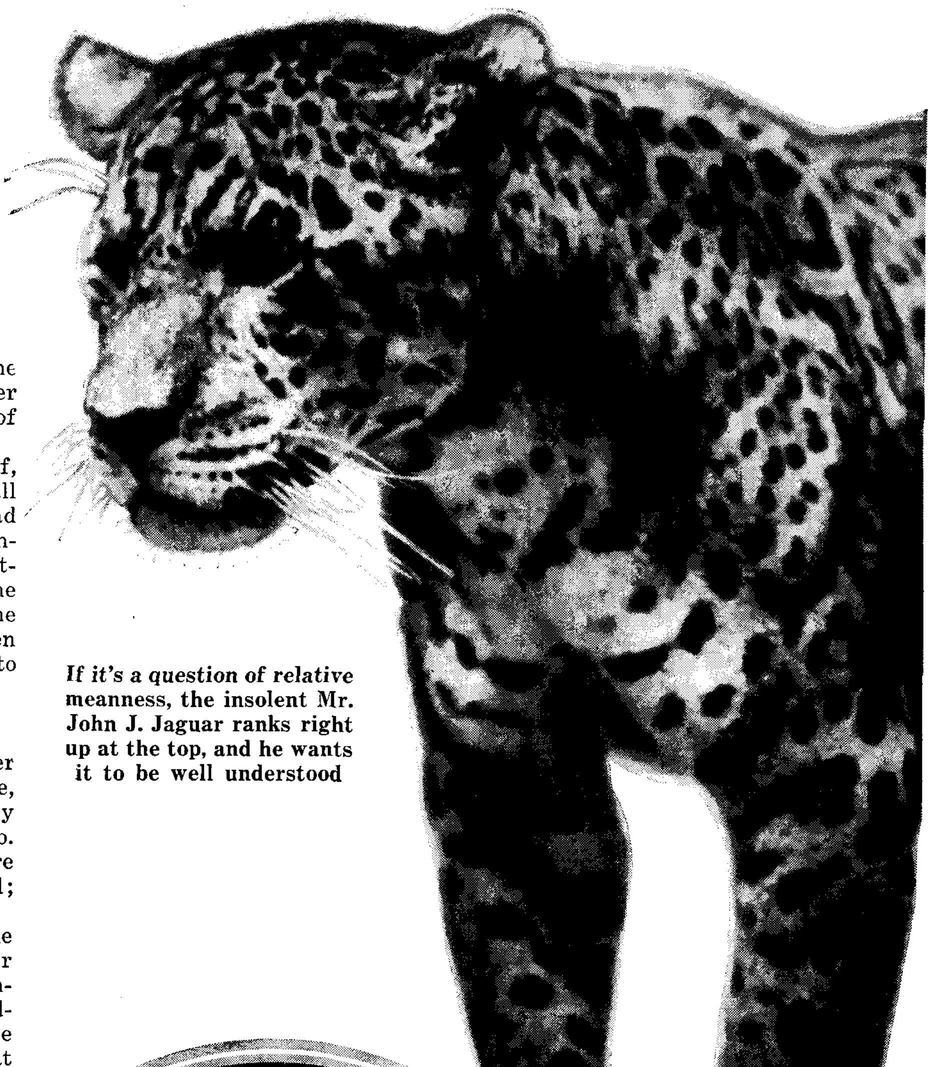
By this time, however, eight had been counted, which would have been close figuring if the referee had stopped at ten.

Wild Parties

By Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars

Curator, New York Zoölogical Garden

Playing the animal game is great sport—if you win. Years of experience with cagey creatures have made Dr. Ditmars a champion



If it's a question of relative meanness, the insolent Mr. John J. Jaguar ranks right up at the top, and he wants it to be well understood

I LOVE my fellowmen, but I get a lot more fun out of the animals I deal with.

For a quarter of a century it has been my task to capture, transport, feed, nurse, soothe, fight, guard and cajole various specimens of the animal kingdom. I have been on intimate terms with snakes, bears, apes, monkeys, elephants, jaguars, tigers, buffaloes, ostriches, giraffes, deer, kudus, hippos, wild horses, kiangs, rhinos, lions, cougars, leopards, kangaroos, emus, cassowaries, beasts of almost every sort and many other species.

The average wild animal has character, personality and conscience, pretty much like the average human being. He is temperamental, perverse, vicious, phlegmatic, diffident and deceitful as the case may be. Entertainment lies in discerning these traits and adroitly checkmating them. Only in this way can one gain the upper hand.

It's a sort of game. Where some men play golf, those of us at the New York Zoölogical Park play *animals.*

Usually we win. Once in a while we lose.

One morning the head elephant keeper was carried away with excitement when he found that his favorite charge had gained weight. Not waiting to return the elephant to its cage, he started for my office to tell me the glad tidings.

The elephant, a small one, patiently followed her keeper not only across the yard but also down the passageway which led to my office.

"Dora's doing fine, sir!" gayly cried the keeper as he entered. The next moment he gave a loud grunt and advanced rapidly toward me. Dora had come up behind and butted him out of the way. Never having been a stenographer, she probably was curious to find out what the inside of an office looked like.

Before we could stop her, Dora tried to enter. Her big black head got through the door all right, but her bulging body stuck. She tried to back off for a push. To her consternation—and ours—she couldn't move. Instantly she raised her long black trunk and emitted a blast of sound that nearly deafened us.

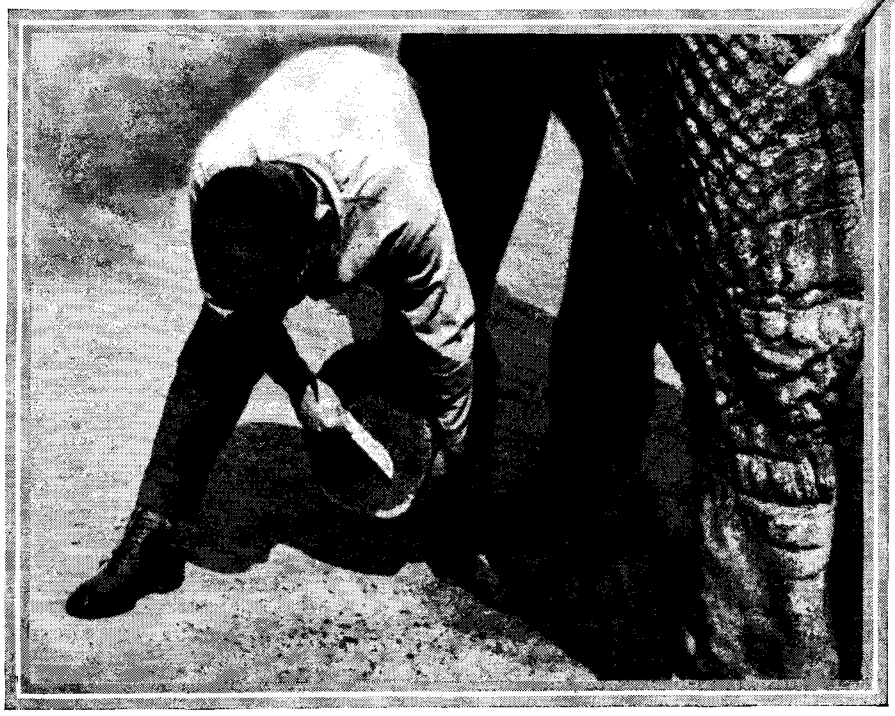
As Dora struggled to free herself, trumpeting wildly, the whole wall threatened to cave in. That was bad enough. What concerned us more painfully was that we knew she would attack us the minute she was free. The elephant mind is childishly literal. She had come to visit me. She had been pinched in a trap. Therefore, I was to blame.

Taking Her Out of It

Through the window I could see other keepers, always on the alert for trouble, running to our assistance. I knew they would be on the job in a moment or two. Our immediate problem was therefore to calm Dora, first, to save the wall; and, second, to protect ourselves.

There was no dramatic climax to the incident, illuminating as it is of our problems. The keeper and I simply engaged in a loud fake dispute, pretending not to notice Dora. Almost at once she quieted down, distracted by what must have seemed a more important trouble than her own. The other keepers quickly removed the door from its hinges, extracted Dora and led her back to her own quarters, somewhat subdued by her first and last experience with "big business."

A little inconvenient, perhaps, but still highly satisfactory. The baby giraffe spreads himself in the matter of the evening meal



A manicure for Maria assumes the aspect of a major operation and, due to the lady's skittishness, is not entirely unattended by its own peculiar risks and thrills

Not all elephants—or other animals, for that matter—are as easily susceptible to suggestion or as tractable as was Dora. There are criminals among animals just as there are among men.

We had a big Indian elephant named Gunda, with wicked eyes and a distinctly cunning look on his face. For no reason at all that I was conscious of, he hated me with a deep abiding hatred. He had other pet and violent aversions among those who worked about the place. His own keeper, an intelligent fellow named Thuman, he greatly feared. An angry shout from Thuman would send the huge Gunda cowering into a corner.

Gunda bided his time. And though we knew he was a "bad" elephant little did we dream of the sinister passion for revenge that was boiling in his little brain.

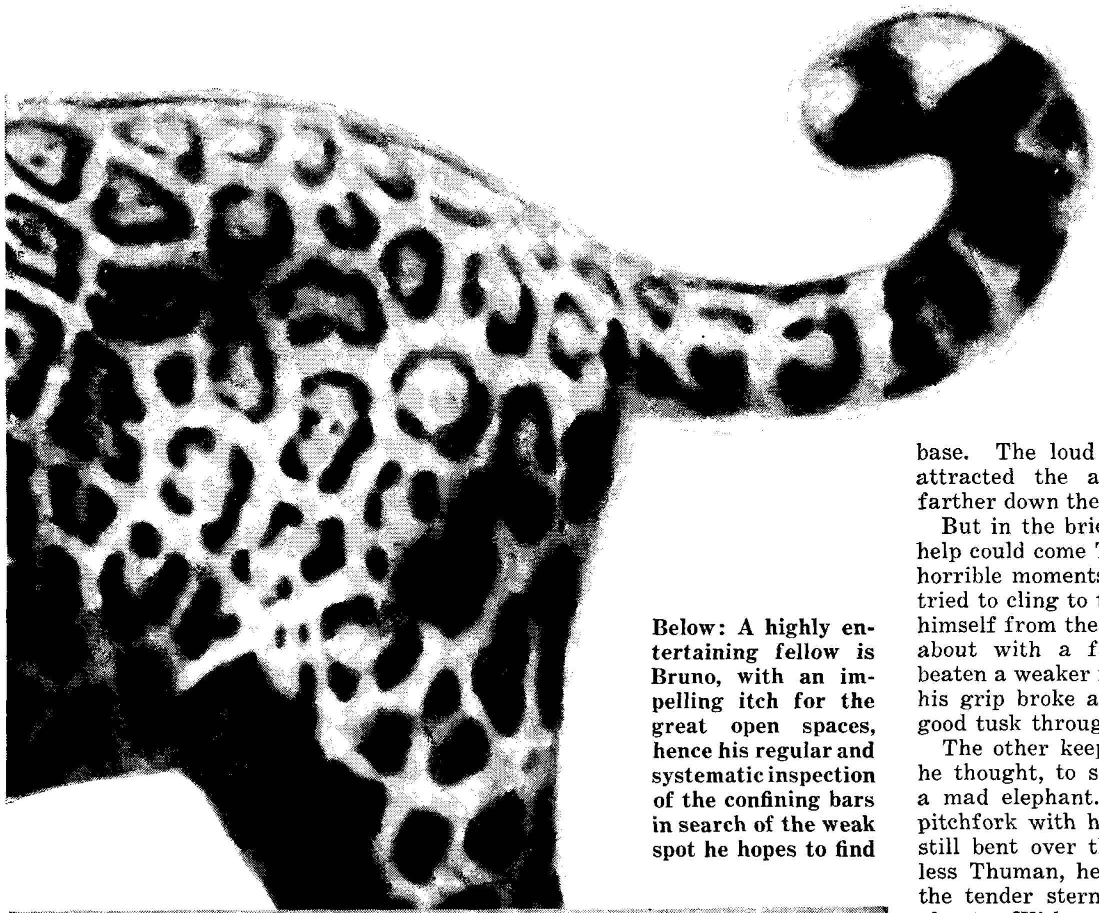
In accordance with routine Thuman took Gunda out of the inner cage into his yard one afternoon for recreation. He walked beside the towering beast, holding by one hand to the wide, flapping ear and with the other hooking his elephant iron not ungently under Gunda's loose chin.

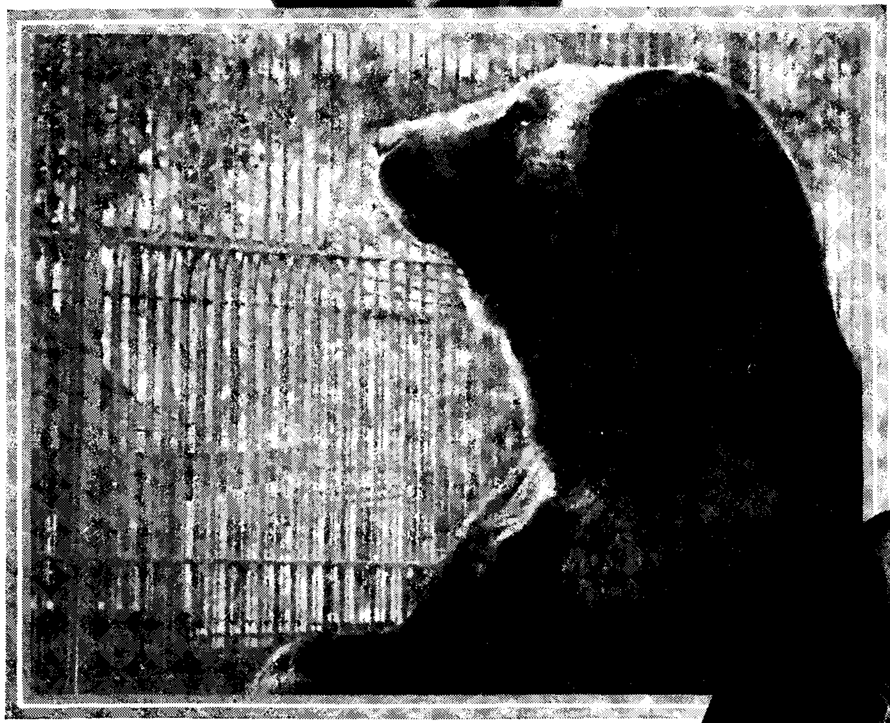
Just before Gunda reached the door he gave a sharp sidewise jerk of his head which knocked Thuman off his feet and sent the elephant hook spinning across the pavement. In an instant he flew for the helpless man with the cold fury of a deliberate murderer who at last has his victim at his mercy.

Gunda Takes the Warpath

One has to know the incredible recklessness of elephant anger to appreciate the dreadful predicament in which Thuman now found himself. Only for a second was he stunned by his fall. Before Gunda reached him he knew that his chance for escape from the small box-like room was very slight, especially so long as Gunda's mountainous bulk filled the only exit.

Gunda now set about dispatching his man in the ordinary elephant way. In





Below: A highly entertaining fellow is Bruno, with an impelling itch for the great open spaces, hence his regular and systematic inspection of the confining bars in search of the weak spot he hopes to find

the dim light he tried to stamp on Thuman's body. Had he succeeded in planting one big foot he would have finished the job then and there, crushing the life out of Thuman in the twinkling of an eye.

But luckily Thuman had fallen near a corner. As a result Gunda couldn't get his big head in close enough to place either of his forefeet.

Gunda tried kneeling. This was more effective. And though Thuman wedged himself as close to the wall as he could get, Gunda's massive knees grazed his body and jammed him painfully against the timbers.

As Gunda wrathfully rose Thuman made a quick move to wriggle through to a refuse box which was connected by a small trapdoor. But Gunda was too quick for him. He seized Thuman's leg in his trunk and jerked him back with a wrench that nearly dislocated the hip.

Before Thuman could crawl away again Gunda swung viciously down with his terrible tusks which were nearly four feet long. One tusk struck a steel upright and broke off halfway to its base. The loud noise of the fracture attracted the attention of a keeper farther down the row of cages.

But in the brief space of time before help could come Thuman spent the most horrible moments of his life. While he tried to cling to the broken tusk to save himself from the other, he was threshed about with a force that would have beaten a weaker man to a pulp. Finally his grip broke and Gunda rammed the good tusk through Thuman's thigh.

The other keeper arrived in time, as he thought, to see his friend killed by a mad elephant. He had brought his pitchfork with him. And while Gunda still bent over the prostrate and helpless Thuman, he plunged its tines into the tender stern of the hysterical elephant. With a scream Gunda turned and rushed through the doorway to annihilate his tormentor. The rescuer neatly side-stepped and closed the door.

Thuman lived, but we had to execute Gunda. Carl Akeley did the job mercifully with a single round from a small-caliber high-powered hunting rifle.

Thuman knew, as we all knew, that the criminal elephant takes no heed of consequences. For instance, there was the case of a wild elephant in Burma that sighted a railroad train coming down the track which led through a portion of the jungle. Probably he had never seen a locomotive before. Anyway, his actions showed that he at once concluded that this long, large, black and noisy creature had no right to share the neighborhood with him. He charged and met the train head-on. Although the locomotive weighed nearly fifty tons he smashed its front end in and completely derailed it. Of course the elephant was instantly killed.

I remember another elephant that was a rogue only when aroused. Early one Sunday morning, just before the time when automobiles started to roll into the park, the superintendent received an excited telephone call to come to the elephant house. He arrived to find a pale and trembling keeper and no elephant. The keeper pointed to a great hole in the side of the building. The elephant had battered his way through the side and was gone. Bricks and débris were scattered as from a blast. Already visitors were beginning to filter into the place.

"Bawling Out" an Elephant

A gardener dashed upon the scene. He told a gasping tale of the elephant cavorting in the creek several hundred yards away and of a trail of overturned benches and broken guard wires.

The superintendent grasped the keeper by the shoulder and spoke slowly and kindly.

"Open the yard gate and the door leading into the good stall. I'm going down to get him."

The agitated keeper watched his chief depart.

I'll continue the story in the words the superintendent told it to me:

"I went down to the creek and there he was—an awful sight. He was covered with glistening mud up to the top of his back and raising his trunk he shot spray twenty-five feet high. He was having a wonderful time, but the novelty was wearing off. I expected to see him lunge out at any minute and continue on the rampage.

"I went right up to him and, although my knees were inclined to wobble, spoke to him in the most matter-of-fact tone:

" 'Hey, what on earth are you doing down here! Ain't you ashamed of yourself? You come right along back with me or you'll get lost.'

"He wheeled around and I was ready to jump, but he came out of the mud, looked around and gave a little squeal. I know that sound. It means friendly greeting from an elephant.

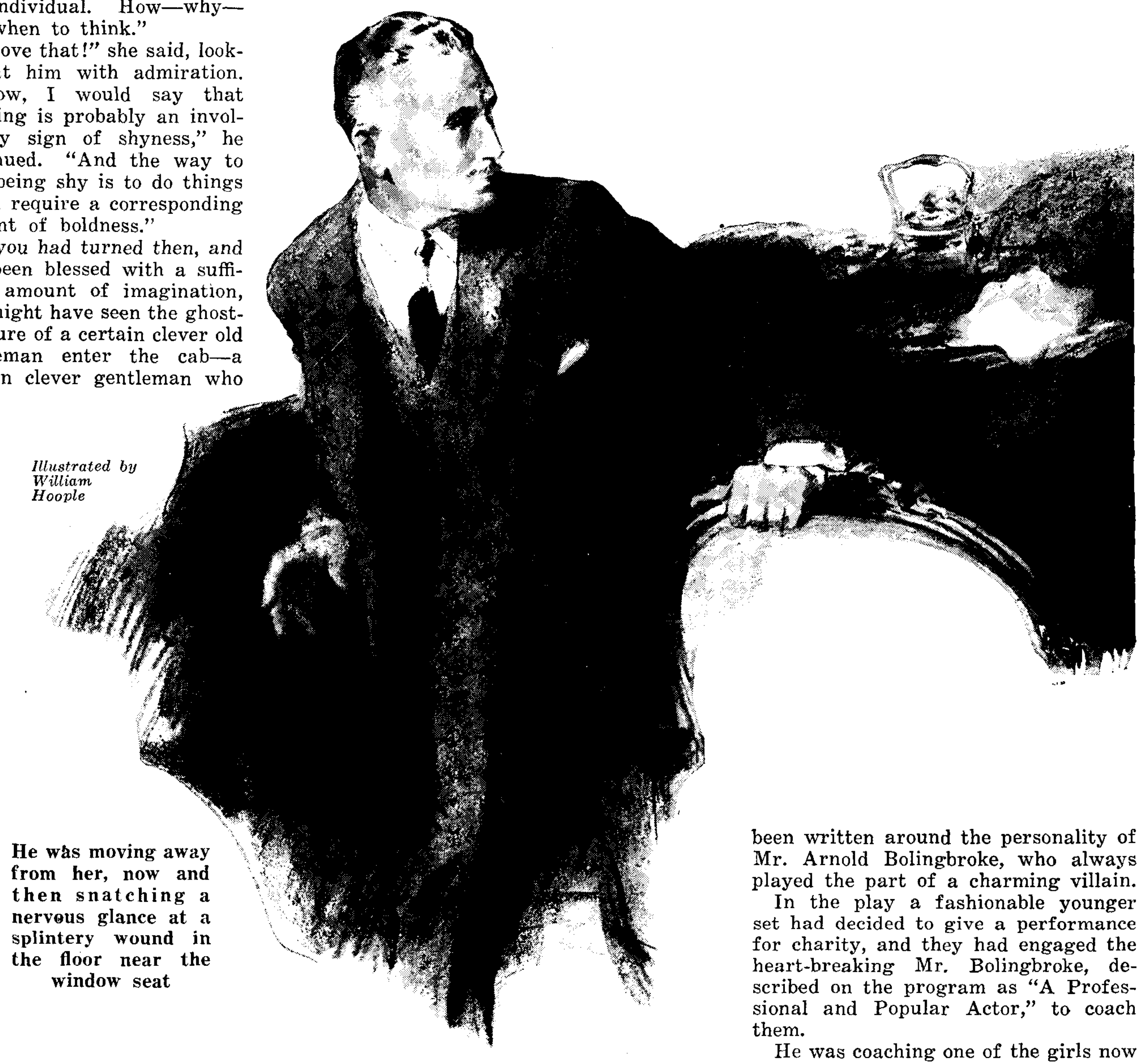
" 'Come on now—you come right along home with me,' I said, as if speaking to a child who needed advice, and he trudged along after me. I didn't have a pick or anything in my hands, just walked along a little in advance of his head, putting a hand behind me, beneath his trunk to guide him. I felt chilly all over, but we were half back to the elephant house before anything happened. Then he stopped. (*Continued on page 75*)

She'd just pursue the serious business of chop-licking and staring, we are told, if in one of your weaker moments you were to remove half of the bars and bolts from her cage. Well, it may be so

The Girl who Blushed

By George Weston

It was a dangerous experiment, and Tony, who was in love with Ann, should never have let her try it. However—



Illustrated by William Hoople

He was moving away from her, now and then snatching a nervous glance at a splintery wound in the floor near the window seat

ALL day it had rained. And now at a quarter past eight in the evening it was coming down harder than ever—so that the taxis, hurrying southward to the theaters, looked like so many lines of glistening porpoises swimming more or less silently down to the sea.

In one of these taxis, at the right, sat a young man—a light overcoat and muffler covering his tuxedo. He was one of those good-looking, quiet, self-possessed young men—tall, broad and careful looking, as though, if he fished, he would bait his hook with patience and would do his best to cast his line without following it into the brook.

By his side sat a girl, a shawl around her shoulders in lieu of a wrap—a shawl of such warm colors that it relieved the shadows of the taxi. She wasn't tall, and she certainly wasn't broad, but against the calm quiet of her escort her vivacity gleamed as warmly as her shawl and marked her at once as the leading figure in the cab.

"Tony," she was saying, "I wonder if you could tell me something—"

He looked at her without speaking, as if, even in this, he was being careful not to commit himself.

"I wonder if you could tell me why I blush so easily—when—whenever I'm the least bit embarrassed."

If you could have been there, sitting, say, by the side of the driver and keeping one ear against the opening of the glass slide just behind your head, you would have heard Tony chuckle—a human sound which might have raised your opinion of him.

"No; please don't joke about it," she earnestly, impulsively pleaded. "You're the only man I can talk to like this. It's getting quite ghastly. I've been thinking a lot about it lately; and the more I think about it, the more I seem to blush. Even now—just from talking about it—I'll bet I'm as red as a beet."

Gravely he struck a match and looked at her—another act which might have raised your opinion of him. For a moment a warm, lively little face was visible in the gloom of the cab; and then she blew out the match.

"YOU see?" she said, with something like a sigh.

"It looks good to me," he nodded in his careful way. "You're probably the only girl left in New York who can still do it. Why not continue to cultivate it—to keep it from becoming one of the lost arts?"

"But it isn't an art!" she exclaimed. "It's a nuisance! This evening at dinner, for instance, Dad mentioned Mrs. Curtis in a fond voice—and I tried to hide my face behind my napkin." Her voice became muffled. "Honestly, Tony," she mourned, "it's awful. Don't you suppose there's any way I can stop it?"

The taxi was stopped for traffic; and before replying Tony looked carefully out at the rain.

"Your father's rushing Mrs. Curtis pretty hard?" he asked.

"Awfully hard."

"Seriously, you think?"

"They're going to be married this June. One can't expect him to stay a widower forever. Myself—I think he's a dear to have waited ten years. And now if I'm to blush like a fool every time he mentions her—"

Tony seemed to be thinking in his careful, self-possessed manner, his companion watching him with a touch of vivacious impatience from her corner of the cab.

"Ever study psychology, Ann?" he finally asked her as the taxi splashed forward again.

"Well—I could spell it once," she doubtfully told him.

"Psych-ology: the study of the mind. You meet it a lot lately. Mass-psychology. Mob-psychology. The psychology of the purchaser. The psychology of the individual. How—why—and when to think."

"I love that!" she said, looking at him with admiration.

"Now, I would say that blushing is probably an involuntary sign of shyness," he continued. "And the way to stop being shy is to do things which require a corresponding amount of boldness."

If you had turned then, and had been blessed with a sufficient amount of imagination, you might have seen the ghostly figure of a certain clever old gentleman enter the cab—a certain clever gentleman who is sometimes known as Old Gooseberry and who hates the very name of holy water. He gave one glance at Ann and vanished.

"But, Tony," she protested, "I don't want to spend the rest of my life doing bold things—just to keep myself from blushing!"

"Of course you don't," he said, blinking a little, as though perhaps he too had caught that momentary glimpse of Old Gooseberry. "Once cured, always cured. I doubt if you'd have to do the trick—well—say more than three times."

"The same trick?"

"No-o-o," he hesitated. "They'd probably have more value if—if they were different."

They rode along in silence for half a block, he busy with his thoughts, and she busy with hers.

"What would you try first?" she asked then, suddenly turning to him in her eager young way.

"You'll have to decide that," he replied in his careful manner. "It ought to be something which would ordinarily make your hair curl: you'll have to think it out yourself."

She was still thinking it out when the cab stopped. The door opened, and an admiral of Senegambia stood waiting to give them the shelter of his huge umbrella. As they crossed the sidewalk a gust of wet wind caught the back of her shawl and blew it around her head. Some woman in the lobby laughed. . . . Ann's face, when at last she subdued her shawl, was as red as a red, red rose.

Intermittently, throughout the first act, Ann continued to think it out. And indeed she had done a lot of thinking these last few weeks. Her father and Mrs. Curtis, for instance—there was a subject which had kept her mind busy.

And the cautious, good-looking Tony—who didn't seem to be quite sure at times whether men married any more—he would have been surprised if he had known how often he had figured in the thoughts of this eager-looking girl by his side.

Now she had this new problem to add to the others.

She was to think of three different tasks that would break down her shyness and stop her trick of blushing, so that she could hear Mrs. Curtis' name without looking as though someone had touched off a pound of red fire—so that she would always look cool and unconcerned like other girls—those girls of her graduating class, for instance, whose names were printed in the yearbook on the page which was decorated by the two plump cherubim and the cluster of wedding bells.

Meanwhile, on the stage, the show had commenced—a piece which had been written around the personality of Mr. Arnold Bolingbroke, who always played the part of a charming villain.

In the play a fashionable younger set had decided to give a performance for charity, and they had engaged the heart-breaking Mr. Bolingbroke, described on the program as "A Professional and Popular Actor," to coach them.

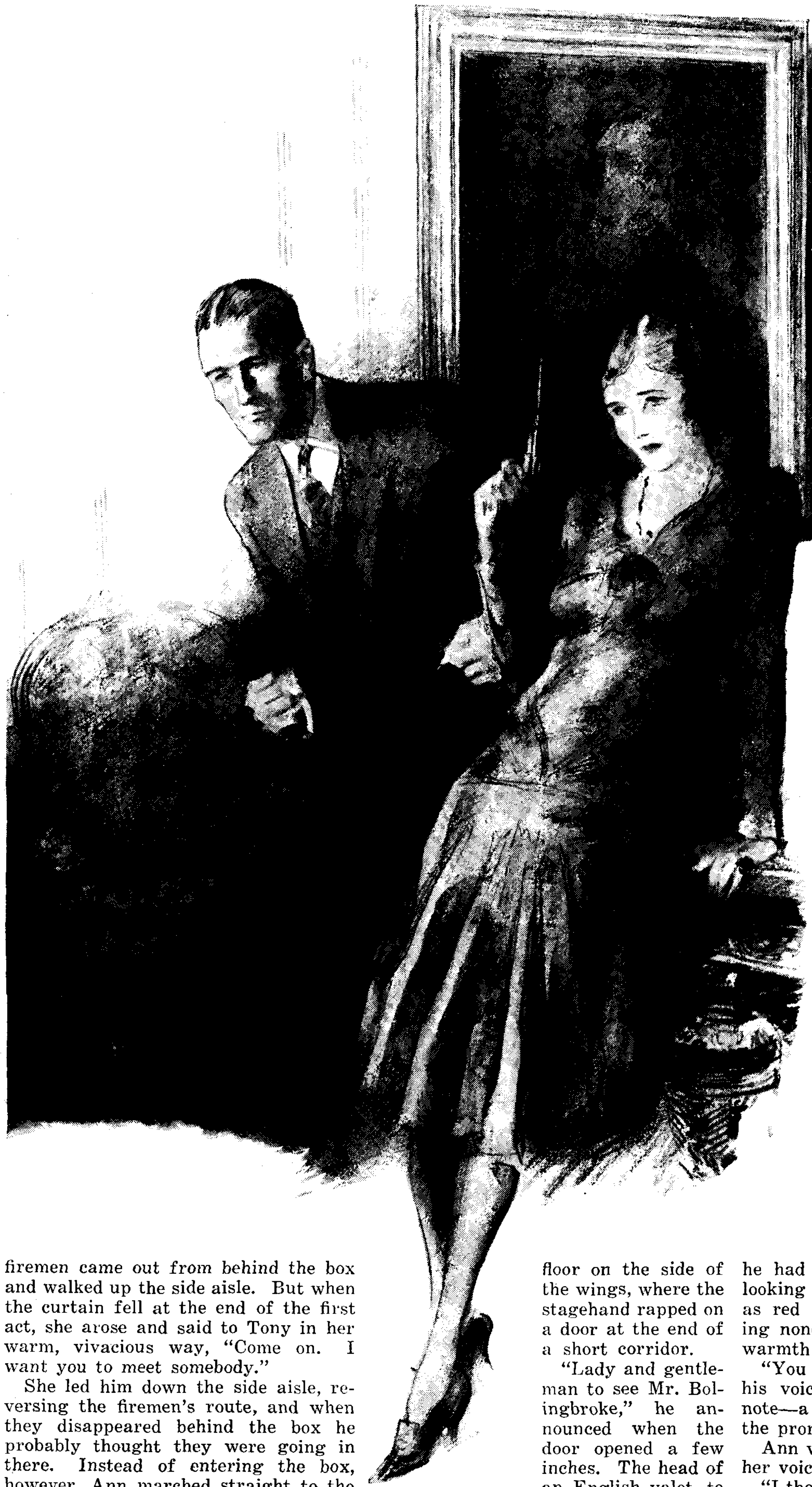
He was coaching one of the girls now in his own apartment—giving her a private lesson—teaching her with such fascinating villainy that the audience instinctively knew that Tragedy, masked and cowled, would soon be walking on with dragging feet.

"NO, NO, dear child!" Mr. Bolingbroke was exclaiming. "To act well, you must have *lived!* You must have *loved!* You must have *suffered!*"

And then slowly, but as inexorably as the rising sun, he turned the Bolingbroke glance upon her—a glance like a deep vibration from the D string of a steel guitar; rich, significant and disturbing; a glance, in short, for which he considered himself justly famous.

"Mmm . . ." thought Ann. "If Tony would only look at me like that. . . ."

She couldn't have told you, herself, the exact moment of her great inspiration. It was probably soon after the



firemen came out from behind the box and walked up the side aisle. But when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, she arose and said to Tony in her warm, vivacious way, "Come on. I want you to meet somebody."

She led him down the side aisle, reversing the firemen's route, and when they disappeared behind the box he probably thought they were going in there. Instead of entering the box, however, Ann marched straight to the door through which she guessed that the firemen had passed, and the next moment they were in the wings at the side of the stage.

"You know someone in the cast?" asked Tony in surprise—he, who thought he knew Ann so well.

"I want you to meet him," she brightly nodded, her cheeks already growing warm.

Opening her purse, she folded a five-dollar bill so that the number in the corner still plainly showed. "Here," she said, walking to one of the stagehands who was apparently doing nothing at the moment, "take us to Mr. Bolingbroke's dressing-room, please."

He started at once, the five-dollar bill in his pocket and Ann by his side. As you can see, Tony couldn't do much except to follow.

They went up an iron stairway to a floor on the side of the wings, where the stagehand rapped on a door at the end of a short corridor.

"Lady and gentleman to see Mr. Bolingbroke," he announced when the door opened a few inches. The head of an English valet, to whom time in its course had given a pair of world-weary eyes, emerged through the opening of the door like the head of a cautious old turtle coming out of its shell.

"You 'ave an appointment with Mr. Bolingbroke?" he asked.

"PLEASE tell him that Miss De Costa and Mr. Schermerhorn would like to see him for a moment," said Ann in her clear young voice; and she opened her purse again, this time for one of her cards. "Tell him, please, that Miss De Costa met him a few years ago when—when he lectured at Miss Dana's School at Scarsdale."

Even if her own name were unfamiliar, that of Miss Dana's School was almost as well known as the "sterling" stamp on silver—or, better yet, as the "14k" on gold. "One of Miss Dana's girls"—"One of Ziegfeld's girls"—two descriptions as far apart as the poles, yet each carrying its own unmistakable standard of values.

"Show them in, Stanley!" exclaimed a deep, musical voice inside the room. "Show them in and fetch another chair."

The great Bolingbroke was half-seated, half-reclining on a sofa. Under the shaded lights his make-up was not too obvious. Indeed, a few steps away, his darkened eyelids were simply the eyelids of a man who had not been afraid to live, to love and to suffer; and the patches of gray above his ears might have been placed there by time instead of by Stanley.

"So sweet of you, Miss De Costa," he said, gracefully extending his hand. "Do sit down. No; nearer, please, for I feel already you have an inspirational aura."

Stanley placed a chair by his side and Ann sat down, very much in need of her three bold tricks and wondering if that was what Mr. Bolingbroke meant by an inspirational aura.

"YOU will pardon me if I do not rise?" he continued in his deep, musical voice. "My next act, as you will see, is extremely exhausting, and my physicians absolutely insist upon these intervening periods of rest. I am a fool, I know, to throw myself so completely into my parts, but when a man has received undeniable recognition as—er—shall we say a significant artist?—I have always held that he owes his best—his supreme efforts—oh, not to himself, but to his dear, dear public. . . . Of which, it is almost an answer to prayer to find that you are one. . . ."

Throughout most of this, he had been holding Ann's hand and looking deeply into her eyes—her face as red as an autumn sunset, but losing none of its beauty because of the warmth of its tints.

"You liked my first act?" he asked, his voice falling to a half-whispered note—a note rich with confidences and the promise of more to come.

Ann was pleased to find that at least her voice was steady.

"I thought it was wonderful," she answered. "But I was sure it would be or we wouldn't have come in the rain." And trying to bring Tony into the conversation—Tony the witness, who was standing chairless by the door—she added, "Mr. Schermerhorn liked it, too."

But so far as the deeply breathing Mr. Bolingbroke was concerned the cautious Tony might never have been born—neither he nor his parents before him.

"You—thought—my—first—act—wonderful—" he slowly repeated. "An inspirational aura—yes—I perceived it the moment you entered. . . ."

And as though to reward her for this, he gave her the first two notes of the Bolingbroke glance—that optical song without words for which, as you already know, he considered himself justly famous.

"So you are one of Miss Dana's girls," he continued. "Ah, sweet memo-ries!" (Which wasn't quite sung, except as a whispering baritone might have sung it.) "I little knew when I lectured there—fresh, fresh from the university—that in a few years the world and the critics would both proclaim me—but there, there; we will speak no more of that. Perhaps you have read of my invincible modesty. . . . De Costa . . . De Costa. . . . You see, I am trying to place the bud that has blossomed so magnificently into a gorgeous flower. Not—not Polly De Costa?"

"No," said Ann, in a rather faint voice, "Ann."

"Ann, of course!" he exclaimed, holding out his hand again. "Little Ann! Precious relic of heaven! I can see you now, seated below me—your eyes like dark blue pansies—disturbing then—disturbing now—"

WHEREUPON Tony suddenly spoke up—gruffly, which wasn't his usual manner:

"We shall be late for the second act," said he, and made a movement as though he would have arisen abruptly—if he had only been seated.

"But I shall see you again, of course," said Mr. Bolingbroke, really arising—a virile, graceful figure. He looked at the card which Stanley had placed on the dresser. "Ah, yes. . . . Park Avenue. And the 'phone number, please?"

He wrote it on the back of the card.

"Good-by, my child," he murmured then. "Or shall we say 'Au revoir'?" And in a different, brisker tone, "Good-by, Mr. Schimmer. Awfully good of you to drop in."

On their way down the iron stairs Tony lost his usual caution of speech. At least he said something which certainly sounded like "D . . . fool!"

"Wasn't he lovely?" beamed Ann—Ann, who was beginning to enjoy it now that she was safely away.

"He was not!" said Tony, in tones at once guarded but emphatic. "The more I think him over. . . . Did you notice that he didn't speak to me once except when we were leaving?" he suddenly broke off. "And then he called me Schimmer?"

"He spoke to me, though." Ann continued to beam.

"Yes. Lines from old plays, or I miss a good guess. 'Precious relic of heaven'! He had his cues mixed there."

By that time they had reached the wings and were no longer alone, and when they passed through the door at the back of the boxes they had to hurry to their seats before the lights went down. So with one thing and another they couldn't very well resume their conversation until the curtain fell at the end of the second act, with a girl hidden in the bathroom of Arnold Bolingbroke's apartment, and the girl's father discovering a dead man on the rug.

"GOOD, isn't it?" exclaimed Ann, turning her shining eyes toward Tony.

"What puzzles me," said Tony, who by this time had found his careful manner again, "is why you went to see him."

"You ought to know."

"I ought to know? What do you mean?"

"I mean it was your idea."

Tony quite stared at her.

"My idea? It was not!"

"It was, too! Didn't you say I ought to do three difficult things?"

"Good Lord!" muttered Tony as the full beauty of this broke over him.

"And then when I take your advice, you don't like it!"

"I certainly don't like Bolingbroke," he said without the least hesitation.

"But I asked you what three things

I should do, and you told me I must decide for myself."

"Yes, but Bolingbroke—!"

"All right. If you don't like that, what shall I do next?"

Which was more easily asked than answered, as you will soon see if you will only put yourself in Tony's place; and although he struggled with the problem, on and off, for the rest of the evening, he was still barren of suggestions when he stood with Ann in front of the elevators of her apartment building just before midnight.

"Well?" she asked, looking up at him in her warm, impulsive way. "Have you thought of a good idea?"

It wasn't the first time she had asked him since the end of Act Two; and no young man, however self-possessed, likes to continue confessing himself as being short of good ideas. So Tony largely answered, "Oh, I'll probably think of half a dozen things between now and morning."

"Lovely!" exclaimed Ann. "Drop in for tea on your way uptown tomorrow. I—I may have thought of something myself."

They said good-by and she stepped in the waiting elevator. Her father, she found, had not yet returned; but Mrs. Curtis lived on Long Island, and if he left her at twelve o'clock he wouldn't be home before one.

"Isn't life the queerest thing?" she thoughtfully asked herself.

She was still pondering over this—sometimes half-smiling and sometimes more inclined to frown—when the telephone bell rang.

"Perhaps he's calling now," she thought, a queer little pain at her heart. "Perhaps he's going to tell me that—that they were married this evening and—and he won't be home."

But it wasn't her father who answered; it was the deep, musical voice of Arnold Bolingbroke.

"I have called you twice before, but you had not yet returned," he said. "And yet—I couldn't retire without telling you how deeply I appreciated your call this evening. So sweet! So charming! Good night, dear child, and pleasant dreams! I only hope—that I—may dream—of you. . . ."

You ought to have seen Ann's cheeks when she hung up the receiver. . . . Like peonies crimsoned by the setting sun. . . .

THE next afternoon Ann was sitting in the living-room of the De Costa apartment, thinking things over in her warm, impulsive way.

This may not sound formidable, but over the fireplace was a painting of her grandfather—old John De Costa, who had made the money for the family—and if you had been there, you would probably have noticed that the girl at the window had the same curved eyebrows as the old boy over the mantel—the same eager glance—the same smiling mouth and dimpled chin.

"Mr. Schermerhorn," announced the maid with a becoming lowness of voice.

"Please," nodded Ann. "And the tea, as well."

So in came Tony, just ahead of the tea.

They had their tea, Ann making room for him on the window seat which overlooked the avenue, and almost before the maid was out of the room she said, "Well? What do you know to stop me from blushing?"

"Listen," said Tony earnestly. "Let's drop that. I ought to have known better. When—when a thing starts with calling on a man like Bolingbroke, heaven only knows where it might stop."

"But, Tony," said Ann, just as earnestly, "I don't want it to stop. You've no idea how much it's helped me already. This morning at breakfast Dad was talking about girls' knees—how ugly most of them are, and how foolish they are to show them."

"He's right, too," said Tony, frowning over his cup.

"Of course he's right," said Ann, "but I asked him if he had ever noticed Mrs. Curtis' knees—how small and straight and pretty they are. He was quite embarrassed about it, but I wasn't! I was as cool as a lemon sherbet! And I thought to myself, 'Well,' I thought, 'if this is what comes from calling on Mr. Bolingbroke, old Tony certainly understands psychology.'"

"Good!" said Tony quickly. "Then if you're cured, that's all you want. We'll stop right there."

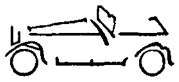
"But I'm not cured!" Ann eagerly told him. "When I came home last night, someone called me on the phone. Such a deep, thrilling voice! And who do you suppose it was?"

Tony's macaroon seemed to turn to ashes in his mouth.

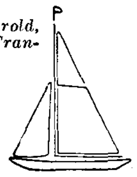
"Not that ass. . . ."

"Yes! And, Tony, he isn't an ass. He's simply lovely. And he said the nicest things—almost like whispering in my ear—and the first thing I knew I was blushing like a fool again! Why, even thinking now of what he said—"

Nameographs



"Automobile," by Carmen Figueroa, 562 Scott St., San Francisco, Cal.



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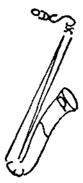
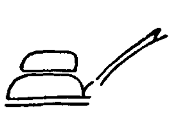
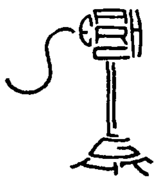


"Saxophone," by June Hammons, Inland Manor, Route A, Gary, Ind.



"Iron," by Neva Hutchinson, 654 19th St., Des Moines, Iowa



"Searchlight," by Delwin Reisinger, Stop 12, Lake Ave., Elyria, Ohio

The color had unmistakably deepened on her cheeks—had even touched her ears and the one-sided V of her neck.

"So, you see, I've got to go on with it," she earnestly continued, "because I know you had the right idea. You're sure—you're sure you haven't thought of anything, Tony?" she almost wistfully asked. "Something as good as calling on Arnold Bolingbroke last night?"

When Tony replied, he grumbled a little—a tall, broad young man, undeniably good-looking but as undeniably short of ideas that would make a girl stop blushing.

"Only a few fool things," he said. And with a sheepish air, "I thought once, for instance, that if you went to the park some morning and took off your shoes—and walked barefoot in the grass—"

Ann considered this, her head on one side, like an eager young robin—an eager young robin, say, who was about to play with a worm.

"No-o," she finally decided. "I doubt if that would help me. It isn't—it isn't thrilling enough, if you know what I mean. But I've thought of something terribly exciting. Will you promise not to tell?"

"Of course I won't tell," said Tony with a touch of anxiety.

"Then wait till I show you!" she whispered.

First she carefully closed the door and then she opened the top of a carved oak chest near the window.

Burrowing in this, her face concealed while she did so, she breathlessly drew out two objects—and the moment Tony saw them, his heart sank.

"See?" she whispered.

TONY saw an old-fashioned revolver, ruddy with rust, which had once belonged to the Old Boy over the fireplace. Indeed if you had been there and had looked at the portrait when the revolver was produced, it might have occurred to you, if you were sufficiently blessed with imagination, that old John suddenly seemed all attention.

"And this—!" whispered Ann again.

"This" was a black silk kerchief taped and cut with two eye-holes—and evidently meant for a mask. As though to leave no doubt of its purpose, Ann tied it around her head so that only her eyes could be seen—but these unusually bright.

"You see?" she breathed, picking up the rusty revolver, her voice trembling slightly. "Of course I shall only use these once—and you can help me, if you will."

"Use them?" asked Tony, his heart sinking lower yet. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"There's an old man in the corner apartment who comes home from his club every night between half past ten and eleven," she breathlessly whispered. "He has one of those jingling watch-chains with a gold coin for a charm—so you see how old he is—"

Walking stealthily on the tips of her toes, she hid herself behind a chair.

"We'll wait for him like this around the corner of the hall," she breathlessly continued. "Now! Here he comes! 'Hands up!' Just like that I'll say it, in a mean gruff voice, and then you'll take his watch and chain—"

"What?" gasped the staring young man on the window seat.

"Only of course we'd mail them back the next morning," hurriedly added Ann, "with an address made up of capital letters cut out of magazine advertisements—"

"Ann De Costa!" protested Tony, feeling, perhaps, as Frankenstein felt in the presence of the monster he had made. "Have you gone crazy?"

A knock on the door interrupted them and Ann barely had time to thrust the mask and the gun back into the chest when the maid discreetly followed her knock.

"Mr. Bolingbroke is calling," she announced with a becoming lowness of voice.

Tony didn't quite groan, though he wasn't far from it; but Ann looked as though she were having the time of her eager young life.

"Another cup, Helen," she said. "And Mr. Bolingbroke, please."

"But listen, Ann," hurriedly protested the harassed Tony, knowing, of course, that he must work fast, "you—you can't have him here—like this. He—he isn't fit—"

"I saw him last night and he did me good," she as hurriedly reminded him. "It was your idea, too."

"It was not! At least, not to see Bolingbroke," he rapidly corrected himself. "I was inquiring about him this morning from one of my friends who's on the stage, and he told me—"

The repetition of the telling was halted by the triumphant entrance of Arnold Bolingbroke himself—scented like a heliotrope bed—a new water-wave in his hair.

"Charming. . . . Charming. . . !" he exclaimed in his deep, musical voice.

"You're just in time," said Ann rather hastily. "Mr. Schermerhorn is leaving, and I want another cup of tea."

"'Leaving'?" goggled Tony, feeling as though his reason were leaving too.

Ann led him to the door—gracefully enough, but always in her eager young way—and if he had been in a more observing mood, he would have seen that her cure was far from complete.

"Awfully pleasant of you to have dropped in," she said in her best Miss Dana's manner. And then in a lower voice as they reached the foyer, "Do you mind waiting for Dad about ten minutes? I think he wants to buy some more of that Triplex stock."

"I'll wait," he grimly promised. "I want to see him, too. And I want to see you again, as well, before I go."

Ann patted his shoulder, he looked so woebegone.

"Don't worry," she gently reassured him. And pointing her thumb at the living-room door, "*He's* my second difficult thing," she added. "He called up again this morning and asked if he could come."

"But he's more dangerous than the old man's watch!" almost pleaded Tony.

"Don't worry," she said again; and the next moment she was hurrying back to the living-room in her eager young way—and whether or not this was done unconsciously the door closed gently behind her.

FOR as long as it might take you to count five, Tony stood looking at the closed living-room door—not at all the large, cool, cautious figure which we first saw in the cab.

Of course he was as large as ever—and as good-looking, too, for that matter—but he certainly looked hot and worried, like a man, say, who thought he would start a small blaze in the woods to warm himself and now discovers that he has set the whole countryside on fire.

The empty room in which he found himself was more like a library than a foyer, fitted with books and prints and an Elizabethan desk, complete with paper, ink and a great foolish brass pen in the shape of a turkey's quill.

"I know!" Tony suddenly told himself, after the longest, most fidgety five minutes he ever spent in his life. "I'll write her a note—some of the things I heard about Bolingbroke today—and send it in by the maid."

So down he sat and began to write, stopping from (*Continued on page 80*)

[redacted]

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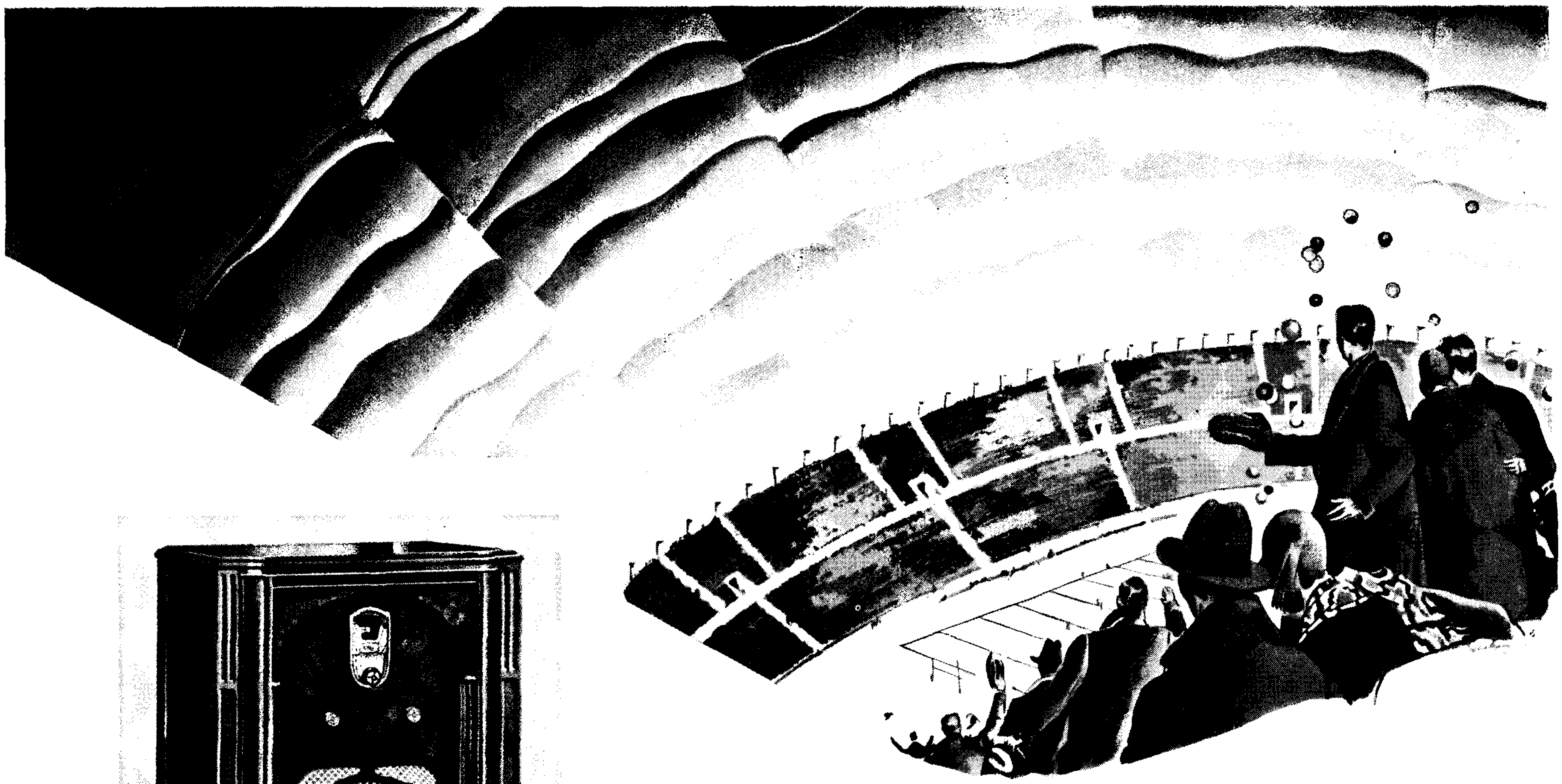

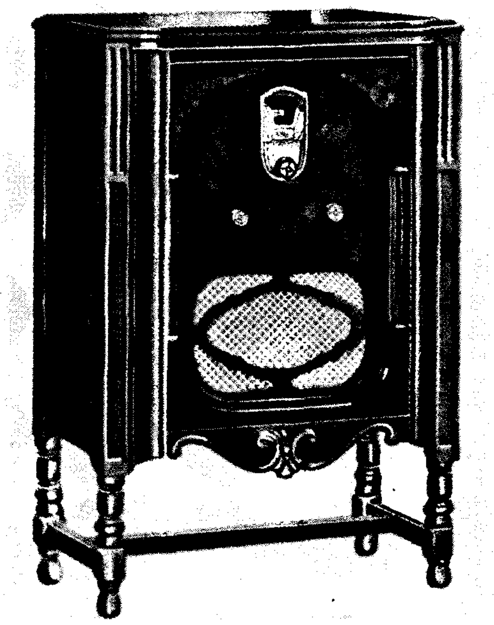

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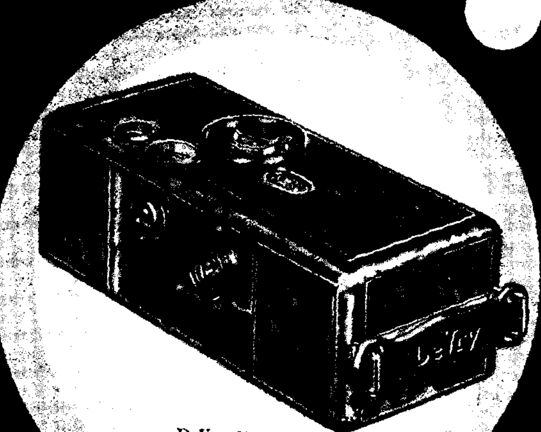
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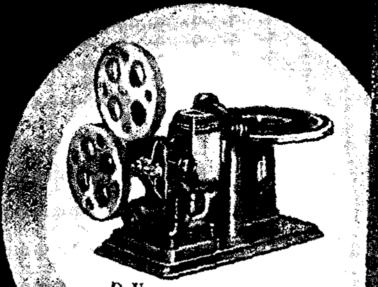
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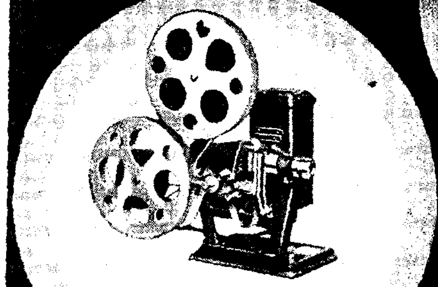
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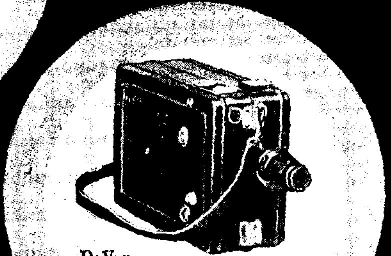
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By
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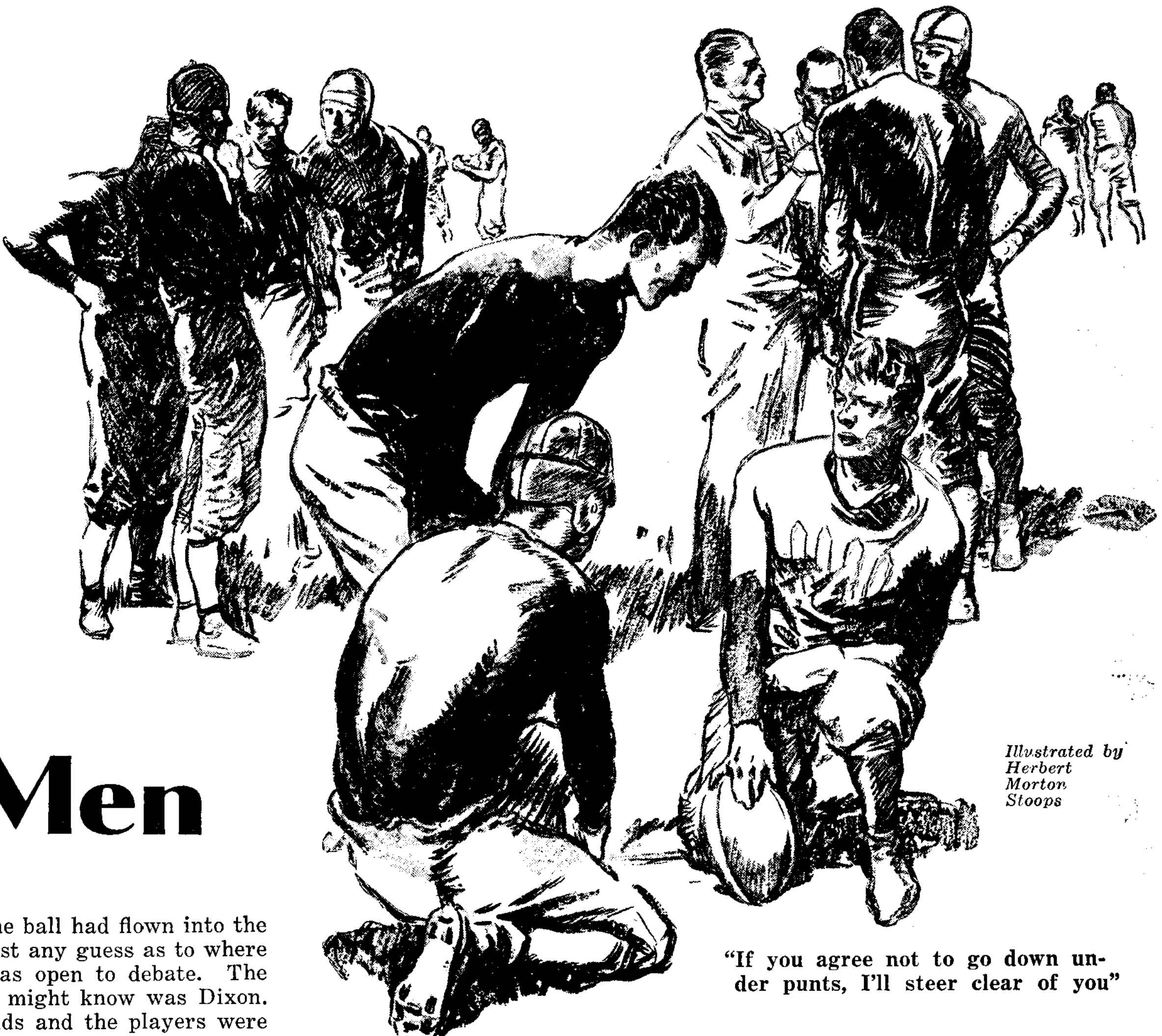
Victory isn't all-important in football. The forty years' experience of this retired coach has convinced him that true sportsmanship is more than a ghost on the gridiron



Here Are Men

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

"If you agree not to go down under punts, I'll steer clear of you"

I HAVE just finished telling some of these stories to a man who started me on a warm defense of football. I set them down now because, as I talked, it seemed to me such tales get entirely too little telling. His reasons why football should be stopped, or at least stupored with prohibitions, are those that moved the farmer to shoot his dog merely because the unhappy beast had fleas.

My adversary's complaint is that the competitive urge in football is so great, owing to the physical contact involved and the brute instinct aroused thereby, that true sportsmanship is impossible. That's what he says without qualification. He has never played football.

I hate to think him bigoted; but it is clear to me he is one of those who deplore all physical competition amongst youth. That's what makes me afraid that the story of young Dixon will mean nothing to him—nothing more than a pretty tale. And yet, in more than forty years of football, I have met young Dixon many, many times.

Dixon was playing safety on a prep school team in the Far South and his turn to show the stuff he was made of came at the close of the game that was so hotly contested that my friend would say honor and fair dealing would have been impossible. Anything to win.

The game had started late. It ended in darkness. Just before the end, in sheer desperation, Dixon's opponents let go with an attempt at a field goal at an angle and from a distance which made the whole performance seem absurd.

Yet, after the ball had flown into the darkness, almost any guess as to where it had gone was open to debate. The only man who might know was Dixon. The grandstands and the players were shrouded. The game's officials shrugged their shoulders. They could see the stars clearly but that was all.

"Goal?" said Dixon. "Yessuh, Ah'll say so. Ah neveh saw any prettier. Where's the boy who shot it?"

Without a question of hesitation, Dixon sought out the kicker.

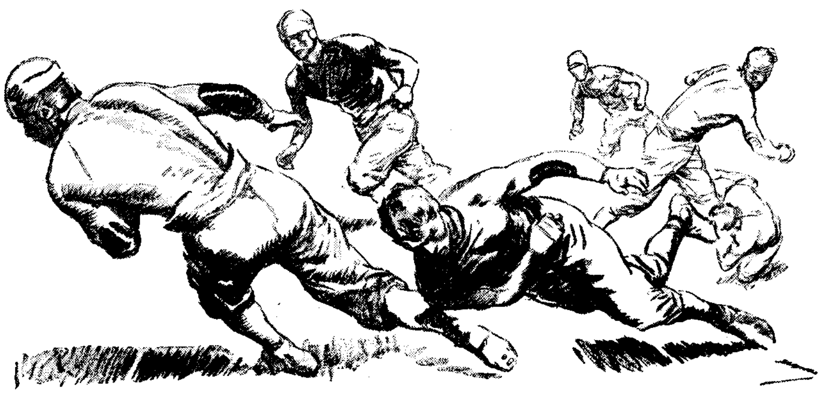
"Ah don't guess Ah'll eveh have a chance of being the one and only spectator of a field goal as pretty as that one, suh," he said, shaking the other lad's hand. "Somebody's going to say you-all had luck with you. Ah'll travel distance, suh, to say they were wrong. That was goal kicking."

The game ended within a few moments thereafter, 3–0. Dixon and his teammates carried the goal kicker off the field.

Sentimental Side Liner

If you are a real football fan, you've heard of Peter Pund, who captained and played center for Georgia Tech last year. Just before one of Tech's important games Peter received word that the center who was to oppose him that day had a bad knee. Peter had all the details. All that one had to do was to crash this lad's knee to put him out of the game. And it just happened that Tech's opponents were woefully short of substitutes. Their season had been brutal; their luck atrocious.

"Smith," said Peter just before hostilities started, "I know all about your bad knee. Listen: Let's get together on this. If you agree not to go down under punts, I'll steer clear of you. You see, I've got to crash you if you go down under punts."



Clipping consists in throwing a man by hurling one's self against the calf of his leg. It's easy to break a man's leg that way

"You win, Pete," said Smith. "I've got to stick. We're shot." Smith played out the game. He and Pete walked off the field arm in arm.

You are quite right, of course; I'm a frank sentimentalist in football. But why not? I've seen it in all its phases. I've seen rough stuff, intentional and unintentional, and rejoice that the dirty player, like the weakling, hasn't lasted. I rejoice in that the bad sport has been ruled out by his team-mates and his college authorities infinitely oftener than by the game's officials. I've seen moral courage in football as often as physical. I've seen football make men out of condemned material.

The University of Virginia had a coach who, if he cares to remember this incident, will bear me out.

It was on a heavy, hot afternoon in September in Charlottesville that Virginia was about to line up against a rival whose playing had been low grade that year. The visiting squad was small and had suffered a number of accidents to its good men. Its captain suggested to the Virginia coach that in view of the weather and his casualties they make the quarters shorter than regulation—say ten minutes instead of fifteen.

The Virginia coach sneered unpleasantly. The rules called for a certain number of minutes to play and that was what he'd insist on. It was not his fault that the visiting team was badly conditioned. If the visitors lacked a football team, why did they play football?

He had more of the same to say, but before he could utter it the student manager for Virginia interrupted.

"Our coach," said he, "is new at Charlottesville and doesn't quite understand. I'm sure he'll be sorry for what he's said when he does. Of course we'll play this game exactly as you wish it. We apologize for the coach's unintentional rudeness and are sure he will be glad to, too."

The coach apologized.

And there was the day when El Paso High School played the Tucson (Arizona) High School and won because, among other reasons, Tucson had not played its star full-back, Daniels, a Negro. Colored players were not permitted to play on Texas teams, and rather than offend El Paso and subject Daniels to embarrassment, Tucson had gone on without him.

The game on the following year was played in Tucson, and still wanting to be fair to El Paso, Coach Syl Paulus of Tucson had practiced for El Paso without Daniels in the line-up. But on the morning of the game the El Paso captain went to Paulus and said:

Smashing the Color Line

"Coach, last year you played without your best man. We want Daniels to play today. Also we will play just as clean against him as we would against any white boy. You see, over in El Paso, the public's sort of against colored boys playing and it makes it difficult. Understand? But we El Paso players talked it over last night and we want him to play. You see, we—"

"Thanks, Cap," said Paulus.

Daniels had just finished an enormous chicken dinner when Paulus asked him if he would play.

"Play? Of course Ah'll play."

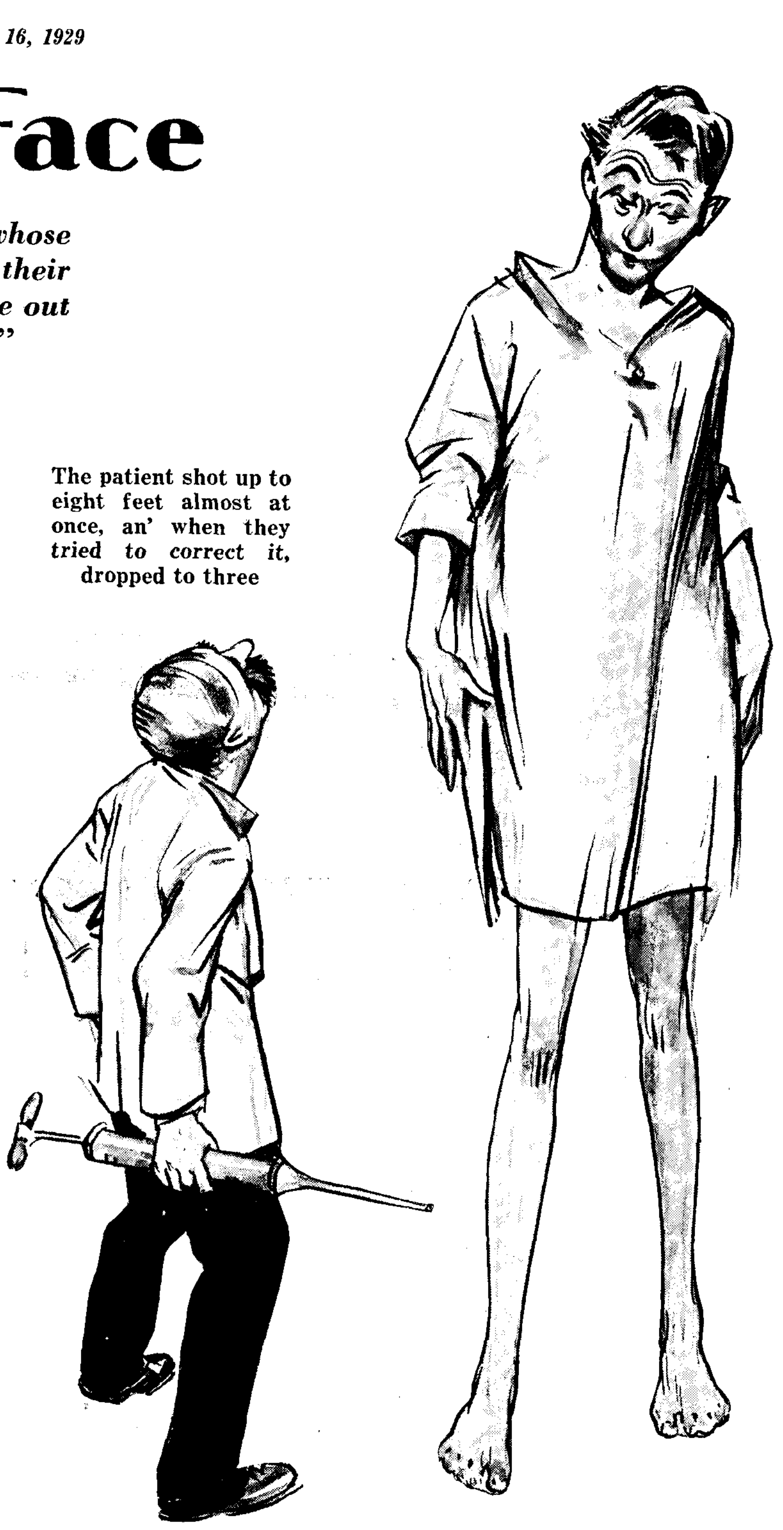
Daniels played one of the best games of his life. El Paso played him hard and clean. His touchdown won for Tucson, and after the game the El Paso lads went to the Tucson dressing-room and congratulated him.

Things like (*Continued on page 44*)

Hi-jacking the Face

"Everything about you can be altered. I've seen men whose chins couldn't be distinguished from the napes of their necks, an' after an hour with the surgeon they come out with underjaws that can be used for sideboards"

Uncle Henry



The patient shot up to eight feet almost at once, an' when they tried to correct it, dropped to three

"IT'S wonderful what modern science can do for the human face an' figure," commented Uncle Henry. "Why, it's nothin' at all for surgeons to take men an' women at fifty an' sixty, an' fix 'em up so that they don't look a day over seventy. Up-to-date doctors even get out style sheets, an' mail-order houses have a full line of features that they send on approval. The twentieth-century mug might almost be called Fashion's Playground.

"There are blunders now an' then, of course. Only last week I was readin' about an elderly banker who took injections of paraffine to restore the youthful plumpness of his cheeks. Unfortunately, the stuff didn't stay put. After a few days it meandered down into the neighborhood of his gills, givin' him an effect of turkey wattles, an' when hot weather came on, it collected under his chin in great pouches that made him look like a kangaroo with young.

"An' there was the case of that Boston woman who had her face lifted by a nearsighted surgeon. On account of missin' some of the survey pegs, he hiked her map so high it raised the heels a foot from the ground, an' she had to teeter along on the tips of her toes. As a consequence, she was forced to stay off the public streets, for people followed her in great crowds, thinkin' she was about to break the record for the standin' broad jump.

"Gland operations have also been attended by many upsets. Did you see where that Austrian specialist put in a pituitary that had somethin' wrong with its control? The patient shot up to eight feet almost at once, an' when they tried to correct it, dropped to three feet. Up an' down he went, despite efforts at adjustment, an' now the poor devil is bein' used as a freight elevator in a Vienna office buildin'.

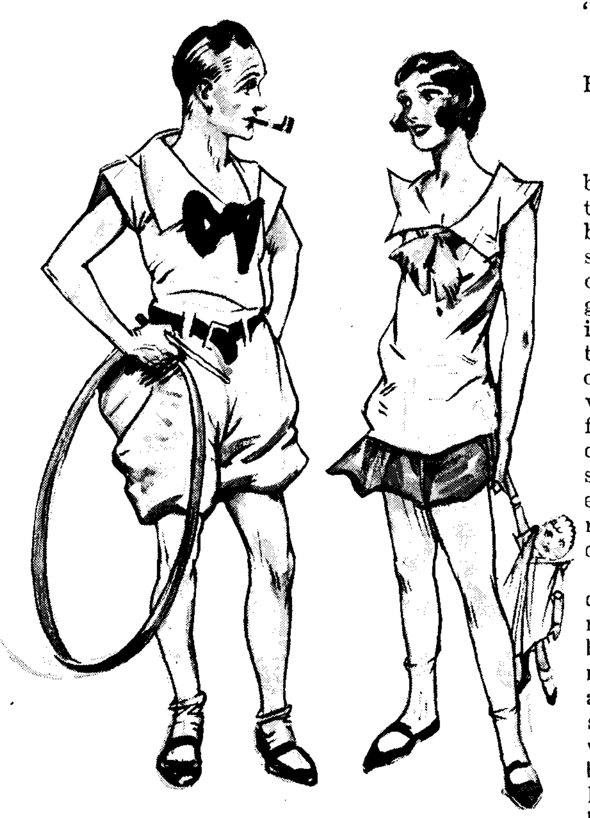
"As a usual thing, however, the operations are almost as easy as gettin' a spare part for your automobile. Face liftin', for instance, is now so simple that even the most childish can do it, an' do. Some women actually take scissors an' needle to a party, an' when they look down an' see their lap full of chins, they jes' step into one of the bedrooms for a few minutes, an' come back lookin' a little older than they did before.

"The whole body, as a matter of fact, is sharin' in the onward and upward movement. Nearly all the big construction companies have put in apparatus for liftin' the ankles of women hikers, an' the Department of Weights down at Washington is experimentin' with a special derrick for hips. A stomach skid has been invented so that abdominal fullness can be raised to help out the chest, or else carried right on over to fill in between the shoulder blades.

Everything Can be Altered

"No longer are we compelled to rest satisfied with what nature did to us. Doctors are able to sew in eyelashes that can't be told from the real thing a mile away; ears can be trimmed the same as a privet hedge, an' moved around like shrubbery; you can order dimples by the dozen, an' have 'em put in while you wait, an' a mouth like the Grand Canyon can be changed into a Cupid's bow. As for the nose, no longer will the poet sing:

'You may break, you may shatter,
The face if you will,
But the shape of the nose
Will cling to it still.'



Even grown-up sons an' daughters run the risk of bein' poisoned unless they dress in rompers

"Roman beezers, with a bridge almost as bad as that of San Luis Rey, can be graded down to the street level, an' noses built on the lines of a sunken garden can be given an impressive sky line. Nostrils can be taken in or let out so as to get slim, severe lines or a bouffant effect. It's so easy that any doctor can change the shape of a nose with his eyes shut. Judgin' from results, that's what most of 'em do.

"Everything about you can be altered. I've seen men whose chins couldn't be distinguished from the napes of their necks, an' after an hour with the surgeon they come out with underjaws that can be used for sideboards. Bowlegs are straightened, kneecaps cocked at a jauntier angle, an' there's even a high-powered gun that shoots hair into bald heads. You've got to be careful to pick a good shot, however. It would be awful to have him miss, an' give you sideburns.

"Most amazin' discovery of all, however, is the gamma ray. You've seen 'em wash a hill away with high-pressure hose, haven't you? Well, that's what the gamma ray does with flesh. It banishes abdominal profiles overnight, an' gives the stoutest figure a boyish bob inside a week. It's like an Aimee Semple McPherson meetin' when men an' women who have gone along for years not knowin' how their other half lived, are given sight of their feet. Heart-rendin' sobs divide time with shouts of praise.

"Heigh-ho! Between you an' me, 'Lonzo, I think the world's gone crazy. Everybody wants to be young, an' old age is as shameful as cotton stockin's an' woolen underwear. Ask people how old they are, an' they refuse to answer on the ground it might incriminate 'em.

"Females are the worst, of course. As a matter of truth, the only old women left in the world are those between the ages of fifteen and seventeen. Grandmothers used to be proud of the fact that they were, but now grandmothers must be protected by stringent game laws, an' even grown-up sons an' daughters run the risk of bein' poisoned unless they dress in rompers.

"It's the pendulum swing of life, I suppose. Twenty or thirty years ago, old age was all the rage. Youth was looked on with dark distrust, an' the ability of a doctor or a lawyer was measured by his whiskers. No man could be elected to high position until he'd been a sufferer from creepin' palsy for the last ten years. The highest office in the gift of an administration was the wheel-chair privilege for the senate.

"Now it's the other way 'round. The associations opposed to capital punishment have stated they will do nothin' in the case of men with beards. Industry calls in the veterinary for all men over fifty, an' writes letters of congratulations to the widows.

"If you ask me, one extreme is jes' as silly as the other. Brains an' character aren't things that can be measured by years, nor is a birth certificate any infallible test of ability.

A Game That Fools No One

"What makes the whole rejuvenation business so silly, 'Lonzo, is that these remades an' repaints never fool anybody. Nature has a fixed scheme of things, an' it's mighty hard to take liberties with the dame an' get away with it. When an old bird dyes his hair a rich jet black, all that it does is to make his skin look like a fish belly warped by long exposure to the sun."

"After all," said Mr. Stubbs, oracularly, "beauty is only skin deep."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "an' almost any beauty doctor can skin you."

Many people envy the man in a "Used" BUICK

. . . and no one ever thinks of it as "used"!

The familiar saying, "Happiness is a state of mind" applies to *motoring happiness*, too. And real motoring happiness will be yours if you join with the tens of thousands of men and women who purchase used Buicks from authorized Buick dealers.

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Decide now to own the Buick you've long wanted. *And make satisfaction doubly sure by buying from a Buick dealer.*

He has an unusually wide assortment. He prices his Buicks fairly and stands squarely back of them. His establishment is the place in your community to buy a used car.

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

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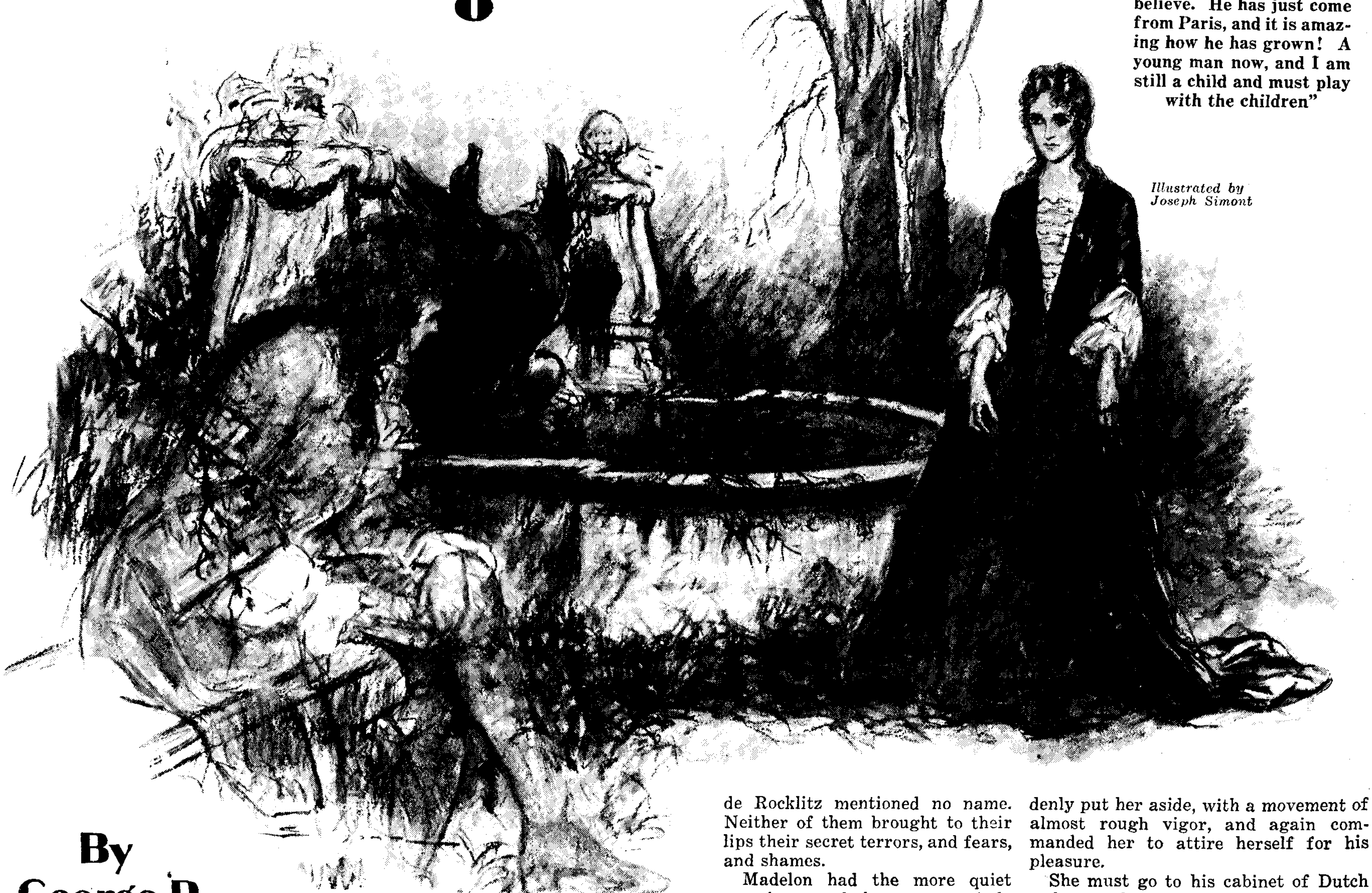
The Prince's Darling



"It is only," she told herself, "to have a game of make-believe. He has just come from Paris, and it is amazing how he has grown! A young man now, and I am still a child and must play with the children"

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

By George R. Preedy

The Story Thus Far:

DELPHICUS DE HAVERBECK, a young army officer, and Johann Georg, the spoiled young Elector of Saxony, are madly in love with Madelon von Neitschütz. The girl is lovely and beautiful. She adores De Haverbeck. But, urged by her impecunious father and brothers, she agrees to marry the ruler. Johann Georg, however, learns the truth. Furious, he marries another woman and forces Madelon to become his mistress.

Heartbroken, De Haverbeck leaves the country. Soon news of his brilliant military exploits reaches Madelon, who contrives to have him sent to Dresden. He arrives, and the girl implores him to flee with her, only to be met with harsh rebuffs.

Working with spies, Count Stürm, enemy of the von Neitschütz and Minister of State of Saxony, weaves a web of lies and half-truths about the two lovers; after which he has the young soldier arrested and thrown into the Königsberg. It is his intention merely to get De Haverbeck (whom he admires) out of the way until he can bring about the downfall of Madelon. But Johann Georg has other plans. Rushing to De Haverbeck's cell, he informs the prisoner that Madelon has confessed; that she ordered his arrest, desires his death.

De Haverbeck prepares for the end. He writes a letter to Madelon in which he confesses his love for her. This letter he gives to a Lutheran pastor, who promises to deliver it. Then he kills himself, by opening an old wound, and his body is sent to the border, where it is given out that he "died on the journey."

Madelon knows nothing of the fate of her lover. Johann Georg, enraged by what he regards as her perfidy and wickedness, but still desperately in love with her, questions her, talks to her. Then: "Last night, Madelon," he says, "a man was executed in the Königsberg."

XII

"POOR wretch!" shivered Madelon. "It is frightful to have so much power. A human creature may scarcely bear it. Was Count Stürm in this?" she asked, curiously apprehensive.

"Ferdinand Stürm," replied the Elector, stupidly, "is a devil."

"Let us," whispered Madelon, "converse of something agreeable. I must vanquish this overcrowded humor of yours with some gayety."

"I think," muttered the Elector, suddenly seizing her hand, "that I'll never be gay again, or else I'll walk in a mist of phantoms and some ugly vision that will not lift even with the day."

His blue eyes stared over Madelon's head as if he were searching some far distance for an expected and dreaded apparition.

"And I was once merry enough," he added. "I thought there was no prince in the world as grand as I when I had you first, Madelon."

Her low rich voice answered him with a stately assurance that his passion was not extinct but smoldering.

"It is only a little cloud that has come between us—of hesitation and doubt. We must love each other, we must."

"What has come between us?" interrupted the Elector, with an eager sullenness. "What has come between us?"

And he wondered if, even while now she lay in his arms, she would mention the other man's name. But Madelon de Rocklitz mentioned no name. Neither of them brought to their lips their secret terrors, and fears, and shames.

Madelon had the more quiet conscience and the serener mind; she did not even have the thought of that terrible paper in the Bible which came now and then to distract her lover, and she could dwell on pleasanter themes than he—vague, uncertain, impossible themes, but sweet enough. She was so young and would be beautiful so long. . . . Surely, she and that man driving now to Vienna to be rid of her enchantment must meet again. She was weary, fatigued. But she exerted herself, remembering her father and the flight of Clement, and the possible danger for all of them. This was her moment, now she had it in her power; perhaps tomorrow all her enemies would be flocking about him again and poisoning his weakness against her.

"Have you," she asked, "dismissed Count Stürm? Is he not something at the bottom of this trouble you are in?"

She felt his breath heave beneath her and break in a half sob.

"Stürm is a devil," he repeated, hoarsely. "A treacherous, difficult, clever devil! . . . If it hadn't been for Stürm arresting him, I had never—"

He broke off.

"He's been a devil to me, I doubt not," murmured Madelon. "Send him away. He works in the dark against me. He tells you lies. He will make dark insinuations and there will be no truth in any of them."

"WHAT do truth or lies matter, Madelon?" said the Elector wearily. "Kiss me and hold me, and let us take what we can before all is lost."

She believed that he would sleep where he sat, holding her, but he suddenly put her aside, with a movement of almost rough vigor, and again commanded her to attire herself for his pleasure.

She must go to his cabinet of Dutch walnut and bring out more of his jewels; she must pull open the drawers of his cinnabar lacquer cabinet and bring out his collars and chains; treasures that his father had kept jealously locked in the green vaults this young man kept recklessly in his bedchamber. He flung her a key and she must unlock a garderobe of cypress wood and bring out his swords and lay them at his feet; all this Madelon did obediently.

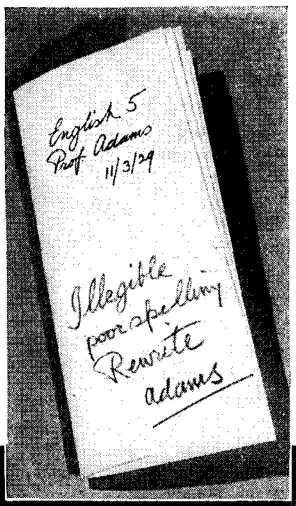
SHE trembled before his mood. He made her light more candles—wax tapers on the mantelshelf, on the bureau, on the table with the Bible, on the table with the wine in a rock crystal flagon, on the table with the cracked green marble top and the keys, so that all in the chamber was brightly illuminated, save the upper part of the bed, shadowed by the stiff curtains of scarlet Venetian brocade surmounted by coronets of purple ostrich feathers.

With his flushed blue eyes on Madelon, Johann Georg laid out his treasures—five collars of the Golden Fleece of different stones, onyx, Hungarian opals, cat's-eyes, agates, Bohemian garnets, zircons of red flushed with orange, all mounted with diamonds, all striving to emulate the most beautiful and perilous of the elements, fire. From one collar hung the largest carbuncle in the world—angry yellow, blazing red, a clasp from the helmet of Mars.

"Like flames, Madelon," he smiled, "like flames, eh?"

She begged him not to throw these fiery chains around her neck, and he dropped them on the couch where tiny Chinese figures stared from the white silk. He played (*Continued on page 30*)

Illegible - poor spelling ··· RE-WRITE



English 5
Prof Adams
11/3/29

Illegible
poor spelling
Rewrite
adams

THERE are two kinds of leisure—that of the loafer and the kind enjoyed by men who get their work done. The real college laborer is the one who is always doing yesterday's work. Always trying to catch up. So busy dodging failure that he misses success.

Loafers and failures don't make the grade at college. The honors pass them by. They don't make the right kind of friends. Miss out in sports. Miss about everything worth while.

The greatest little leisure-giver a college man ever had is a Corona. Take that theme, for example, that was just returned with a kindly suggestion that it be done over in such a manner that it would be possible for someone to read it. A perfectly good theme but illegible. An evening's work wasted. The gang is stepping out tonight and you are staying in.

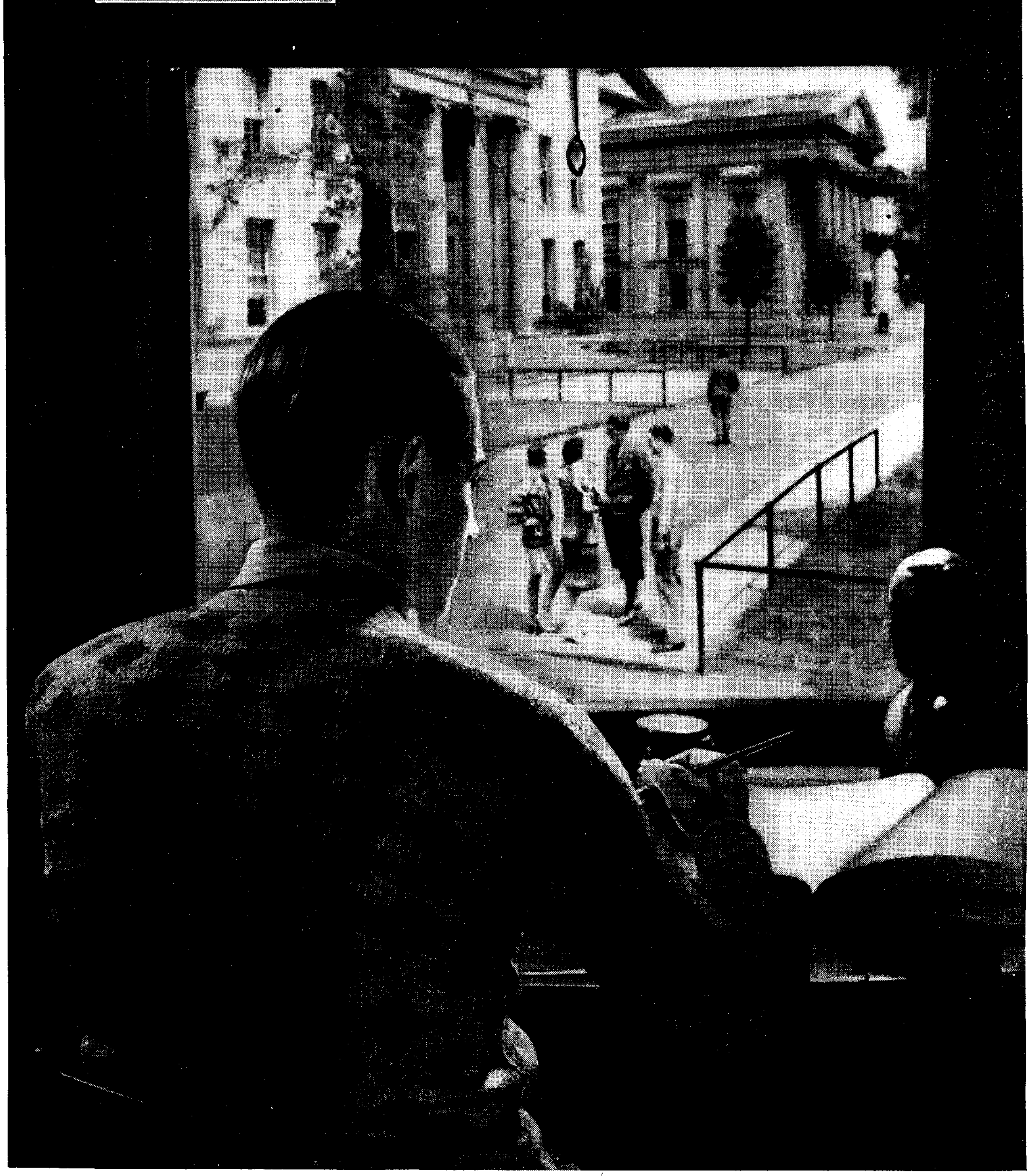
A Corona would have typed that theme in about half the time it took you to write it in the first place. And it would have been a better theme. Better composition, better style, no misspelled words, clean, readable. The chances are that it would have scored instead of being a flop.

Would you like to manage a team, be elected to a class office, have a story accepted by a college paper, make an editorship, or get mixed up in a lot of other college activities? In almost anything of that sort a Corona would be practically indispensable. The New Corona is a great machine. It has everything and does everything. Small in the sense that a fine watch is small. Its amazing smoothness, lightness of touch, speed and convenience are the product of twenty years of engineering effort devoted to the single job of perfecting the finest writing instrument for personal work that the world has known. Corona is so sturdily built that it should serve a lifetime.

Get it out of your mind that learning to operate a Corona is difficult. In a week you can type as rapidly as you write. Thereafter speed improves each day.

To be thoroughly convinced of the superiority of Corona you should have one before you in your room and perform on it for a few days. We should be glad to arrange through a Corona dealer for such a trial. No obligation on your part, of course. When you have decided that you couldn't get along without it, make a small first payment. An allowance will be made on your old typewriter.

The New Corona, with standard four-row keyboard, costs $60. Corona Special, with three-row keyboard, costs $39.50. Many attractive colors from which to choose. A handsome traveling case comes with either model. Write for details. L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc, 51 Madison Avenue, New York City.



Making good at college needs a lot of leisure

CORONA *A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING*

with his diamonds now—garters to be buckled beneath her knee, aigrettes to be fastened in her hair—a zone for a waist, a perfect brilliant to hang on her forehead above her frightened eyes.

All the diamonds were reddened from the firelight; she put them off; she entreated him to adorn her no more; he again poured himself wine and, lifting the beaker with both hands, drank.

"We are very pleasant here, Madelon. How could I have listened to those villainous rogues? They were jealous of me, ah, jealous, bursting with spite and envy. That scoundrel Knock will be biting his fingers with malice."

He laughed. Was he not the wealthiest prince in the world, possessing the most beautiful woman? He gave her a cane with a pure round emerald for a knob, then hung round her throat a necklet of male sapphires, blue of India, blue of blue—that, that was the noblest color of all! He searched for the Garter, his last and most sumptuous decoration; she must have the blue band across her white bosom, the George hanging against her side.

"Let us put away these precious toys, sir—this is not the occasion."

Johann Georg took no heed of this. He pulled out the marriage chains of his ancestors, the arms of Saxony united with those of Brandenburg, Denmark, Württemberg, Culmbach; but one had a sting for him—"*Prudens et simplex. Christus nos redemit ab execratione legis*" was enameled on one of the swinging medallions; his poor Latin was good enough for that—everywhere threats and menaces . . . he thrust his hands into his hair and sat sullen, staring. Madelon crept to his feet, entreating his patience and kindness. She pushed aside the weapons he had made her bring out—his state sword, the Electoral sword, the saber of Mohammed IV, and the baton of Kara Mustapha, taken at the relief of Vienna ten years ago.

She ventured to put on her bedgown. He did not interfere with her. She crept to the couch and they stared at each other in a mutual wonder as to the possible hope there was of climbing out of the pit into which they had sunk.

SHE thought: "I have nothing but the thought of Delphicus. Nothing."

He thought: "I have nothing but little Madelon. Nothing."

He put his goblet down and turned into the cushions with a childish gesture as if he wept.

Madelon glided away. She put off her ribband, the jewels. Many of the candles were extinct now. Madelon, pausing on the bedstep, saw the room already invaded by shadows; even the glow of the fire was slowly receding.

"Come to sleep, Johann; there is nothing we can do."

He looked up; she was leaning on the pillows on the great bed, a pale shape in the thick reddish murk of the curtains. Sleep, once the easiest thing in the world for him, was not so easy now. He rose, sighing, and took off his coat. "Can't I forget for one night—what she is and what I did?"

If he woke, in the dark, and imagined the stately figure of the murdered man towering over him? Last night he had not been to bed—if he woke and found that Madelon had turned into a demon in his arms; or saw, piercing his thickest curtains and shutters, the awful Eye of God?

Undressing by the failing fire and half sobbing, he began to tell the story of the White Bear.

"There was a White Bear in Ireland which was extremely beautiful. It lived in the palace of a king, in a bronze cage filled with icebergs. It was fed on honey, cinnamon cakes and baked pears. The seven princesses flattered and coaxed it with toys and songs. Are you listening, Madelon?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"Well, the Bear loved none of them—he had fixed his affections on a little yellow dwarfish creature, ugly as a hoptoad—but he could not see that, for the poor beast was bewitched. The king and all the princesses became very angry with the bear, for whenever they gave him any liberty he followed the dwarf, so he was shut up in his cage and no one came near but the dwarf. *She* got through the bars and tried to keep herself warm in his fur, for the icebergs were very cold—"

"Johann, come to sleep."

"I'm coming." He stood, tall, heavy, in his chamber robe, blocking out from her the last light of the fire.

"For all the care of each other the dwarf died of cold and the bear of hunger, for everyone was so disgusted with it that they would not feed it any longer"—Johann Georg paused, then added on a sudden gust of laughter: "and its skin made a fine rug for the seventh princess when the elks drew her over the ice! Hey! Hallo!" he shouted. "Over the ice with the wolves behind!"

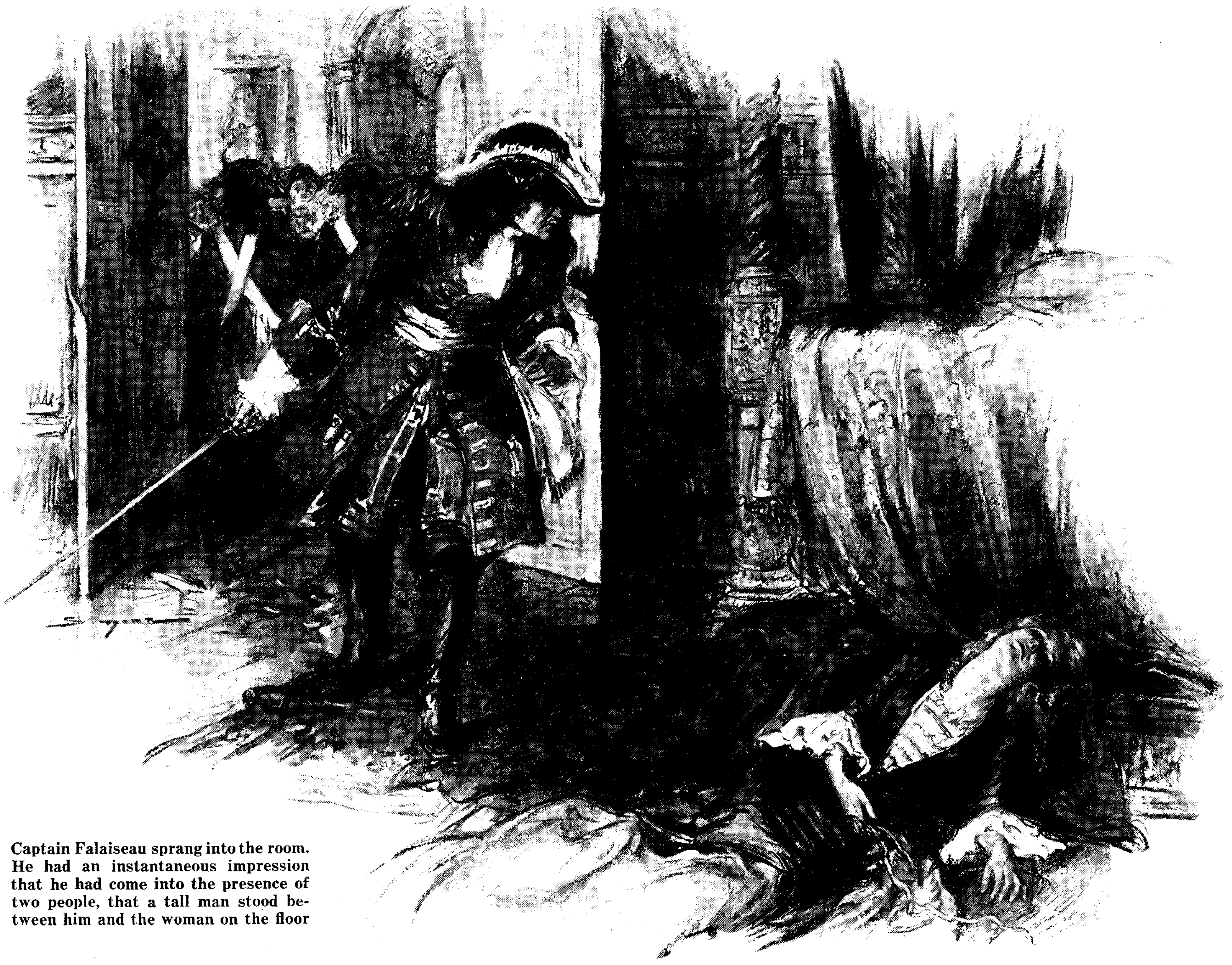
Madelon laughed to match his mood; their mirth was pitiful, the laughter of youth betrayed, defiled—amused at its own degradation.

He came to the bedside and gazed down at the Bible. She feared that he would open it, but he turned into the closet and put out the pyramids of wax tapers either side of the mirror. Hearing him moving there she feared again that he would stumble on the third bottle knotted in her stocking; but he returned, absorbed in his own challenge of the dark he was defiantly creating. He pulled the snuffers down over the remaining candles and there was only the receding glow of the wood ash on the hearth. As he flung himself on the bed beside her he begged her to tell him a story. He kept looking over his shoulder, beyond the shadows of the curtains, into the room filled with that vague wavering light.

"What are you looking for?" asked Madelon.

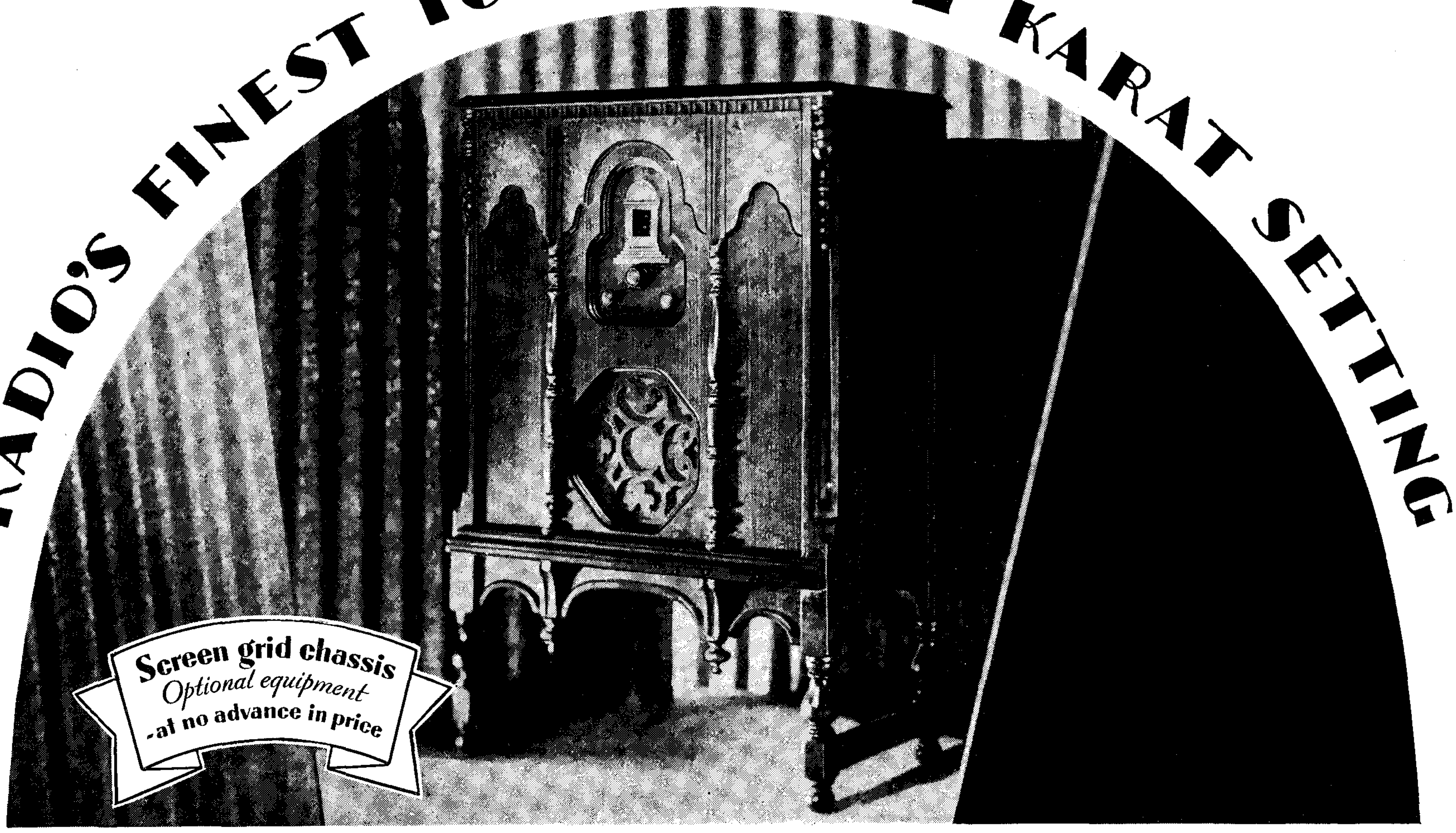
"Nothing. We are alone, are we not?"

HE GAVE her desperate kisses; in the dark he was not ashamed to weep a little; as their faces pressed together their tears mingled, for Madelon wept, too, for some dreadful and intangible grief; each sought frantically in the other for some oblivion, however brief, some opiate, however costly; they felt each other's (*Continued on page 53*)



Captain Falaiseau sprang into the room. He had an instantaneous impression that he had come into the presence of two people, that a tall man stood between him and the woman on the floor

RADIO'S FINEST TONE IN A 22 KARAT SETTING



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When you hear it you will experience an enthralling sense of discovery. Instead of the average radio translation you expect, it will give you a thrilling, audible image of the tones the microphone receives. It transmutes mechanical excellence into the pure gold of artistic perfection.

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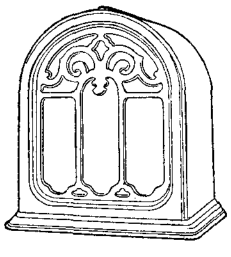

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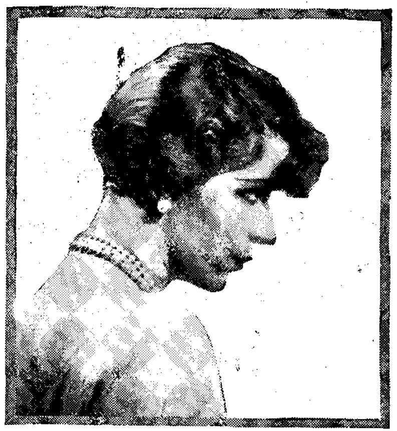
Prices slightly higher West of Rocky Mountains

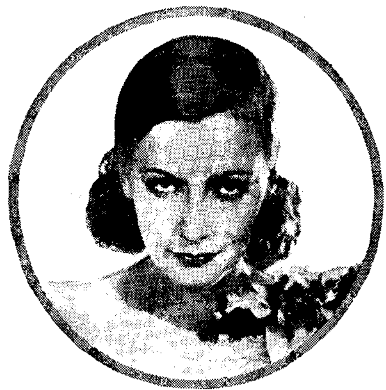
"A" © 1929 T. C.

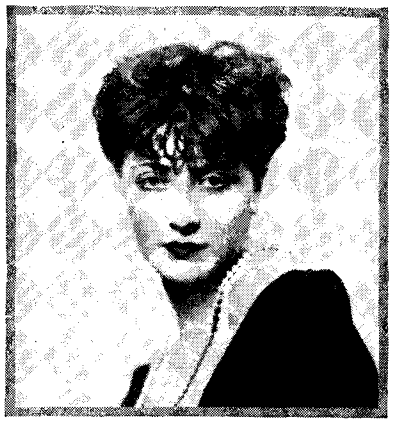
Bob Right

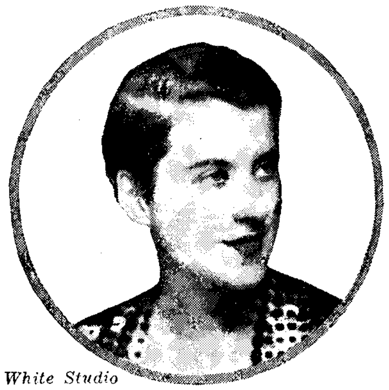
When Madame and her hairdresser put their heads together a new and distinctive coiffure emerges from the merger. Gifted gentlemen with scissors and imagination create many such designs for society and fashion leaders, each appropriate to the type and personality of its owner

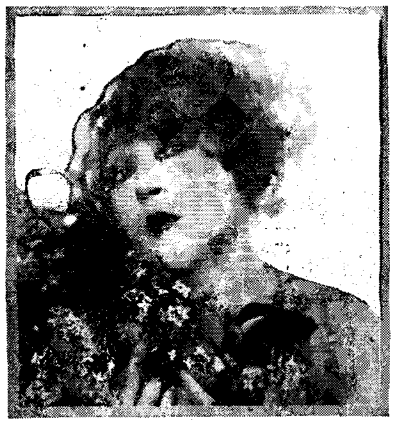
By Marie Beynon Ray


Hal Phyfe
Ina Claire was among the first to appear with shingled hair


Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
The famous Greta Garbo semi-bob makes the head look small and slim


Hal Phyfe
Helen Morgan as she is now appearing in Sweet Adeline, on Broadway


White Studio
Beatrice Lillie wears a severe masculine haircut unusually well


Hesser
The fluffy, curly, utterly feminine coiffure of Mae Murray

MANY hairdressers, here and in Paris, claim the honor of starting the short-hair vogue; but the prize, if we admit the dates, would seem to go to Pierre Senegas, then of Paris, now of New York. In his verdant years in Paris, Senegas, it seems, was coiffeur not only to the divine Sarah but likewise to the diabolic Eve la Vallière. Eve, some forty years ago, was the idol of the Paris boulevards and once, when she was playing the rôle of a *petit caporal*, Senegas suggested that she cut off her hair.

La Vallière gasped—then laughed. There was only one class of women who wore their hair short in those days—the mate of the apache, the woman whose hair was clipped on her entrance into jail.

But as La Vallière had gasped and then laughed, she said, "Why not? The idea shocked and amused *me*. Why shouldn't it shock and amuse my audiences?" La Vallière was not a queen of the boulevards for nothing. She knew what her Paris wanted.

Old Stuff

So Senegas cut her hair short as a man's, but, as a concession to femininity, he placed a star at the part and a butterfly among the longer front curls. That was in 1888 and, as Eve had guessed, her audience was shocked and amused and some of the more daring Parisiennes were intrigued into imitating her—but only half-heartedly. They dared cut only the hair on front of their heads, leaving the back hair long, and curling the clipped hair close to the head—and behold the quaint bang of our bustled mothers!

There was, however, enough short and banged hair in 1891 for Senegas to have on his business cards "Bangs cut and curled. Short hair cut."

Then in 1914 Irene Castle appeared, not with the true boyish bob of today, but with a sort of Spanish-Infanta demi-bob. Only the very young copied this style as it was obvious that its childish contours were becoming only to the round, youthful face and to a small head on a tall, slim body.

It was not until 1923 that the true shingle burst upon us—first in Paris and then, as the boats with our fashion devotees began arriving, in America. Mrs. David Van Buren and Ina Claire were the first to arrive in New York with the fashionable shingle, and instantly America was captivated. This new style, more masculine than childish, was immediately seen to be not only infinitely more youthful than long hair but exactly the right coiffure to top our abbreviated post-war costumes.

We are apt to feel very original about this short hair of ours, but as a matter of fact it's quite an old story. Whole races of women have cut off their hair, as do the Jewish women of a certain class today; whole orders, as the nuns; and there have even been previous epidemics of short hair in fashionable society, as when the ladies of the Directoire cut their hair in imitation of the victims of the guillotine.

The hairdressers of today who boast of inventing the "wind-blown" coiffure have only to refer to the fashion plates of the Directoire to discover that the *Merveilleuses* and *Incroyables* of that time (so named because they were just too marvelous to be believed), led by the incorrigible Madame de Tallien, wife of many men, mistress of more, dressed their bold, bad, beautiful heads in just that style. "Coup de vent" they called it, and we have the same effect and the same word, "wind-blown," today.

The tatterdemalion coiffure of an Anita Loos, who convinced us that gentlemen prefer blondes, is no origination of the 1920's, but an exact duplication of the hairdressing of the Unbelievables of 1800. *Mèches* (strings) was the word they used to describe the wild, stringy disorder of the coiffure they affected—a perfectly good name for the way the Anita Looses of today arrange theirs.

For one reason or another many famous ladies, even before the Revolution, had worn their hair short. Louise de la Vallière, mistress of Louis XIV, when the king deserted her for the all-conquering Montespan, retired to a convent and shaved her head. Joan of Arc cut her hair short for convenience in riding into battle. Ninon de Lenclos, whose infidelities were as many as the hairs of her head, serious for once in her life, cut off every golden hair to prove to one lover her eternal faithfulness.

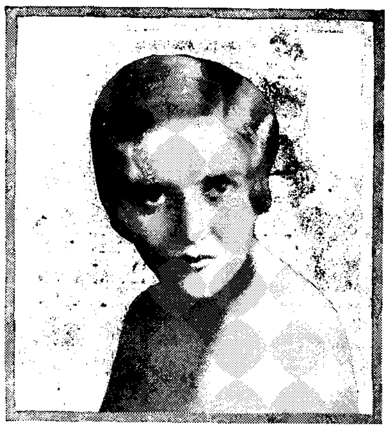
These and other ladies were bobbed in their day, but there was no real vogue of short hair until the Directoire period, and now our own.

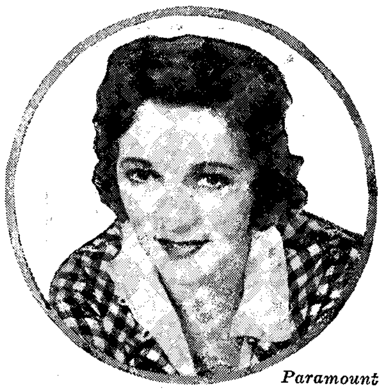
But now that it is here it is practically certain to remain in style—side by side with long hair, perhaps—during the lifetime of the present generation; for short hair isn't just a question of a style in hairdressing for women any more than it is for men. It's a question of a whole trend of civilization.

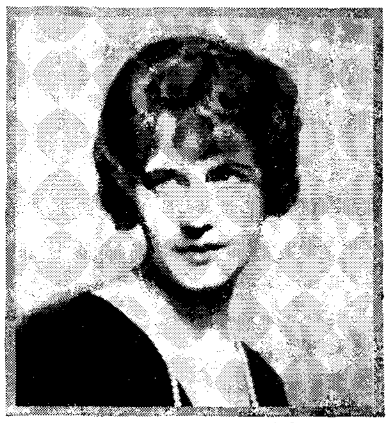
Coiffeurs and Coiffures

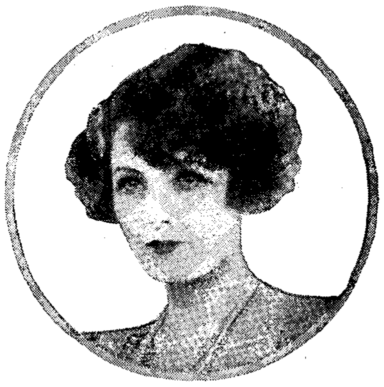
Hairdressers are devoting their notoriously nimble wits and fingers to the problem of introducing as much variety and individuality into the arrangement of these cropped heads as ever they did into the dressing of long hair—and marvelously are they succeeding. For though they may go bobbed into eternity, women will never consent to the dull standardization practiced by men. Fashion is their god as conventionality is men's, and today there is quite as much variety in hairdressing as when hair was long.

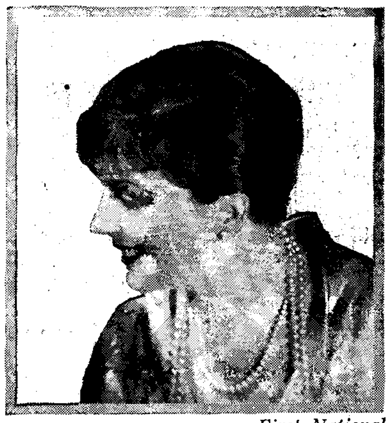
Some of these variations are created by the hairdressers, some by the wearers themselves. (*Continued on page 74*)

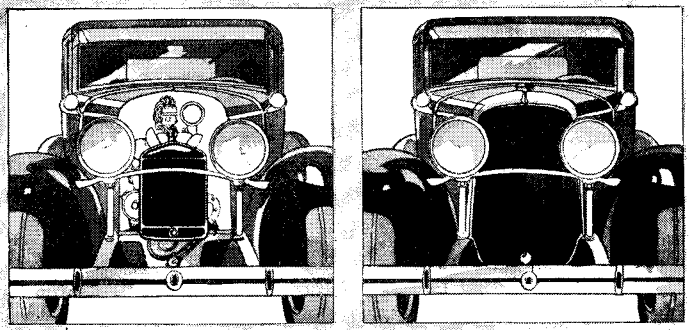

Eugene Robert Richee
Ruth Taylor, blond star, tries a smooth, sophisticated haircut


Paramount
Gertrude Lawrence's short locks sweep into fluffy curls in back


White Studio
The charm of her long hair is retained in Elsie Ferguson's bob


Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Attractive Claire Windsor wears her hair in a soft, flattering bob


First National
Smooth and lacquer-like is Irene Bordoni's distinguished coiffure



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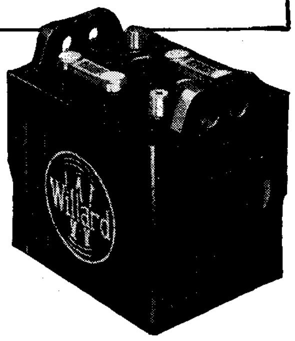


Stop the Show!

By John B. Kennedy

Just "moanin' low," sobbing those heart-breaking blues, Libby Holman is earning her cakes and coffee—plus an M. A. degree for the benefit of her family

White Studio

Libby Holman and Clifton Webb in the apache sketch of The Little Show

PERHAPS you recall the scene from The Prince of Pilsen (circa 1907, since we're not afraid of dates) where a roving beer-bibber from Ohio strolls into a decorative reception committee of villagers and sings: "Vas you efer in Zinzinnati?" On answering in unison, left hand lifted, right foot up, "Nein, nein!" they were musically informed of delights abiding in the city where the edelweiss used to bloom, in bottles, long, long ago.

This recital of Cincinnati's largess to mankind will have to be amended if the song is ever sung again. For Libby Holman has arrived. As Cincinnati's contribution to the graduating class of Broadway's newer stardom, she's the Peter Pan of show business: in brief, the girl who wouldn't shut up.

Plans for a sorority play were entrusted to Libby at a critical stage in her career. She was just twenty, about to graduate with an A. B. degree and determined to prove that she could be an actress and a student all at once. Her father, a lawyer, had said she couldn't; and lawyers usually know about such things.

Libby arranged the play. It was more a job for a politician than a producer, as so many young women with so much talent had to be accommodated with program space. When the line-up was complete, it was remarked that everybody had a part in the piece but Libby. Her modesty was praised; her tact admired.

"But," said somebody, "the smartest thing she's done is to break the fourteen scenes of the play (one of the cheerier Ibsen or Chekhov whimsies) with songs, one following each scene."

"Yes," said Libby, striding into the zone of talk, "and I'm going to sing all the songs."

It came to pass that she did, and the audience remained, and the University of Cincinnati saw no reason in all these goings-on to withhold her degree of Bachelor of Arts.

So she said to her father—in the living-room of the Holman homestead it was, with dusk filtering through the haze on the Ohio River and the Reds as far as ever away from the pennant:

"I'm going on the stage."

"Well," said Mr. Holman, "there are New York trains both ways, five times a day. But leave your diploma behind while we frame it. It won't interest Mr. Ziegfeld or Mr. Dillingham. Neither, I fear, will you."

The Bullfrog Specialty

In this case the lawyer was half wrong, which is what lawyers are paid to be. When Miss Holman finally applied to Mr. Ziegfeld for a job, he looked her over. Looking over applicants for jobs is Mr. Ziegfeld's cross in life. Paying to look over his selections is a burden all of us must bear. Said Mr. Ziegfeld: "You'll do."

"I know," said Miss Holman. "But what'll I do?"

"The usual thing," said Mr. Ziegfeld. "Drill hard, be a good girl and furnish your own hosiery when needed."

"But I want a specialty," said Miss Holman.

Mr. Ziegfeld appeared puzzled. So Miss Holman burst into song. After half an hour or so of that Mr. Ziegfeld reflected. What time Helen Morgan, one of his most mature maidens, was not occupied in making baby faces at Federal juries investigating her thirst, she sang with dulcet dolor in Show Boat. The wear and tear of those combined avocations was appalling. Mr. Ziegfeld was in the market for another sad singer. He engaged Miss Holman. But she never sang—for Ziegfeld. Show Boat was hung up for a spell. Miss Holman, who is otherwise an obliging young woman, was determined to eat. So she went elsewhere and met with other misfortunes including the tonsillitis that made her great.

"I'm the best fed unlucky person in the world," she proclaims in a quick, clear voice that has nothing in common with the husky velours of her singing timbre. "I've thrived on bad breaks all my life."

When she says "all my life" the reader mustn't be misled. She's twenty-four, and unafraid of food, the nightmare of the actress whose name gets up in lights.

What she means is that all things conspired to thwart her. Even in the nursery, when the common accident of a misapplied safety pin occasioned the first discovery of her voice—a powerful bellow at that early age—she met with opposition. Hired help in the Holman ménage objected to her non-stop chortling.

White Studio

Miss Libby Holman, dispenser of musical blues

To divert this ungovernable energy, her parents bought her a violin and paid for lessons. But they found her always skipping away, playing hooky, taking solo picnics in marshes and woods around her native suburb, returning at eventide to plunge into imitations of the noisier rustic fauna. Bullfrogs were her first specialty. That childish throat could produce lifelike groans and moans of love-sick bitterns.

It's reported how, on a zero night, she sent a learned biologist of the University of Cincinnati capering into a faculty house with the astonishing news that he had positively heard a bullfrog booming in the campus snow. The poor man has lived under a cloud ever since.

"My mother was afraid of my ambition to be a singer," she says. "We were not a Puritan family—Huguenot-German, to be genealogically correct. But there were to be no stage people in the family. That was the edict. 'Make her take her music out on a violin,' said my father. 'Lots of people do. Why shouldn't she?'

"So I became the only singer who could accompany herself on the violin. I don't think it helped my technique."

Anyhow, years passed, and eventually, when she was growing up to short skirts, her mother decided to settle forever her doubts about Libby's talent. Mischa Elman was performing in Cincinnati. Would the great man hear a possible prodigy and advise? He would.

Libby was arrayed in her best and Mr. Elman beheld a curvesome youngster, with olive complexion and gazelle eyes. She raised her fiddle and played, not long, but long enough.

Crowned with a Fiddle

Mr. Elman gave the usual polite opinion, the customary formula that rejection implies no lack of musical merit, but the editors regret, etc.

"What," asked Mrs. Holman, "do you recommend for my daughter to develop her musical ear?"

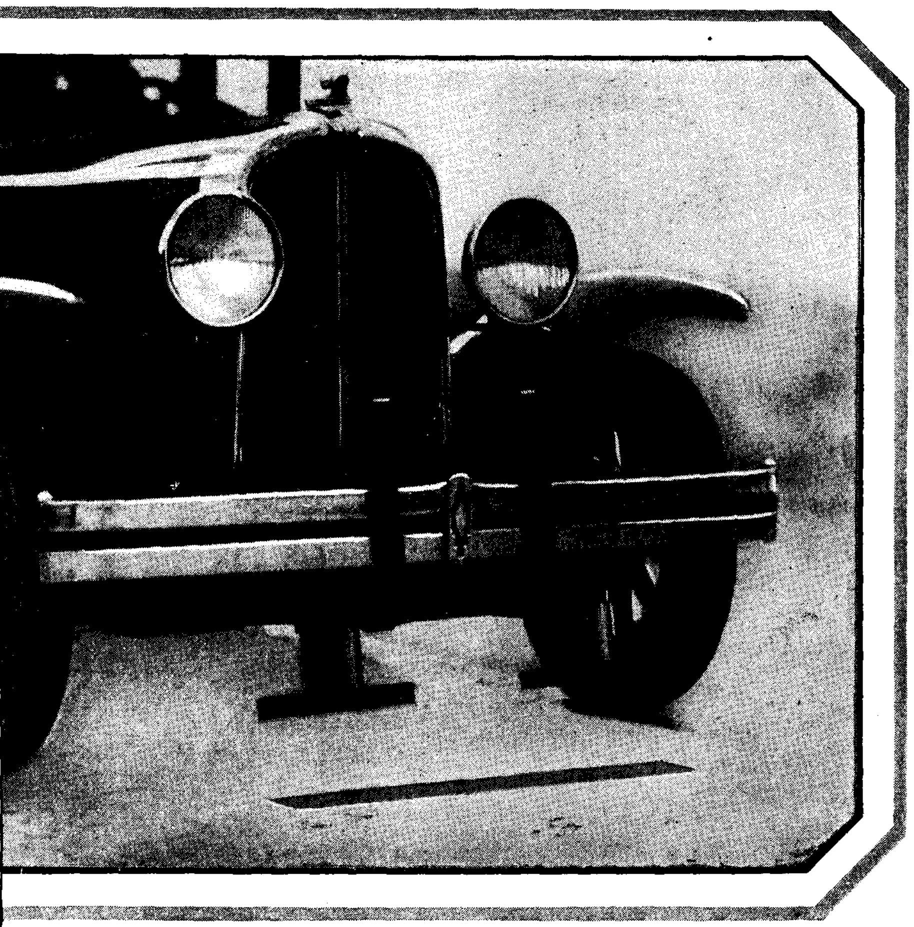
"Washing them at least twice a day has its advantages," said Mr. Elman.

That evening there was storm in the Holman (*Continued on page 78*)

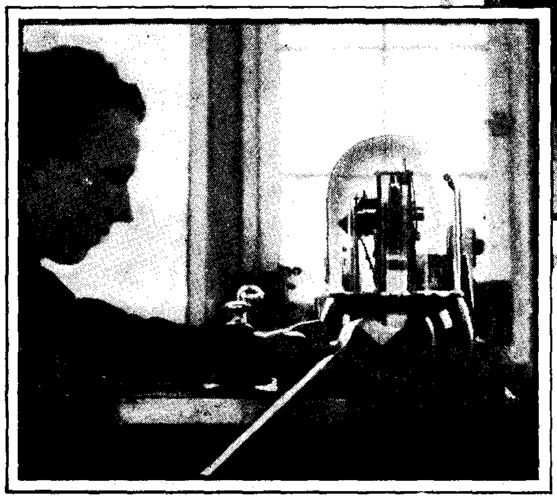
No. 8. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

Splitting *split seconds*

View of the Timing House, connected by wire with the contact points in the test road.



A car equipped for timing test. The magnets attached to the bumper establish electrical contact with coils located under panels every fifty feet in the road. Each contact is instantly flashed to a recording instrument in the Timing House. This eliminates possibility of human error in determining rate of speed and acceleration.



Engineer with time-recording instrument in the Timing House.

THOUGH stop-watches record speed and acceleration to fractional parts of a second, they are not accurate enough for the engineers at General Motors Proving Ground for automobiles.

So the engineers have developed a timing device which eliminates human error. "Splitting split seconds," they call it—which is another way of saying that General Motors is satisfied only with *facts*.

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The tests involve speed, power, endurance, durability, braking, riding comfort, handling ease, fuel and oil economy, body strength—every phase of car construction and performance. Claims and opinions are reduced to *facts*.

A MOTION PICTURE showing the Proving Ground in actual operation is available in lengths of one, two, or four reels, free of all charges except those of transportation. It may be borrowed by schools, clubs, churches, and other organizations. Please specify whether the 35 or 16mm width is desired and give several weeks' notice in advance of showings. Write to Institutional Advertising Department, General Motors, Detroit.

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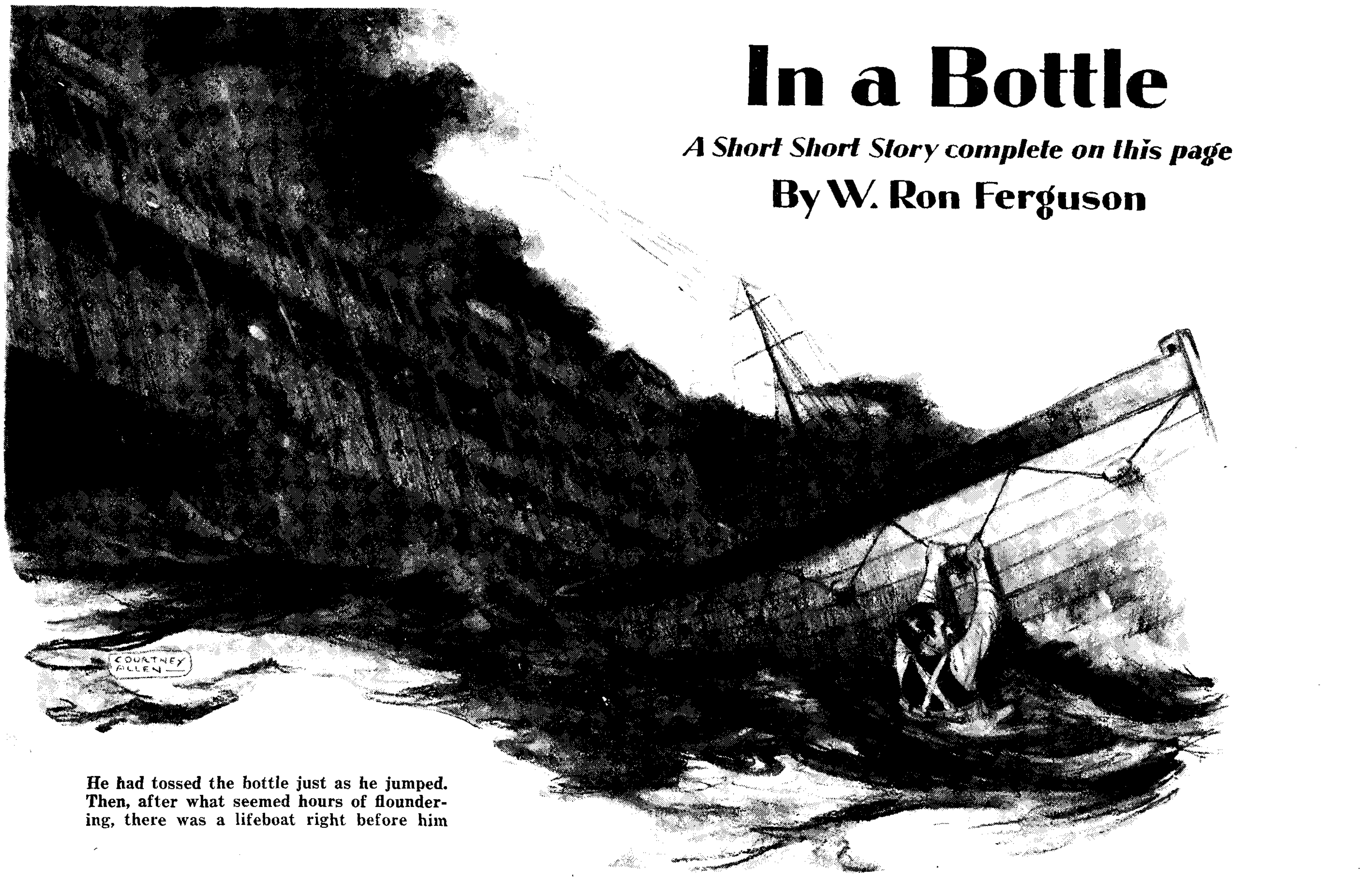
In a Bottle

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By W. Ron Ferguson



He had tossed the bottle just as he jumped. Then, after what seemed hours of floundering, there was a lifeboat right before him

UP UNTIL dark it had been wonderful. The lazy blue-green swell; the faint breeze with its pleasant tang of salt; the land, just a light pencil mark gradually merging into sky and water on the distant horizon.

Then, an hour after sunset, a brisk, insolent wind swept down from the upper reaches of the North Atlantic. It announced itself first in a low moaning whistle, slipped in at open doors and ports to send papers and magazines scurrying for corners. And, as though some unseen, directing power had said "Next!" huge clouds of spray broke over the bow, drenched the decks, carried up to the bridge to coax a flow of sputtering epithets from the first officer, and whirled madly on past the funnels, over the frothing, seething churn behind, and out into the black void.

The minutes ticked on. Suddenly there was a wild clanging of bells—bells with thunderous masculine voices that cried, that screeched and screamed, "To the boats! Women and children first. Back there, damn you!"

There was no friendliness now. Two boats dumped their living cargoes into the reaching grave beneath them before they were halfway down. A shot, followed by a groan, knocked one man from a place beside a crippled old woman. Only God knew that he was deaf and hadn't heard the orders. . . .

Charles Maynard penned his way furiously through his confession. Already a sharp list had thrown him, sprawling, to his knees. But he must finish it. The bottle—it had been a flask full of pure golden joy an hour before—waited to swallow this message and carry it, a chance in a thousand, to his wife. But he couldn't die and have her think him the man he wasn't. Perhaps Heaven would treat him a little kindlier with this off his chest.

God, how he did love Margaret now! He pictured her, sitting perhaps this very moment in their living-room, wishing him a safe voyage. The other women—pastimes, diversion! Silly frauds most of them. There was Helen, that cute little blond stenographer. He regretted that affair more than any of the others. She had committed suicide rather than endure the shame of bearing a nameless child. *His!*

Hastily, frantically, he signed the paper—*Your loving Charles.* This time he meant it, meant it from the bottom of his wretched heart. He rolled the message up, crying now like a child, slipped it into the bottle and punched home the cork.

Another sickening lurch, a convulsive quiver that seemed to rise from the very bowels of the ship, perhaps a last futile protest against the waters which, tired with torturing her slowly, rising inch by inch in her cargo holds, decided suddenly to have it over with by exploding her boilers.

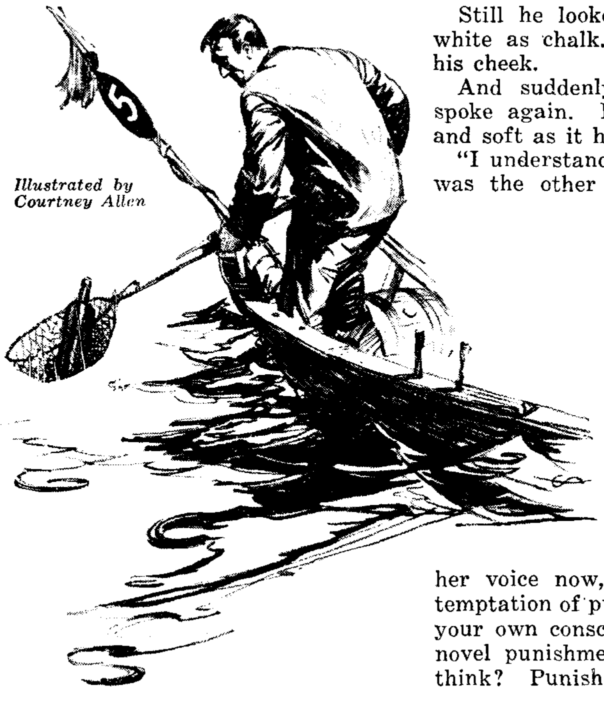
It was the explosion which brought Charles Maynard on deck again, wild-eyed, filled with a new terror. The voices, the shouting, the squeaking and crunching of the davit pulleys. . . .

The Zanzibar had cleaved her way before through many such an infuriated sea. Why she failed this night, what caused her to founder in a storm that was barely an hour old, could only be guessed at in the next morning's papers.

One headline read: WORST SEA DISASTER IN YEARS. And beneath it, in smaller type—*Charles Maynard, sole survivor of S. S. Zanzibar.*

THREE years passed. Charles Maynard had become an important figure in the affairs of his state. Men spoke of him for his integrity and honesty. They admired him, too, because Charles Maynard liked a drink occasionally. The women pointed out his clean record. "No scandal has ever touched Charles Maynard," they would say. "He will make the best governor we've ever had."

But Charles Maynard had grown sadly older in those few years. Success he had. And he rested now on the brink of his life's ambition. Yet never did the day pass without hours of tortuous wondering. Nights often meant dreams—seas filled with bobbing bottles—and a confession that would ruin him. *Scandal?* He shrank from the thought of it. He remembered how he had tossed the bottle, just as he jumped. And then, after what seemed hours of floundering and gasping, there was an empty lifeboat right before him. True, his life since that awful night had been a model one. Only Margaret mattered. And they were so happy together. But should the bottle turn up!



Illustrated by Courtney Allen

Then it came—a phone call while he lunched at his club, two days before election.

"Mrs. Maynard, sir," the page said. And when he listened to her voice he grew suddenly dizzy.

"Come right home, Charles, your bottle has arrived!" And she hung up.

HE DIDN'T remember the ride home. He found himself slumped finally in the big wing chair before the fireplace. Margaret was speaking again:

"That bottle of champagne from De Winter has arrived, Charles. The man is outside for your order."

He looked up, bewildered. Then she continued:

"Don't you recall, dear, you phoned down last night to have a sample delivered?"

Still he looked bewildered, his face white as chalk. A tear slipped down his cheek.

And suddenly she understood, and spoke again. Her voice was as calm and soft as it had always been:

"I understand, dear. You thought it was the other bottle—and—you were afraid. It arrived a year ago, Charles. A fisherman found it and carried out your request. What a tidy sum it would have brought him had he been shrewd instead of honest."

She paused a moment, then went on: "I read it and forgave. But, Charles," there was something suggestive of triumph in her voice now, "I couldn't resist the temptation of punishing you with—with your own conscience. It was rather a novel punishment too, dear, don't you think? Punishment—in a *bottle*."

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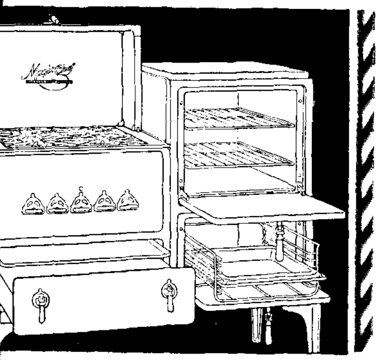

1. *"Patrician"* Model shown (left) in Italian Grand Antique Marble Finish with Old Ivory Trim. Handles of Onyx Green Bakelite. Also *"Jonquil"* Model in Old Ivory with Peacock Green Trim.
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Magic Chef
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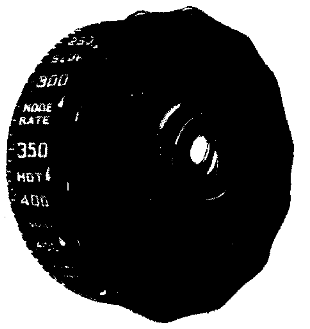

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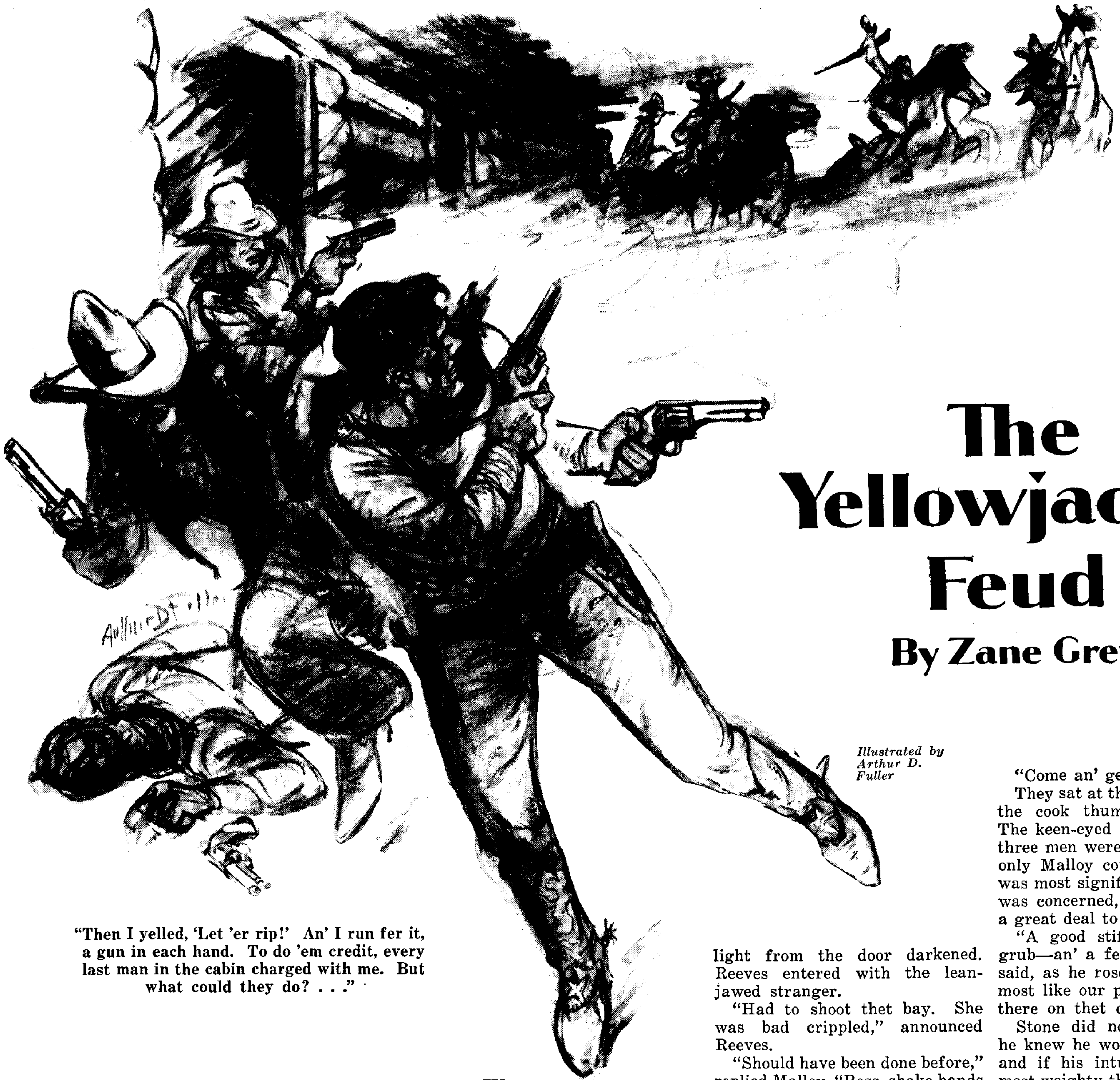
The Yellowjacket Feud

By Zane Grey



"Then I yelled, 'Let 'er rip!' An' I run fer it, a gun in each hand. To do 'em credit, every last man in the cabin charged with me. But what could they do? . . ."

Illustrated by Arthur D. Fuller

The Story Thus Far:

GLORIANA TRAFT goes to Arizona to visit her wealthy uncle, old Jim Traft, a cattle king. On her arrival, she learns that her brother—young Jim Traft, leader of the Diamond Outfit—is engaged to Molly Dunn, a lovely but illiterate girl. Ignorant of the little Westerner's fine qualities, she opposes the match.

Meanwhile, exciting events are occurring. Young Jim's men are on the verge of open war with the Hash Knife Outfit, a gang of desperadoes who are stealing cattle from the Traft ranch—the Yellowjacket—and selling them through one Bambridge, a crooked ranchman. Determined to put an end to the stealing, Jim gives Bambridge a beating, and orders Jed Stone, leader of the Hash-Knifers, to clear out.

At this juncture Ed Darnell—a scoundrel who, after becoming engaged to Gloriana, has stolen some money and disappeared—arrives on the scene. And Molly, feeling she is not "good enough" for Jim, breaks her engagement and goes to two dances with the newcomer. Darnell promptly shows his real character, by insulting Molly, who, adoring Jim, finally promises to marry him. . . . Curly Prentis, one of several cowboys who are in love with Gloriana, then proceeds to attend to Darnell. Catching the fellow cheating at cards, he orders him to leave town.

Shortly thereafter, Slinger Dunn—Molly's brother—finds Sonora, one of the cattle rustlers, preparing to shoot Jim from ambush. He promptly kills the outlaw. . . . In the meantime, the Hash-Knifers are having trouble. Croak Malloy, one of the worst of the gang, takes command; and Jed Stone kills Bambridge during an altercation. Shortly after the tragedy, Malloy arrives. He is limping. "I got news fer you," he says dramatically.

IX

"HOWDY, you cook," Malloy called. "Then thet four-flush cattle thief didn't come out?"

"Croak, I've shore got bad news," returned Madden. "But s'pose you rest a little—an' eat somethin'—before I spring it on you."

"Good idee. I'm mad as a tarantula wasp anyhow. . . . I reckoned Bambridge wouldn't come. . . . An' mebbe I like it jest as well as if he did. No more deals fer me with thet————!"

"Sounds good to me, Croak," returned Stone, with satisfaction. "Reckon I can give you a reason why you can't take up any more deals with Bambridge. But it's bad news. An' suppose you have a shot at my bottle first."

Malloy took a long drink of fiery liquor that made him cough huskily and brought color to his ashen cheeks.

"Ugh! If I'd had thet two days ago—mebbe I'd never got hyar," he said enigmatically.

"Where's Lang?"

"Ha! Feedin' the buzzards."

"You don't say," returned the outlaw leader, coolly, though the statement had struck fire from him. Another of the original Hash Knife gone! Lang was not loyal, but he belonged to the old school, and once he had been respectable.

Slow footfalls thudded up the steps outside, across the porch. The bar of light from the door darkened. Reeves entered with the lean-jawed stranger.

"Had to shoot thet bay. She was bad crippled," announced Reeves.

"Should have been done before," replied Malloy. "Boss, shake hands with Sam Tanner. . . . Cousin of Joe's from up Little Colorado way."

"Howdy, Tanner," said Stone, civilly, though he did not move toward Malloy's new man. Perhaps this omission was not noticed, as table and packs, and also Malloy, stood between. Tanner merely bowed his bandaged head, which, with sombrero removed, showed matted hair and dark stains extending down over the left temple and ear.

"Must have jagged your haid on a snag or somethin'," went on Stone.

"Nary snag. I got sideways to a lead slug," returned Tanner. He had a low voice, and a straight, level look from his black eyes. Stone gauged men of the range with speed and precision. This fellow, since he was kin to Joe Tanner, and in the company of Croak Malloy, could be only another of their ilk, but he seemed a man to consider thoughtfully.

"CROAK, I reckon you'll be tellin' me you've had a little brush with somebody," said Stone, dryly.

"Brush? Haw! Haw!" rejoined the gunman, and his flaring glance, his crisp query, and his deadly little croak of a laugh made Stone's flesh creep. He guessed there were some dead men somewhere who would never tell the tale of what had happened.

"Wal, take your time tellin' me," drawled the leader.

"Come an' get it," yelled Madden.

They sat at the rude table, upon which the cook thumped steaming utensils. The keen-eyed Stone remarked that all three men were ravenously hungry, yet only Malloy could eat. That to Stone was most significant. So far as Malloy was concerned, however, it would take a great deal to sicken him.

"A good stiff drink with some hot grub—an' a feller's able to go on," he said, as he rose. "But I'll shore sleep most like our pard Lang hangin' down there on thet cottonwood."

Stone did not reveal his curiosity; he knew he would soon be enlightened, and if his intuition was not at fault most weighty things had happened. But when Malloy drew a heavy roll of soiled greenbacks from his pocket and tossed it over, Stone could not hide a start.

"Bambridge sent thet money he owed you," said Malloy. "Like the muddle-haid he is he trusted it to Darnell. . . . An' I'm tellin' you, pard, if it hadn't been fer me you'd never seen it."

"I reckon. Thanks—Croak," replied the outlaw chief, halting. This was one of the surprising attributes of the little gunman. Vicious and crooked as he was, he yet had that quality which forced respect, if not more, from Stone's reluctant mind.

Malloy laboriously took off his chaps and flopped them into his corner of the cabin. Then a bloody wet spot showed on the leg of his jeans. "Some hot water, Maddy, an' a clean rag. I've a crease on my laig."

"What's the feller got who gave you thet cut, Croak?" queried Stone.

"He got nothin', wuss luck. I was shore damn' near my everlastin', Jed, an' don't you overlook it. . . . Sam, you better have Madden wash thet bullet hole of yours. He's pretty handy."

Stone curiously watched the deft Madden dress the wounds of the injured rustlers.

"Ouch! What'd you put in it, you idjet? Feels like salt," shouted Malloy.

"Croak, you're wuss'n a baby aboot little hurts. What'd you do if you got shot bad?"

"Haw! Haw! Thet's a good one. I can show more bullet scars than any damn' rider in these brakes. An' I know who made each one. Some of the men are livin' yet, which speaks pore fer me. I never lived up to my reputation."

In due time the ministering was ended, after which Malloy asked for another drink. "Reckon I'd better get some of my news off my chest. Then after I hear yours I'll have a nap of about sixteen hours. . . . Boss, would you mind comin' out on the porch where I can set down an' talk?"

They went outside, and Stone experienced a qualm when Malloy hobbled to his favorite seat. The foot of his injured leg rested near what he must have thought was a pack, but it happened to be Bambridge's head under the tarpaulin.

"Jed, you know thet trapper's cabin down hyar a ways—reckon aboot three hours' stiff ridin'? Thet old one under the wall, where a spring runs out by a big white sycamore?"

"Shore. I know it. Slept there often enough. Full of mice an' bugs."

"Wal, it ain't no more," said Malloy, with a grim chuckle. "It's a heap of ashes."

"Burnt, eh? What you fellers doin' —burnin' all the cabins around?"

"Hell, no! We didn't do it. That tarnal Slinger Dunn!"

"Ah, I see. . . . Wal, Slinger is a bad hombre. Too much like an Apache! . . . Hope you didn't brush with the Diamond."

"JED, your hopes air only born to be dashed. Me an' you left of the Hash Knife, 'cept Maddy hyar—an' you can lay it to thet damned slick tracker Dunn, an' the outfit he's throwed in with. You oughta have killed him long ago."

"Not so easy to do as to say," replied Stone, sarcastically.

"Ha—you're talkin'. Wal, I had a chanct to kill Slinger, but it'd have meant me gettin' it too."

"You're learnin' sense late—mebbe too late, Croak. . . . I hope to God, though, you didn't raid this new stock of Jim Traft's."

"No, Jed, we didn't," replied Malloy, frankly. "I was sore at you fer talkin' agin it, but after I got away an' seen what a mess Bambridge an' his card sharper got me into I changed my mind. Not that I wouldn't of druv the cattle later! But this hyar wasn't the time. An' if Bambridge had come to meet me hyar, as he promised, with a new deal on fer this Diamond stock, I'd shore have taken the money, but I wouldn't have made a single move. Not now."

"Wal, you puzzle me. Suppose you quit ridin' round in a circle," declared Stone, impatiently.

"Fust aboot the money Bambridge sent you by Darnell," began Malloy. "I seen he was flush at Tanner's, an' he was losin' fer a change. Joe is pretty keen himself with the cairds. I set in till I was broke. We hung round Joe's ranch fer a week waitin' an' finally I got wind of this back-hand game Darnell was playin'. He was the mouthpiece between me an' Bambridge. But all the time he was hatchin' a deal on his own hook. An' this one was to make a raid on Blodgett's range without lettin' Bambridge in on it.

"Joe Tanner never was no smart feller, an' shore he was always greedy. So he double-crossed us, too. Wal, it after figgerin' some an' snoopin' around I seen the deal. Funny I didn't shoot Darnell. But I jest held him up. Then he swore the big roll he had was fer you from Bambridge. I reckoned thet was the truth. . . . Wal, a day or so after they druv the lower end of the brakes an' got some odd thousand head of Diamond stock up on the open range below Tanner's. I was hoppin' mad when I found out, but neither Darnell nor Joe came back to Tanner's.

"Sam's sweet on the sawmill man's daughter, an' thet's how he come to be out of what followed. He told me, an' also thet Darnell, Joe, Lang, an' some riders he didn't know were comin' up to get another whack at the Diamond cattle. Then I was a-rarin' to get at them. I seen it all too late. Bambridge, by playin' on my hopes, had got me in on his deals. He was aimin' fer a big stake—then to duck out of Arizona. Now Darnell carried his messages to an' fro, an' he seein' a chanct himself, double-crossed Bambridge an', as I said, persuaded Joe Tanner to throw in with him."

Malloy refilled his pipe and called for Madden to fetch him a light. After puffing thoughtfully, his cramped, wrinkled brow expressive of much, he went on:

"I TOOK their trail with Sam. Night before last jest before sundown, we come damn' near gettin' run down by a stampede of cattle. We rustled to thet trapper's cabin, an' by Gawd! we hadn't hardly hid our horses an' slipped in there when hyar come Joe, Lang, Darnell, an' his seedy-lookin' outfit. Some of them had sense enough to ride on. But both Darnell an' Tanner had been shot, an' found ridin' hard. I never seen a madder man than Tanner, nor a scareder one than Darnell. We'd jest started to have hell there, with me readin' it to them, when we found out who an' what was chasin' them. . . . No less than the Diamond outfit, Jed, led by Slinger Dunn an' thet Prentis cowpuncher. Dog-gone, I'd always wanted to run again' him! . . .

"Wal, there they had us, an' you can bet we didn't sleep much thet night. When daylight come I took a look out, an' was surprised when the bullets begun to fly. Them darned punchers all had rifles! An' there we was, with only our guns, no shells to spare, little grub, an' no water at all. We was stuck, an' you bet I told them. Thet glade is open in front of the cabin, as you can recollect, an' there them daredevil cowboys dodged along the edge of the timber, like a bunch of Apaches, an' kept shootin'. We couldn't do nothin'. Say, wasn't I hot under the collar! Worried, too, Jed, an' don't you overlook thet. . . . Wal, they was cute enough to guess it, an' this Prentis hombre yelled for us to throw out all guns an' belts, an' to come after, hands up, an' line up again the cabin wall. . . . Haw! Haw!"

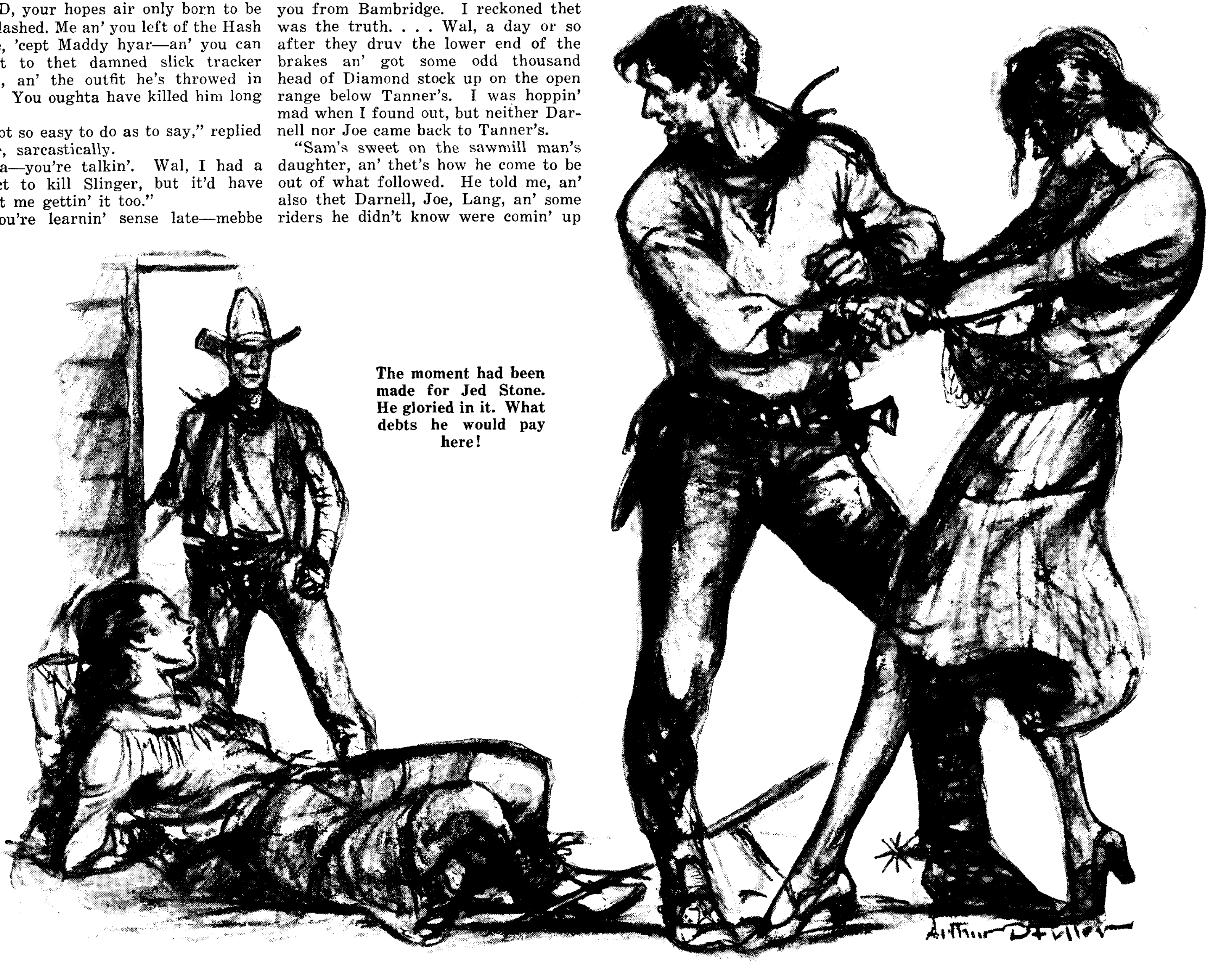
Malloy laughed in grim recollection of the images or ideas his words called up. Stone could not divine any humor in them. Probably Malloy laughed at the suggestion for him to put up his hands.

"I YELLED back," resumed Malloy, "'Hey, Prentis, what'll you do to us—in case we surrender?'

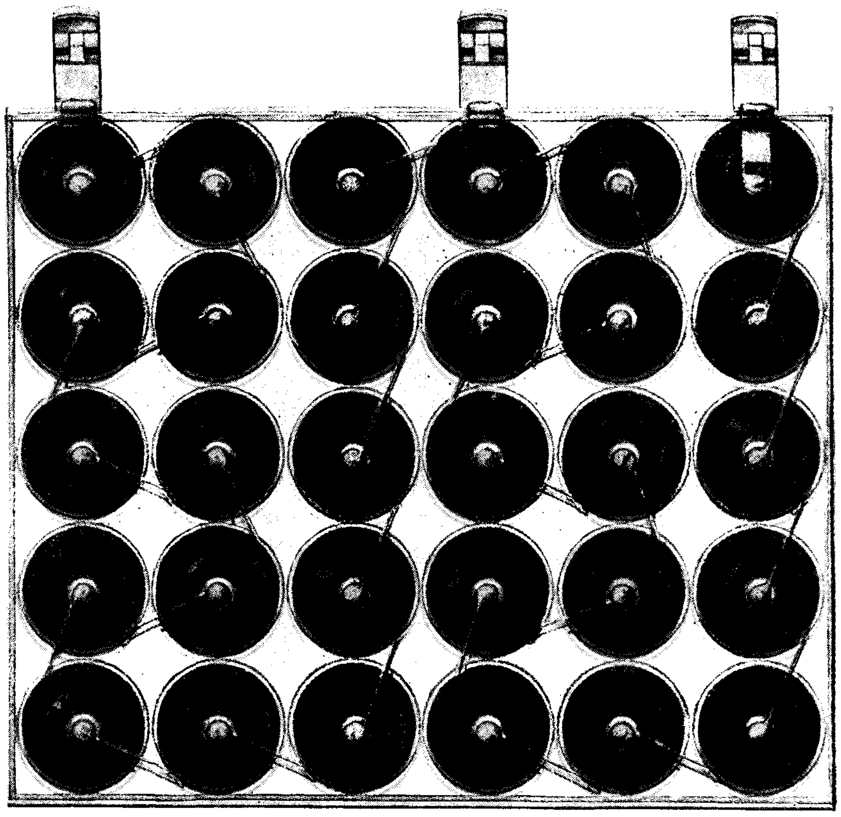
"'Wal, we'll shore hang you an' thet caird sharp, anyways,' called back the cowboy. Orful cheerful he was, an' sort of cocky. . . . Gawd, but I wanted to get out there to throw a gun on him. Then I yelled back: 'Reckon you'll have to come take us.'

"It wasn't long after thet when I smelled smoke," resumed Malloy, after a pause. "Thet

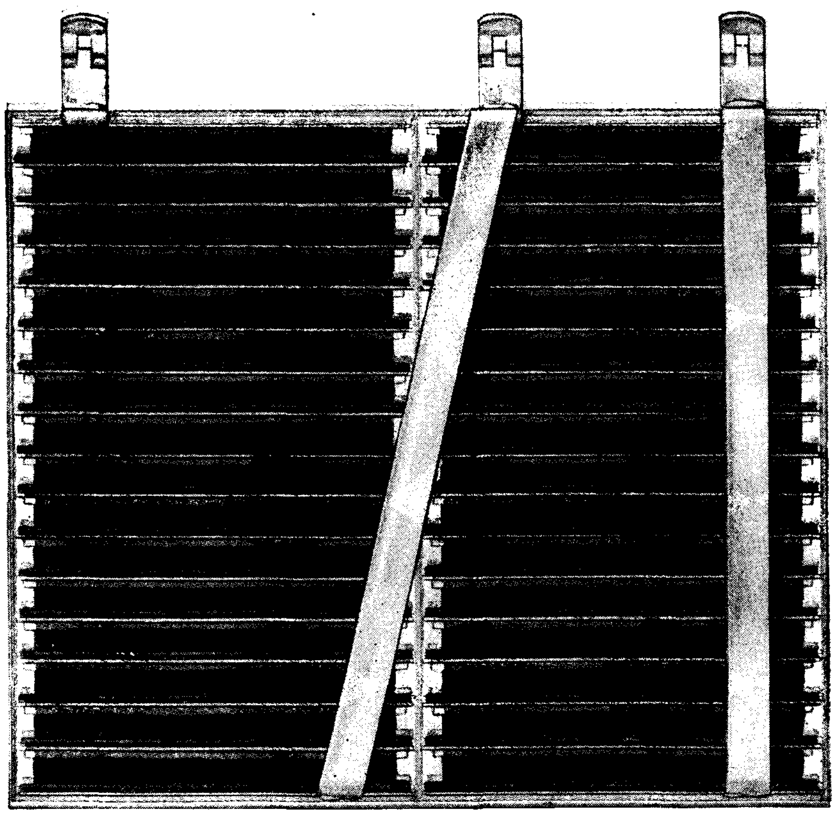
(*Continued on page 59*)



The moment had been made for Jed Stone. He gloried in it. What debts he would pay here!



CYLINDRICAL CELL CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story about every "B" battery assembled of separate, individually sealed cells—29 fine connecting wires, 60 solderings, and lots of waste space between cells.*



EVEREADY LAYERBILT CONSTRUCTION—*Here is the inside story of the Eveready Layerbilt—flat, space-saving cells making connections automatically. Only five solderings, only two broad connecting bands. Maximum reliability, maximum active materials, greatest life. Layerbilt construction is an exclusive Eveready feature. Only Eveready makes Layerbilt Batteries.*

>> HERE'S THE

INSIDE TRACK

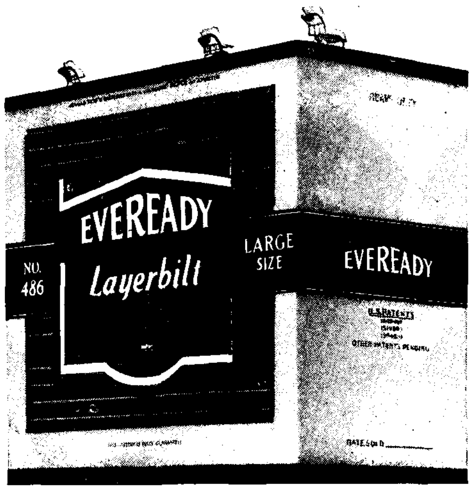
TO "B" BATTERY SERVICE <<

IT'S as easy as ABC to choose the inside track to better "B" battery service. Simply buy Eveready Layerbilts. They are so built as to give you more economy, reliability, and satisfaction. The diagrams tell you all there is to know about "B" batteries.

These diagrams show the two types of battery. One is the cylindrical cell kind. Such cylindrical cell batteries contain 29 fine wires, and 60 delicate solderings are needed to connect the individual cells together. These 89 places where trouble can come are found in every such battery, whether the cells are cylindrical, as is usual, or square or hexagonal or any other shape. There wasn't anything better until we invented the Eveready Layerbilt.

Now see the Eveready Layerbilt diagram. Note the flat *inter*dependent (not independent) cells, making connection with each other automatically. Only two broad connecting bands are required, each ⅜ inch wide. There are but five big husky solderings. This means super-reliability. The flat cells also pack more materials within the battery box, and so you get longer life—added convenience, economy and satisfaction.

This is the LARGE SIZE *Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery for heavy duty, No. 486, the longest lasting, most economical of all Evereadys. Price $4.25. There is also another Eveready Layerbilt, Medium Size, No. 485, at $2.95.*



IN VITAL SERVICES

Eveready Batteries are being used in automatic train control; aircraft beacon receivers; talking motion pictures; short wave transmission; picture transmission; television; for the protection of life and property, and to secure instant, unfailing, noiseless, perfect electrical power.

You can get these advantages of Eveready Layerbilt construction only in an Eveready Layerbilt. This is a fully patented battery, and none other is like it. An Eveready Layerbilt is unique. Be sure the name is on the "B" batteries you buy.

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FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos

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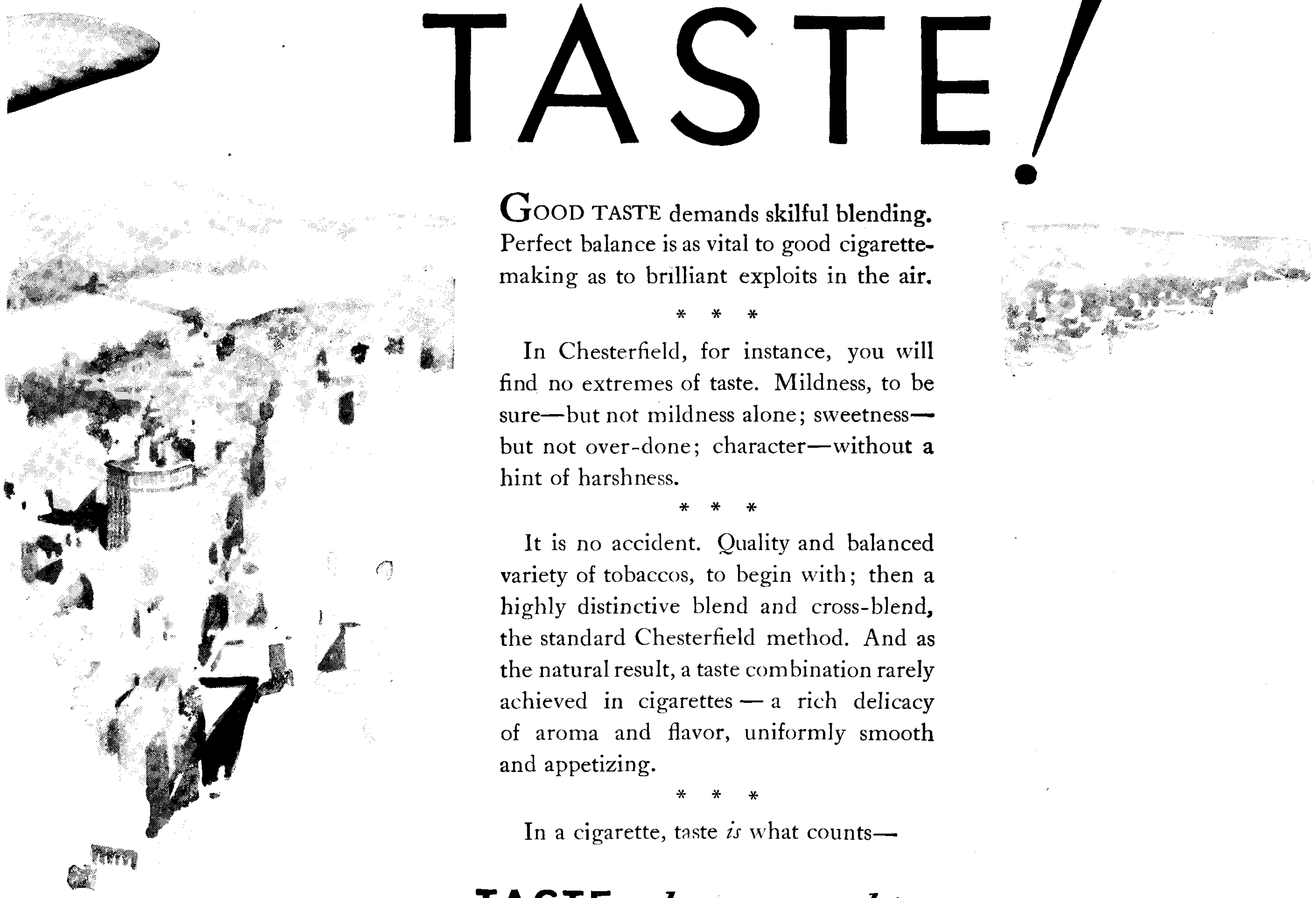

GOOD TASTE demands skilful blending. Perfect balance is as vital to good cigarette-making as to brilliant exploits in the air.

* * *

In Chesterfield, for instance, you will find no extremes of taste. Mildness, to be sure—but not mildness alone; sweetness—but not over-done; character—without a hint of harshness.

* * *

It is no accident. Quality and balanced variety of tobaccos, to begin with; then a highly distinctive blend and cross-blend, the standard Chesterfield method. And as the natural result, a taste combination rarely achieved in cigarettes — a rich delicacy of aroma and flavor, uniformly smooth and appetizing.

* * *

In a cigarette, taste *is* what counts—

TASTE ***above everything***

field

...not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

TWENTY
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
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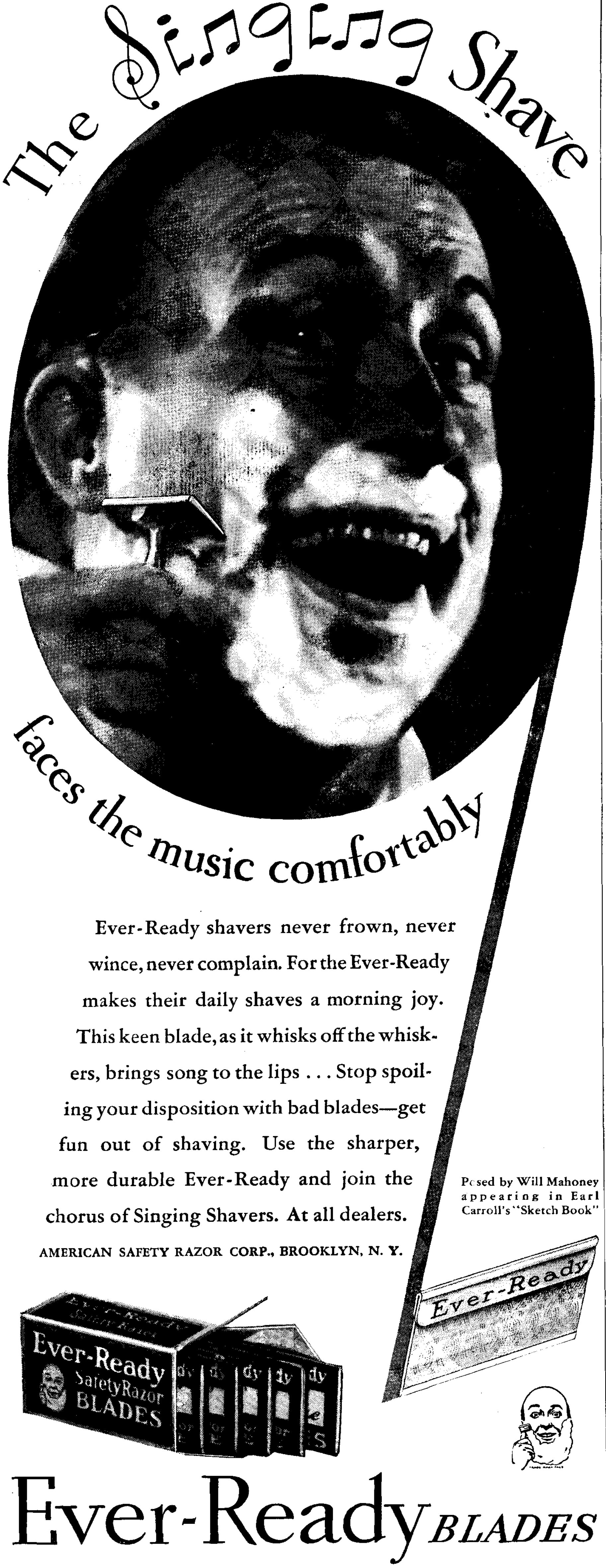
CHESTERFIELD

MILD ... and yet
THEY SATISFY



The Singing Shave

faces the music comfortably

Ever-Ready shavers never frown, never wince, never complain. For the Ever-Ready makes their daily shaves a morning joy. This keen blade, as it whisks off the whiskers, brings song to the lips . . . Stop spoiling your disposition with bad blades—get fun out of shaving. Use the sharper, more durable Ever-Ready and join the chorus of Singing Shavers. At all dealers.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Posed by Will Mahoney appearing in Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book"

Ever-Ready Safety Razor BLADES

Ever-Ready

Ever-Ready BLADES

Here Are Men

Continued from page 25

that give no comfort whatever to those who say that fierce competition on the football field isn't healthy. I think that you will admit that I, with my forty years of football behind me, have some right to speak on the subject.

However, I'm not defending football: It doesn't need my defense. I shall simply go on citing its influence upon the youths who play it. I've seen it inspire boys to heroisms of a caliber that in serious affairs of the world might have given them a comfortable chair among the immortals.

I wonder who among my readers saw General Kirby Smith's fiery red shirt dash through Vanderbilt's line on Thanksgiving Day, 1903?

Among the souvenirs of his splendid fighting for the Confederacy remains the gallant cavalry leader's shirt. Doubtless his son, Eph, still has it, and probably there is nothing this world might offer that would take it away from him.

They Saw Red

Eph played in the line for Sewanee, making up with dash and courage what he lacked in poundage. He weighed about 160. There was never any question about playing Eph against Vanderbilt but Vanderbilt was big and bruising and it was almost certain that she'd hurl herself at the middleweight Eph Kirby Smith. Not that Eph would care or give an inch unfought.

Vanderbilt was first on the field. Then Sewanee appeared, all her men, except one, in purple jerseys. And that one lad was Eph Kirby Smith. . . . Eph Kirby Smith wearing his daddy's fierce red shirt. In years of coaching in the South I have heard the shrill rebel yell many times; but never like that. Both sides went crazy.

Sewanee lost that game by some small margin. Not that the score matters. But the Kirby Smith shirt was everywhere. Within it, Eph's slim body had taken on bulk and power. Every one of his 160 pounds was packed with fury. This was his summons to his traditions, to his father's spirit. His father had been the last of the Confederate leaders to surrender. Eph didn't surrender to Vanderbilt until there was nothing left to fight for.

On three of Georgia Tech's greatest teams Bill Carpenter—Big Six—played right tackle in the manner that makes coaches believe that life is good. Even the coaches of the teams we walloped were given to saying that it was worth a beating to watch Bill. He used to ruin them but they liked it. Appreciation of a master, you see.

In 1916 Bill was internally injured, and in the subsequent operation the surgeons removed one of his kidneys. When practice was called for early in the following autumn Bill reported.

"No, Carpenter," said Dr. Matheson, president of Tech, "I'm proud of you and your spirit, but I can't allow you to play football. Not with your injuries."

Of course Bill protested. He refused to yield a point. Presently he asked Dr. Matheson's permission to take his appeal to the board of trustees.

Colonel Nat Harris, then governor of Georgia, was chairman of the board and it was before that august body that Bill appeared. Gravely Dr. Matheson stated the case with Bill listening.

"So you don't think the loss of a kidney is serious enough, hey?" said Colonel Harris, turning to Bill. "Just how many kidneys do you think you have?"

"One, Colonel."

"You realize, don't you, that if anything happens to that one you're done for?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Then," demanded the colonel, "why, in Heaven's name, do you want to play?"

"Because I love the game," said Bill simply. "Because I'm captain of the team. Because I might just as well risk one kidney as one neck, one heart or one head."

"Carpenter," said the governor slowly, "I'm sorry. I don't see how we can assume the responsibility—"

"You don't have to, sir," said Bill eagerly, firmly. "You don't have to. I'm responsible. I'm twenty-one years old. I haven't a scholastic condition. I've never been before Dr. Matheson for misconduct. . . . Of course, I may not make the team. I've got lots of good competition. But if Coach Heisman includes me in his line-up—I've got to, sir—I've got to play. Excuse me, Colonel, but I don't see how you can keep me out."

The Governor arose, looked at the big athlete queerly and then grasped Bill's hand.

"Carpenter," he said softly, "I don't see how, either. Go on, now. Get out there and play. God and good luck be with you, boy."

Tech, led by the greatest football captain I ever saw, won the national championship that fall.

Frank Hertz, a brilliant half-back on the Carroll College team in 1925, serves as a fine example of the moral courage that football gives one. Against Lake Forest he played an amazing game. In the fury of the battle he forgot himself just once. In his zeal he clipped a Lake Forest man protecting the rear of a runner who was apparently on his way to a touchdown.

Clipping is a foul. It consists in throwing a man by hurling one's self against the back of the calf of his leg. It is easy to break a man's leg that way.

The Lake Forest man went down but it was Hertz, not he, that broke a leg. It was the Lake Forest bunch that carried Hertz to the ambulance found by the Lake Forest manager, and after the game the whole Lake Forest team went to Hertz's room with sympathy. His bed was surrounded with flowers.

Then in the presence of the Lake Forest men Hertz broke down.

"I don't deserve your sympathy," he wept. "You've been too decent to me. All this kindness. You've got to know the truth. The truth is that I clipped him. You can break a fellow's leg that way, you know. I clipped him. See? I don't deserve sympathy."

Let me assure you, although you probably know it, it takes courage to make a confession like that. A moral courage that is bigger than physical bravery.

Don Quixote Revived

My illustrations of genuine sportsmanship and gallantry are all taken from football simply because my personal experiences have been with football. Coaches of other college sports tell me that they could write volumes of similar testimony. And so they could of course.

I know enough of other college competitions to understand that they produce dozens of examples of unselfishness in play. Here and there you will find a quixotic flavor to these stories and now and then there is a comic tinge, but you

(*Continued on page 46*)

In New York, Alma Gluck, renowned dramatic opera and concert soprano, contributes to the new tone beauty in Crosley Radio. Mr. Henry P. Joslyn, the composer (center), discusses the tone quality with Mme. Gluck. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of The Crosley Radio Corporation, receives the artist's comments, suggestions and advice

ALMA GLUCK

helps to make possible this new tone beauty in CROSLEY RADIO

FROM a distant broadcasting station music sweeps in . . . a Crosley Radio receives the program. . . . A little group of radio experts "stand by" as Alma Gluck, the great dramatic soprano, "listens in." . . .

The music stops. Then—Mme. Gluck's counsel on the tone quality of the receiving set . . . the suggestions, comments, advice of a great artist, given directly to Crosley engineers.

Thus, in all parts of the country, Crosley Radio is subjected to the expert tone scrutiny of America's foremost composers, directors, musicians, opera and concert artists.

For this purpose, Crosley receiving sets are placed in the homes of these artists.

By a series of unique "tone tests," the greatest authorities on music and voice regularly aid Crosley in developing and improving a new tone beauty never before achieved in radio!

Alma Gluck, Edith Mason, Efrem Zimbalist, José Mojica, George Gershwin and others equally famous regularly contribute to Crosley tone quality . . . a new purity and richness that mechanical tests alone could never attain!

This beautiful tone, developed to the highest technical degree, then "ear tested" by America's famous musicians, is *exclusive* with Crosley.

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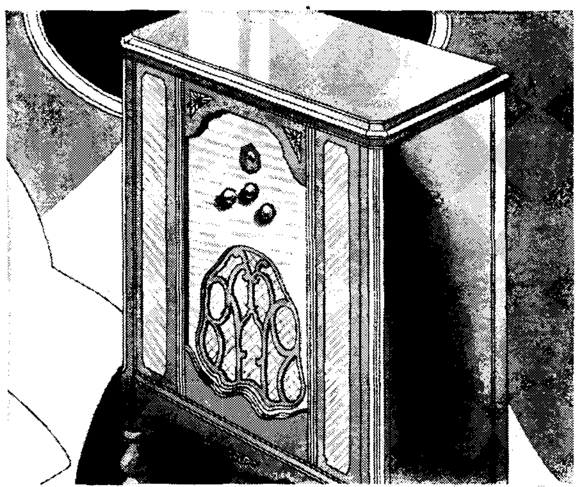
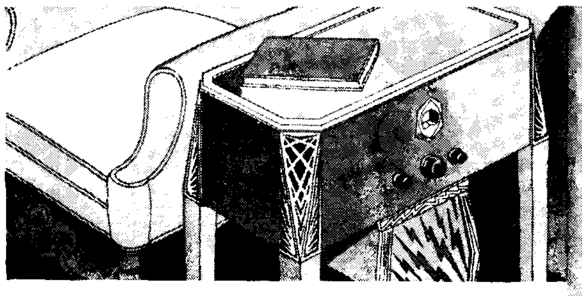
You may choose from a wide variety of Crosley table and console models. They embody every modern feature: Screen Grid, Neutrodyne circuits, Power Detection, phonograph pick-up, Dynacoil and Dynacone Speakers, etc. . . . *at the lowest prices!*

Arrange with your nearest authorized dealer to place any Crosley model in your home for a free trial. If you keep it, payments may be arranged on easy terms. Ask the dealer for details.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO
Home of WLW, "the Nation's Station"

One of a wide range of Crosley A. C. Screen Grid cabinet models, priced at $115 *(without tubes). Crosley builds sets for direct current, alternating current, and battery operation, at prices ranging from* $49 *to* $160. *Western prices slightly higher*





Crosley end-table models, similar to above, with 7 *or* 8 *tube A. C. Screen Grid sets, priced from* $67 *to* $85 *(without accessories). Western prices slightly higher. No matter where you live Crosley builds a radio set to suit your pocket book*

You're there with a

CROSLEY

HEADACHE
The warning Signal!

F. Vaux Wilson

SO MANY of us struggle along day after day and year after year handicapped by headaches yet seeking only temporary relief with never a thought of permanently removing the cause.

Faulty diet, with resulting conditions of Acidosis, is often responsible for headaches, which with colds, low vitality, nervousness, indigestion and constipation are common danger signals of an Acidosis condition due to an unbalanced diet (too much acid-reaction foods), missed meals or wrong reducing methods practiced in the current craze for thinness.

Regular, well-balanced meals correct and prevent Acidosis. The average modern diet contains far too much of the good and necessary but acid-forming foods (fish, eggs, cereals, meats, breads, etc.) and not enough Oranges, Lemons, other fruits, vegetables and milk, leading alkaline-reaction foods.

Fresh Orange Juice and Fresh Lemonade and these fresh citrus fruits in other forms are used daily by millions to furnish necessary balance to the diet and thus avoid the many complications following Acidosis. In addition, because of their vitamins (A, B and C,) mineral and other healthful properties, these fruits now receive wide endorsement by medical and nutrition authorities for this newer health use.

The best medical authorities agree that Acidosis is common and may be serious. If your condition is aggravated or of long standing see your physician.

Acidosis is discussed in a popular booklet "Telling Fortunes with Foods," mailed free. This booklet contains normal anti-acidosis menus as well as a chapter devoted to Safe Reducing (with menus) prepared by an eminent diet authority. Send the coupon today.

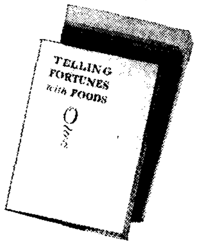
California Sunkist Oranges have the richest juice and finest flavor. Look for the name "Sunkist" on the skin and on wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. "Sunkist" assures uniform quality. © 1929 C.F.G.E.

Dietetic Research Dept., California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1611, Box 530, Station "C," Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without charge, a copy of your book, *Telling Fortunes with Foods.*

*Name*__________ *Street*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________



Here Are Men

Continued from page 44

must remember that these true sportsmen of whom I write are boys—boys with huge enthusiasms and unlimited animal spirits.

Unhappily I can't decide in what game it was that I saw this, but I hope the day never arrives when I shall have forgotten it. It occurred at the Yankee Stadium in New York City. Two nicely matched college teams were at it with a fierceness which had the stands roaring almost continually.

One team was smashing at the other's goal line and had only five or six yards to go to score. It was straight, hard line plunging and defending tackles and guards were getting a terrific battering.

As the offensive quarter-back was chattering his call to another thrust, the defense's left tackle scrambled into his position dragging one leg which, at the time, seemed broken—at any rate badly hurt. With all the grit and fortitude a man can summon, he pulled himself into place and crouched, his agony-distorted face lifted defiantly to his adversary.

The Game of His Life

His opponent rose sharply and tried to stop the play which the quarter-back had aimed straight at the injured man—not knowing he was hurt. But it was too late. The ball had been snapped.

Without a second of hesitation, the injured man's opponent turned and smashed up his own team's attack, thus saving the other boy from further hurt.

You can't tell me that football doesn't make men and bring out latent manhood. I am bound to reply with stories like George Scott's.

Scott played with Oregon State in 1927. Oregon was scheduled to play Carnegie Tech at Portland on November 29th. Two terrific games against Pacific Coast rivals had left Oregon half paralyzed. Four of her first-string players were so badly crippled that there was no chance of their facing Tech. Several more Oregon players were sure to collapse before such a game should be many minutes old.

Three days before the game, Coach Paul Schissler addressed the squad, asking every man to give Oregon just a little more than ever before.

They gave their answer in that scrimmage. Led by Scott, who ran like a madman, the team showed Schissler that they could summon resources beyond mere brawn and football cunning. Scott especially. His fierce ripping through the scrub line, his bewildering tackling and his exhortations fetched the others to heights they had never scaled before.

And then, suddenly, Scott staggered out of position and fell. They carried him to the hospital where the physicians called it double pneumonia. His temperature was 104.

On the day before the game the doctor went to Schissler and said that the boy might not recover unless something could be done to stop his worrying over the team's plight. There was no way, it seemed, to force him to quit fretting. Schissler went to Scott's bedside.

"Scotty," said he, "you've got to help us. The other fellows have heard that you're worrying yourself into a bad way and that's got their goats. They're more worried about you than about the game. You've got to get well. We'll fight on the field but you've got to help by fighting here in the hospital. The men can't work unless I can assure them you've stopped worrying."

"All right, Coach," said Scott. "I'll stop. Tell them so. Tell them so."

The Oregon team was not a great one that year except in the Tech game. They demonstrated what men are made of.

Russ Striff, of Oregon, fell and ran a nail through his hand. He went to the bench, had the nail extracted and an antiseptic injected. He returned at once to the game and played it through without flinching.

His team-mate, Whitlock, broke his nose early. Ten coaches couldn't have dragged him out.

Half-back Luby was knocked out in the first half and was revived to hear someone say that Scott, in the hospital, was in a bad way. Luby and Scott were the closest of friends. Luby was wearing Scott's jersey that day.

In the fourth quarter he insisted that he return to the game and Schissler didn't refuse. Luby went as crazy, it seemed, as Scott on the day he collapsed. And Luby led the drive that resulted in the tying touchdown. When the game ended, Luby had carried the ball to Tech's twenty-yard line again.

Scott passed the crisis at six o'clock that evening. His recovery was rapid.

A few seasons ago Coach George Clark took his Kansas University team to Norman, Oklahoma, to do battle with the University of Oklahoma. Kansas was good. It had tied great Nebraska. But Oklahoma had done better; it had beaten Nebraska. The guess was that Oklahoma should win.

The first half ended with Oklahoma leading—three to nothing—and the crowd felt that its guesses were correct. But Kansas scored a touchdown and a goal in the second half and the game ended with victory for Clark's men—7–3.

Out of their stands poured the Oklahoma students in their spotless white trousers and shirts. In a great body, straight for the mud-plastered victors they rushed. They raised the entire Kansas squad to their shoulders and, singing the Kansas hymn, carried Clark's lads to their dressing-rooms three blocks away.

I like that story. So do you.

Such stories I could supply endlessly. But already I have made and, I like to think, proved my point. Victory isn't all-important in football. How the game is played is the thing. We who love the game for itself find comfort in knowing that the overwhelming majority—yes, ninety-nine per cent—of the players have the fine viewpoint of Pixley of Ohio State University.

Gentlemen All

It happened in 1922. Ohio State and the University of Illinois were fighting in desperation. A bad feeling had sprung up between the teams and not only the play became rough but the language. The lads were well on the way to completely forgetting themselves when Pixley, captain of Ohio State, called "Time out."

Looking at his own backfield but obviously addressing both teams, he said:

"The relations between Ohio State and Illinois have always been fine and clean. I wonder if we want to ruin them today. I don't think so. Neither do you fellows. This is a wow of a game. Why spoil it? Let's try to be men."

The spirit of those two teams changed instantly. There was a loud shout of approval from both sides. Hard, fast football ensued—clean, good-natured and good-tempered. Ohio State won.

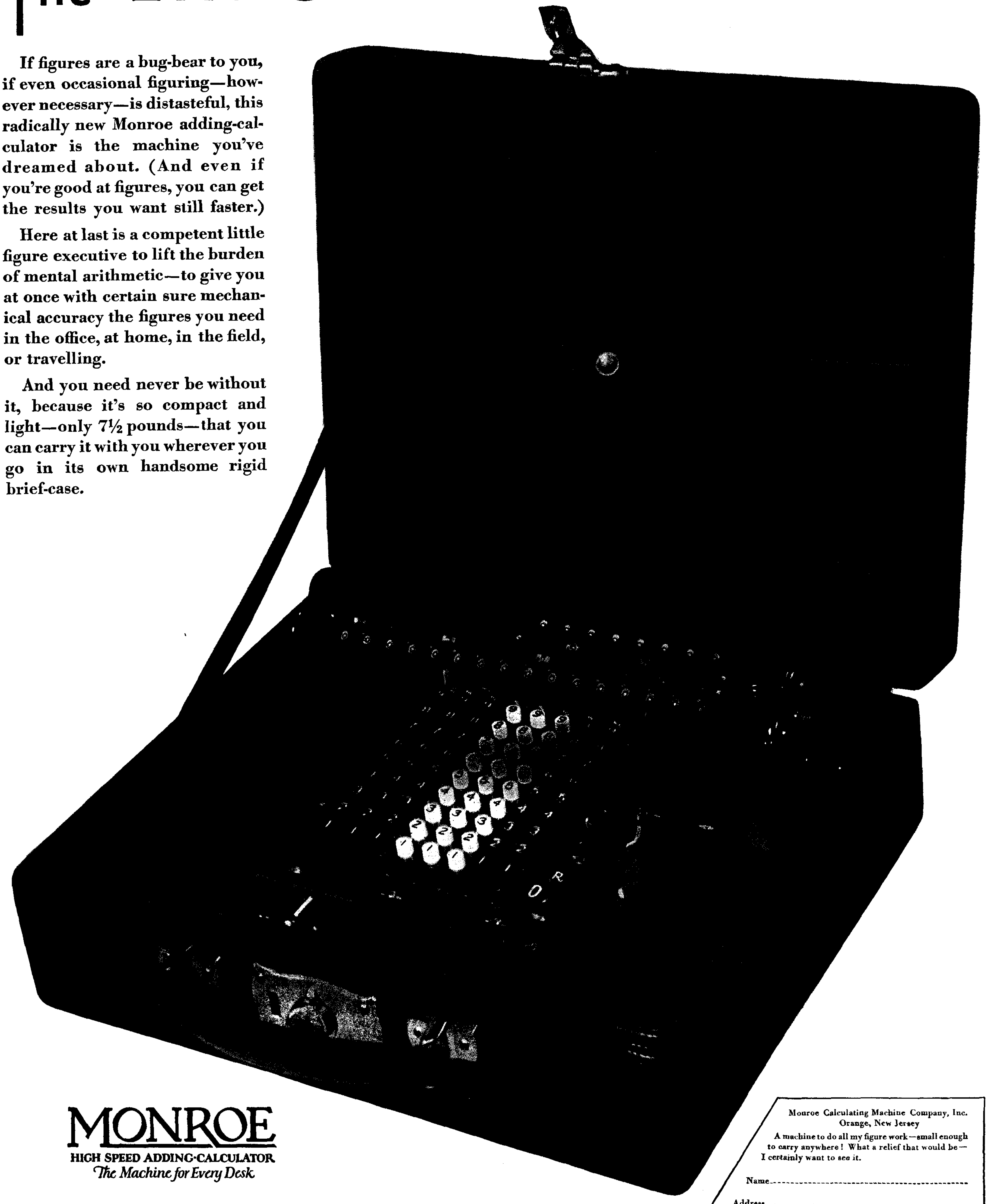
Football? A great game—a great game.

The EXECUTIVE MONROE

If figures are a bug-bear to you, if even occasional figuring—however necessary—is distasteful, this radically new Monroe adding-calculator is the machine you've dreamed about. (And even if you're good at figures, you can get the results you want still faster.)

Here at last is a competent little figure executive to lift the burden of mental arithmetic—to give you at once with certain sure mechanical accuracy the figures you need in the office, at home, in the field, or travelling.

And you need never be without it, because it's so compact and light—only 7½ pounds—that you can carry it with you wherever you go in its own handsome rigid brief-case.



MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR
The Machine for Every Desk

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY INC. ORANGE · NEW JERSEY

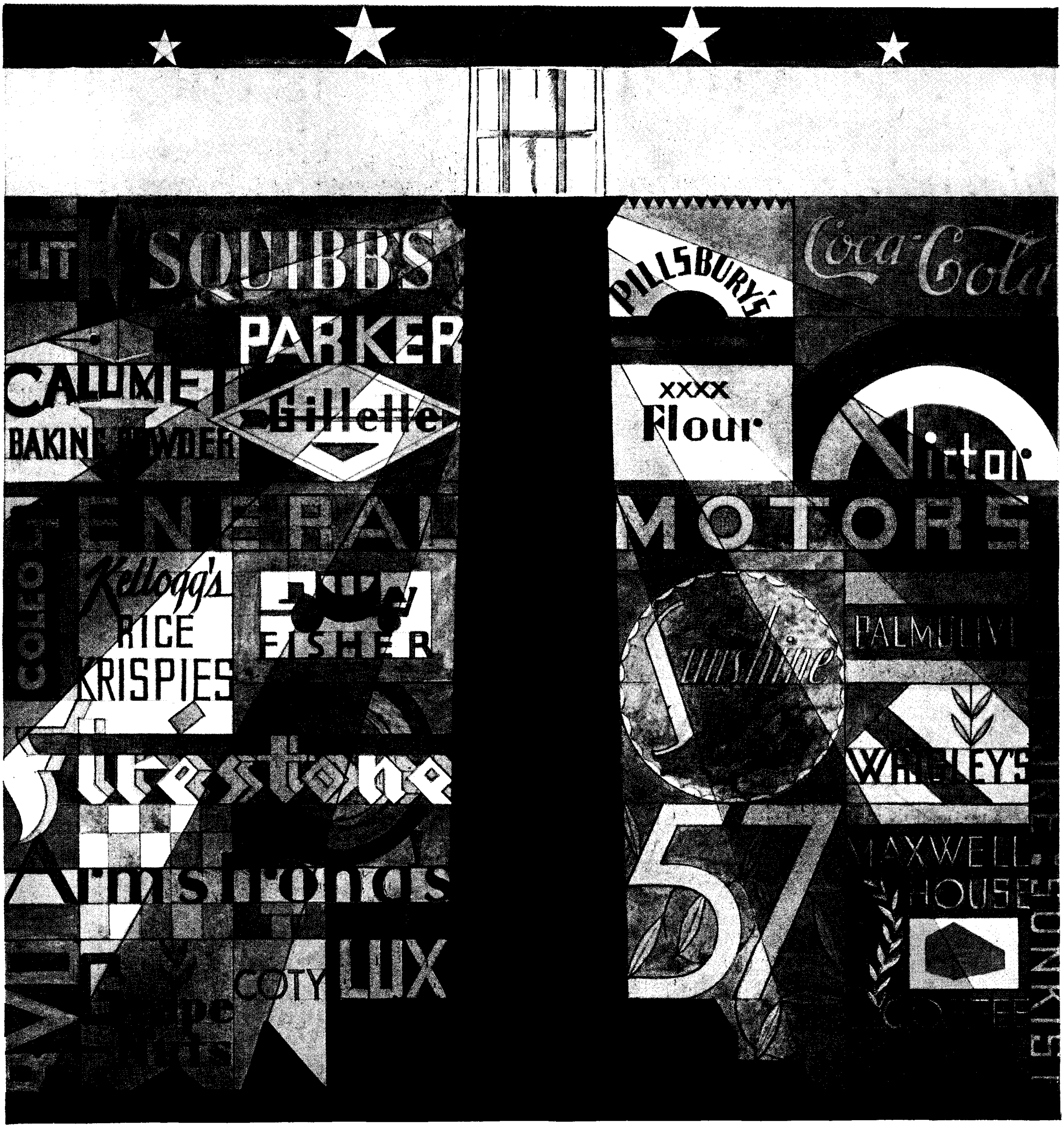
Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc.
Orange, New Jersey

A machine to do all my figure work—small enough to carry anywhere! What a relief that would be—I certainly want to see it.

Name..

Address..

Street.......................................State..............


FLIT
SQUIBB'S
PARKER
CALUMET
BAKING POWDER
Gillette
GENERAL
Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES
FISHER
COLEO
Firestone
Armstrong's
COTY
LUX
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Coca-Cola
XXXX
Flour
Victor
MOTORS
Sunshine
PALMOLIVE
WRIGLEY'S
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MAXWELL
HOUSE
COFFEE
SUNKIST

SCRIPPS

NEW YORK, *Telegram* · CLEVELAND, *Press* · BALTIMORE, *Post* · PITTSBURGH, *Press* · SAN FRANCISCO, *News* · WASHINGTON, *News* · CINCINNATI, *Post* · COVINGTON, *Kentucky Post* · (*Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*) · BUFFALO, *Times* · INDIANAPOLIS, *Times* · DENVER, *Rocky Mt. News* · TOLEDO, *News-Bee* · COLUMBUS, *Citizen* · AKRON, *Times-Press* · BIRMINGHAM, *Post* MEMPHIS, *Press-Scimitar* · HOUSTON, *Press* · YOUNGSTOWN, *Telegram* · FORT WORTH, *Press* · OKLAHOMA CITY, *News* KNOXVILLE, *News-Sentinel* · EL PASO, *Post* · SAN DIEGO, *Sun* · EVANSVILLE, *Press* · ALBUQUERQUE, *New Mexico State Tribune*

MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS OF THE UNITED PRESS . . . AND OF MEDIA RECORDS, INC.

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPT., *Stuart S. Schuyler*, DIRECTOR,
230 PARK AVE., NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT
LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA · BUFFALO · DALLAS

Giving *Light* to the Man *who guides a national Advertising campaign*

This morning a typical housewife telephoned the day's order to the grocer . . . *a package of Post Toasties, a can of Heinz Baked Beans, a dozen cakes of Palmolive and a box of Lux were some of the items on the list.*

But she didn't pause to ask "Are these products first-class today?" "Are they as good in your store as in the store up in Maine, where I bought them last summer?"

For one of the greatest services the national advertiser has rendered the public is the assurance of unvarying quality and value he has put into his trade-marked goods.

No matter *when* or *where* purchased, they're always the same in *grade* and *character*.

BUT does the advertiser enjoy the advantages of his own formula in buying advertising?

Can he buy his advertising as he sells his product—on an assurance of known and uniform quality?

In purchasing newspaper space, can he select a newspaper circulation in one city matching a newspaper circulation in another city? . . .

—Alike as to character of reader, degree of reader-interest and confidence, average reader-purchasing power, closeness of reader-residence to the city trading area, and lowness of advertising cost, in relation to responsive market coverage?

He CAN . . . in the 25 SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers published in 25 cities.

Obviously, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers do not match each other in size of circulation. That size is regulated by the size of their respective communities and each city's degree of interest in clean, accurate and public-spirited newspaper service.

Nor are Scripps-Howard circulations in every case the largest in their respective cities.

But Scripps-Howard circulations, thousand for thousand, are alike in character and in dollar for dollar value given to the advertiser.

• • •

For each one thousand Scripps-Howard readers an advertiser pays to reach, from San Diego to New York, he gets the same high degree of concentration in the trading area.

—The same economy and equality of advertising rate of cost for city coverage.

—The same freedom from scatteration to points remote from the trading limits.

—The same type of reader-interest attracted by live, efficient and accurate news-treatment.

—The same degree of reader-confidence generated by fearless and independent editorial policies.

—The same high net worth of circulation assured by freedom from free offers, premium schemes and other circulation hypodermics.

• • •

Because communities differ, SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers are not standardized as to news content and editorial issues . . . though they are alike in their completeness of news resources and in their common independence, freedom of action, tolerance and fair dealing.

But their business departments are run on the uniform and standard practice of giving the advertiser the highest volume of influential and profit-paying trading-area circulation, at the lowest feasible cost.

Thus, the values in Scripps-Howard circulation, whether purchased through an individual newspaper unit or by the group, are *as known, as uniform, as unvarying as are the values in the advertiser's own package.*

HOWARD NEWSPAPERS

Let a week's free supply tell the amazing story of this new-type shaving cream

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 311
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City________________State________

MANY *new-type* shaving creams have recently come out. Most of them, we think, are superior to old-type creams. They save time and make shaving easier. Among the *new-type* creams is MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*)—an outstanding success—a product used daily by more than a million men. A product whose popularity increases hourly.

The astounding, quick success of MOLLÉ is due, we think, to that *coupon* above. Men who try MOLLÉ *like* it. We employ no extensive sales force. We are not extravagant advertisers. We don't believe in much talk.

For words are weak things compared to *performance.* That is why we urge the *free trial.* It proves or disproves our case instantly.

Send us the coupon for a week's free shaving supply of MOLLÉ. Then see if we are wrong or right in our opinion that MOLLÉ excels in these important ways:

FIRST—MOLLÉ *leaves the tenderest skin more comfortable than before shaving. Positively no after-lotions are ever needed.*

SECOND—MOLLÉ *ends razor-pull and razor-scrape forever, no matter how tough or wiry the beard.*

THIRD—MOLLÉ *shortens the shaving operation two to three minutes. (Requires no brush. Just three simple steps.)*

It's a Different Cream!

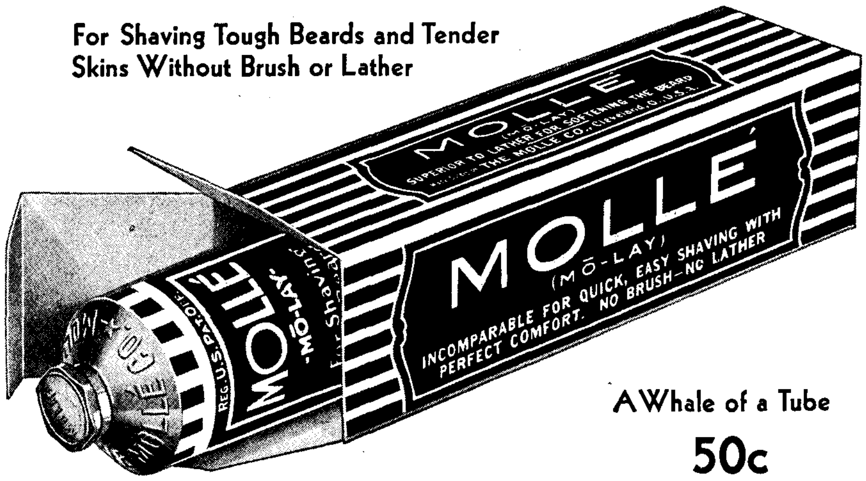
MOLLÉ is a *different* cream. It is a true *emollient* cream; contains no alkali or caustic. Makes no bubbles, no lather. Instead of irritating, it *soothes* the face tissues. MOLLÉ is a skin specialist's discovery—originally the private formula of a learned physician. Decidedly different in countless ways from *old-type* creams and all other *new-type* creams. Men tell us it excels ordinary creams as far as safety razors excel old-fashioned straight razors.

Two Ways To Try It

Fill out and send to us the coupon above and you will receive promptly a full week's supply free.

Or—if you want even quicker action, go to your nearest druggist and buy a full-size tube, with the understanding that if after one week's use you are not satisfied, you may return the remainder and we will refund your purchase money. We stand squarely behind MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*).

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather


MOLLÉ
SUPERIOR TO LATHER FOR SOFTENING THE BEARD
THE MOLLÉ CO. CLEVELAND, O. U.S.A.
MOLLÉ
(MŌ-LAY)
INCOMPARABLE FOR QUICK, EASY SHAVING WITH PERFECT COMFORT. NO BRUSH—NO LATHER
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A Whale of a Tube
50c

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 311, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Word Hunt

(Trade Mark)

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded.

In the entire English language there are

18

words (each having just seven letters) that begin with the letters

—OR—

One of them is ORALISM

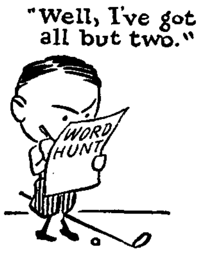
(Advocacy or use of the oral method of instructing the deaf)

You supply the others

2. OR________	One who advocates or practices oralism.
3. OR________	A discourse; address; speech.
4. OR________	Elocution; eloquence. Also, a room for private devotions.
5. OR________	Like an orbit.
6. OR________	A collection of fruit trees.
7. OR________	One who orders.
8. OR________	Well regulated; quiet; methodical.
9. OR________	Indicating order or succession.
10. OR________	Of or pertaining to the desires.
11. OR________	A kind of muslin used for dresses.
12. OR________	Pertaining to organs or living organisms. Also, systematized.
13. OR________	A method of philosophical or scientific investigation.
14. OR________	Aperture; opening; hole.
15. OR________	The process of mountain making, especially by folding of the crust.
16. OR________	The science of mountains.
17. OR________	Full; clear; rounded as of a voice. Also, pompous; bombastic.
18. OR________	Regulated; disposed; directed. Also, commanded. Also, secured by an order.

"What's your score to here?"
9

The answers to this Word Hunt will appear in next week's Collier's

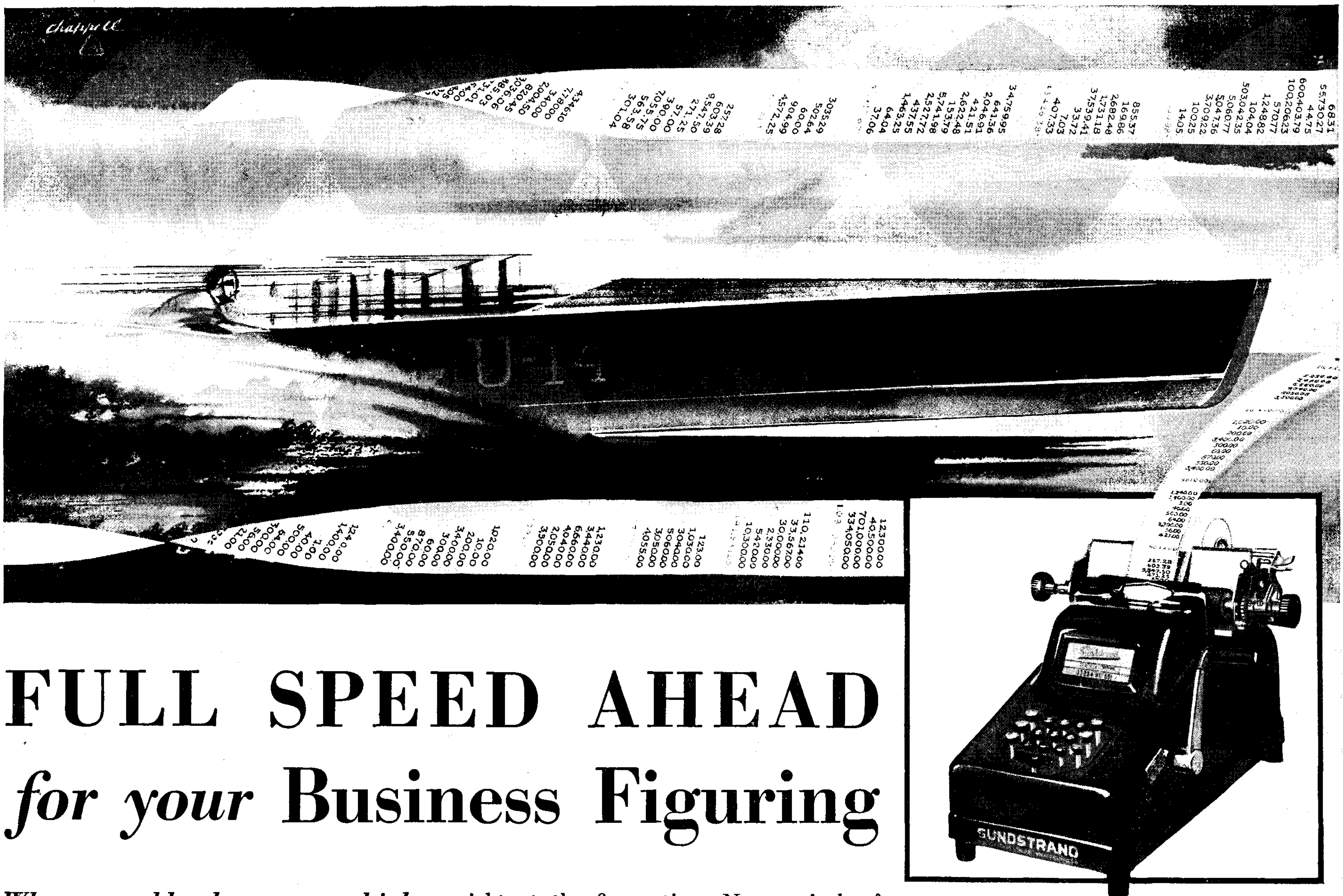

"Well, I've got all but two."
WORD HUNT

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt which appeared in last week's issue

1. Truce
2. Truck
3. Truer
4. Trued
5. Truly
6. Trump
7. Trunk
8. Truss
9. Trust
10. Truth
11. Trubu
12. Trull

Collier's will send you free, on request, a booklet containing 27 Word Hunts with their answers. Send for a copy today. Address Word Hunts, Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Copyright, 1929, Alexander Lichtentag. All rights reserved. Patent (as a game) pending.



FULL SPEED AHEAD
for your Business Figuring

When you add, subtract, or multiply the Sundstrand takes the shortest course

"SPEED — More Speed!" This is the cry of American business. And here is our answer:

A figuring machine that easily eclipses all others in its ability to get work done quickly, easily and accurately.

The lightning-fast Sundstrand not only saves precious minutes once squandered in lost motion, but also eliminates time-wasting precautions to prevent errors.

Carefully inspect the remarkably simple keyboard of the Sundstrand! Note that there are but ten numeral keys. In a few minutes their location is memorized and the operator can work from books or papers without glancing at the keyboard. All the keys are right at the finger tips. Not an inch of wasted motion.

When you want to subtract on the Sundstrand you simply press the "Subtract" key and you get a direct answer. No intermediate steps. Multiplication is just as easy. The Sundstrand converts all problems in multiplication into an easy series of additions.

A truly remarkable feature of this machine is automatic column selection. In recording a column of figures the machine automatically places the dollars and cents of every item in the correct vertical columns. No precautions are necessary. Only those who have used other types of machines can appreciate how this speeds up the work and increases accuracy.

The Sundstrand credit balance feature saves an incredible amount of time and lost motion. This enables you to subtract credits in excess of debits in the same operation and at the end get a true answer with printed proof.

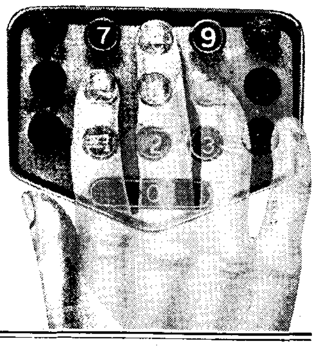
Wherever there is figuring to do, the Sundstrand quickly pays for itself. It is priced as low as $100. Use the coupon below to secure full information.

IMPORTANT— ***Only on the Sundstrand will you find all of these time-saving features***

Automatic direct subtraction . . . Automatic shift multiplication . . . One hand control . . . Automatic column selection . . . Speed beyond the fastest human fingers . . . Convenient space-saving size . . . Durability . . . Credit balance feature . . . Only ten numeral keys . . . Touch method of operation naturally and quickly acquired . . . Automatic sub-totals . . . Portability . . . Dependable accuracy . . . Visibility.

ONLY TEN NUMERAL KEYS

One hand covers the entire keyboard. Close your eyes and operate it. The quickest method possible for all your business figuring.



Sundstrand

10 Key Adding-Figuring Machines
GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
Division of Underwood Elliott Fisher Company
342 Madison Avenue, New York City
"UNDERWOOD, ELLIOTT-FISHER, SUNDSTRAND, SPEED THE WORLD'S BUSINESS"

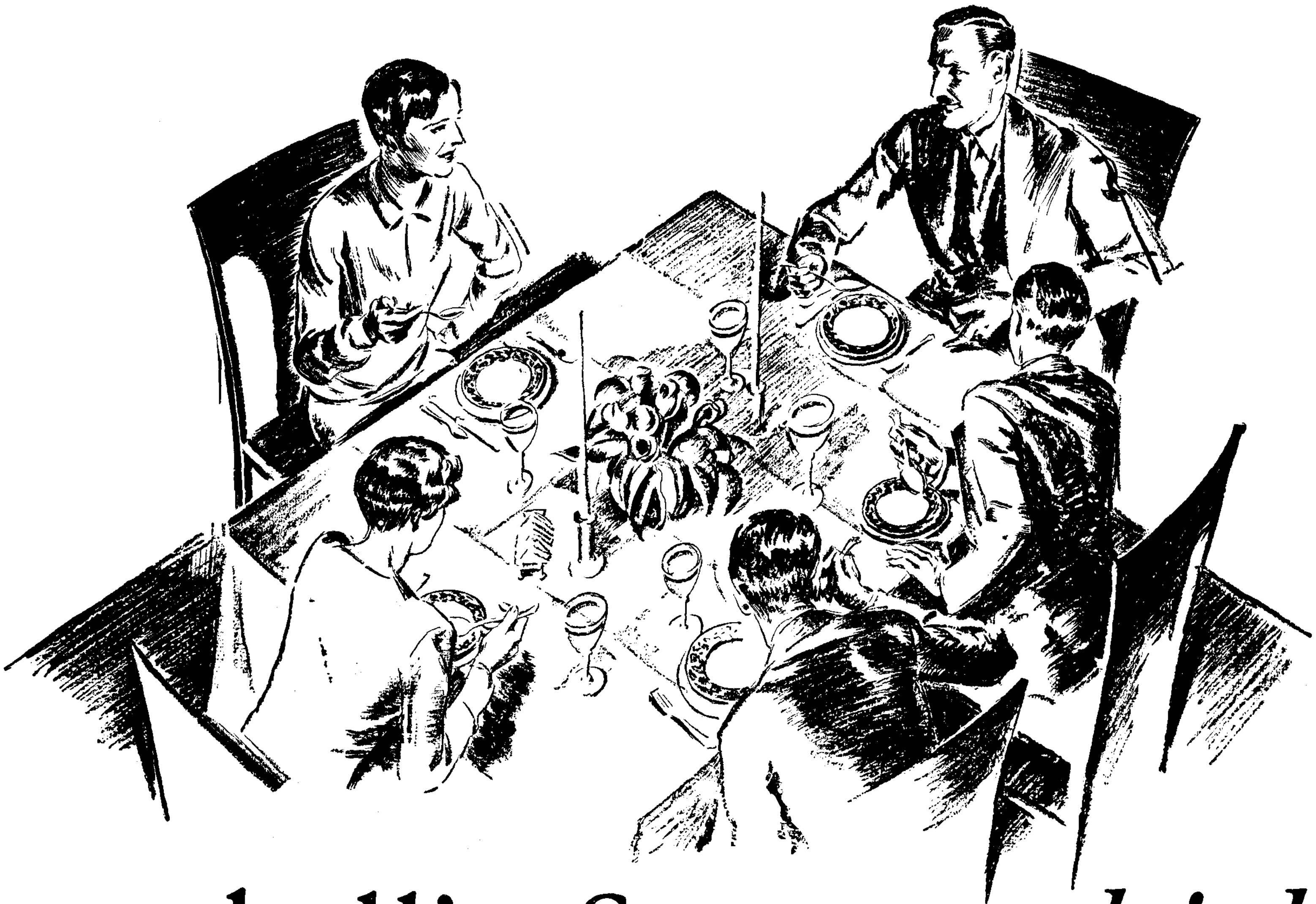
GENERAL OFFICE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION
342 Madison Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me your illustrated booklet, "Under Your Finger Tips."

Name____

Address______________________________________

City______________________State______________



Campbell's Soup *multiplies* *advertising dollar* 4.3

. . . by capitalizing new principle of family buying

UNCLE SAM tells us the average American family includes 4.3 persons. And the Campbell Soup Company knows the importance of reaching them all. Dad, brother and sister know their soup as well as mother, and they air expert opinions freely. As they vote, so goes the election. For a soup which does not win *their* favor is lost before it cools in Campbell's kitchens.

The Campbell Soup Company personally interviewed thousands of housewives from Binghamton to Beaumont, and 93% of those who served canned soup said they considered the likes and dislikes of the family in buying it. But, while Campbell was investigating family buying habits, it was also gathering evidence as to the most effective and economical medium for "covering" the family.

For instance, in a survey conducted by Campbell Soup Company among 2,787 families, The American Magazine was overwhelmingly declared the most indispensable to the whole family—a 4 to 1 favorite over its nearest competitor.

THESE Campbell's Soup studies check closely with many others conducted by leading advertisers and advertising agencies, universities and research groups which form, perhaps, the most remarkable market survey ever made. They prove conclusively two fundamentals vital to every advertiser. First, it pays to sell practically all products to the *whole family.* Second, The American Magazine is the magazine most thoroughly read by the *whole family.*

The Crowell Publishing Company will gladly give full details of the marketing surveys which point to this more effective merchandising — reaching all the members of 2,200,000 families at one advertising cost in The American Magazine.

The American Magazine

First with all the FAMILY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 30

breasts heave with sighs. . . . Only to forget for one night—for one hour!

Madelon slept. Hand in hand with phantoms, she traveled dark ways through the untrodden wood to the black lake where the white cows bathed in the deep shadow. A scream in her ear woke her:

"The White Bear was not starved to death. They strangled him—he fought with his naked hands!"

Madelon soothed him, speaking half out of her dreams. He woke and did not know what he had said; they comforted each other in the dark and slept again.

Madelon roused in the daylight, as she thought it must be, though the room was curtained against the morning. The fire was out, the air chilly. She recalled how violently he had locked them in the night before, shuddered out of bed and pulled the curtains, unlatched the painted shutters; broad day—noon by the silver pendule above the bureau with the ransacked drawers, a void sky in which an eastern wind beat, a vague, uncertain and sickly sunshine.

She put on her robe of swansdown and satin and looked at her lover. He slept as soundly as on the night when she had drugged him. She drew the coverlet over his bare breast and put back the tangled coarse hair from his eyes, not without tenderness—had he not promised her last night, between loving embraces, to protect her from her enemies?

At last she need have no gross fears of the Königsberg. Madelon picked up the keys from the cracked marble table, unlocked the door, crossed the antechamber and came into her own apartments. Here all was neat and orderly—the stove lit, the chocolate equipage and the toilet appointments ready; warm perfumed water in a silver basin, a sheaf of jonquils in a Meissen vase. Gertrude, most deft and sly of the favorite's women, was in waiting, precise from her painted face to her gauzy apron, alert, servile, with her hair trunks corded (and much of her mistress' property therein), but soon to be uncorded if the Rocklitz should return to power.

EVERYONE in any way connected with the fortunes of the House of Neitschütz had been for the last few days considerably on the alert, and although they had been something reassured by the fact that the Rocklitz had once more spent the night with Johann Georg, still they could not altogether shake off the uneasiness caused by the strange rumors that were abroad—persistently, thickly abroad . . . at the mutterings and protests that surged before the Elector's locked doors.

This sly woman then became eagerly forward and still more eagerly glanced at her mistress' face to read the signs of defeat or triumph there.

"The Elector sleeps," said Madelon. "Leave him until he wakes and bring me some chocolate here."

Then, shivering into a chair, she asked:

"Did you hear any news last night, Gertrude? Was there any talk in the Residenz?"

The woman was usually quick in picking up the least hint of gossip and Madelon remembered that she, herself, had been enclosed in the Elector's room since the early evening.

"There's news enough, my lady," replied the woman. "There was this letter I was to give you, Madame. There was a pastor who brought it to court and had some difficulty in gaining admittance. He was very persistent and wished to deliver it into your own hands. He gave it at length to me, and said there was something for you within, but he has put it in this outer cover and sealed it up himself."

"It is, I dare swear, some usual begging or petition, some denunciation or threat," thought Madelon Rocklitz. She broke the seal idly. She was weary and her head ached. The day lay before her long and filled with unpleasant duties.

The inner letter fell out of the envelope. It was merely tied round with a black ribbon.

As Madelon Rocklitz was carelessly untying this, the woman, busily foaming the chocolate, said:

"The great news, Madame, is that the Marshal de Haverbeck was found dead in his coach not many miles from the frontier."

Madelon de Rocklitz neither moved nor spoke and the woman thought that she was not interested or very clever, and proceeded to embellish the news.

SHE stopped on a sudden, observing something unnatural in the attitude of her mistress. Bending over her with sharp interest, she saw Madame de Rocklitz, still sitting upright in the deep chair, was quite insensible, and the letter that had been tied with the black ribbon was still unopened in her lap.

Gertrude was a woman of resources; and she smiled a little. "Moved, eh? She favored him!"

She had her drops ready and forced them between the lips of Madelon de Rocklitz, rubbed her wrists and her bare ankles, and dashed water in her face. She was relieved to see her mistress revive quickly from what seemed to have been a passing spasm, and for which she gave no explanation. This was curious to Gertrude, inquisitive, spiteful—that she should so suddenly have passed into a fit of insensibility and so suddenly revived from it and seemed in perfect command of herself. She spoke and moved sternly as one whose heart is in abeyance, whose mind is in command:

"Go on, Gertrude, and do not disturb me; I have some matters to discuss with the Elector."

The woman left, though with reluctant, curious glances.

Madame de Rocklitz followed her and turned the key in the lock of the door leading to her own apartments. When she knew herself alone, she fell down by the chair and pulled at her bare bosom silently, as if she would pluck her heart out. Then her staring eyes discerned the letter which had fallen to the floor, and in doing so, it had half opened, and she read the signature—*"Delphicus Secundus Hyacinthus Luneburg de Haverbeck."* She snatched it up and read it, and the whole was plain before her. This was the man whom Johann Georg had destroyed in the Königsberg and he had allowed him to believe that it was her doing. De Haverbeck died thinking she was his murderess.

Madelon de Rocklitz looked round stupidly for some method of destruction. She had no other thought in her mind. There was nothing in that room, and she ran back into the bedchamber still searching for one of those swords or daggers. Then her maze of agony was broken into by the sight of Johann Georg still sleeping heavily in the great bed draped with red Venetian brocade. She stepped to the bed, mounted the bedstep and, grimacing, stared down at him. He had done that murder and kept it

(*Continued on page 54*)

These Walk-Overs need no "*breaking in*"

To a great many men a new pair of shoes is like a new pipe . . . good-looking but of little immediate pleasure until they are "*broken in.*" Here's an exceptional shoe that is designed to give month-old comfort from the first step. It needs no "*breaking in.*" Ask for it by name . . . the DUNCAN . . . a British type . . . broad extending soles . . . springy last. Imported Black Calfskin . . . $10.

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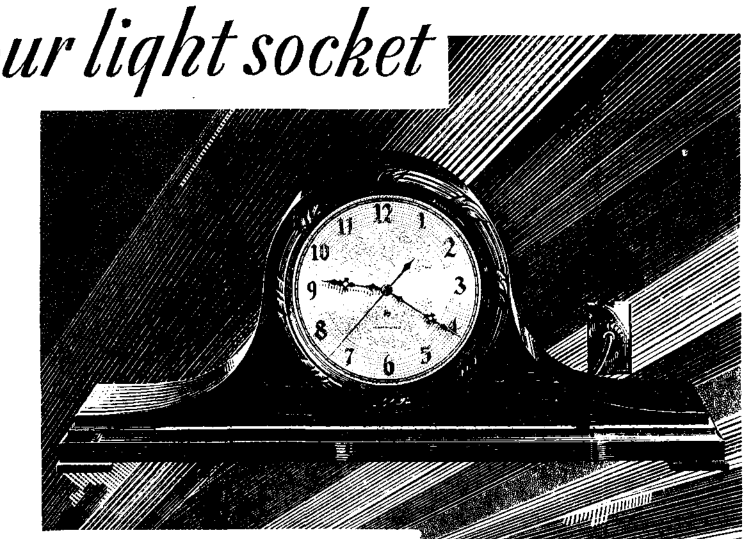

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Plug in a Hammond Clock . . Set the Hands . . Flip the Starter and Electricity Keeps the Hands in Exact Step with Observatory Time . . No Springs . . No Winding

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The Hammond Clock is automatically regulated by timed electrical impulses (metered cycles). This new time service is accurate enough to record time by seconds. That is the reason for the large sweep-second hand.

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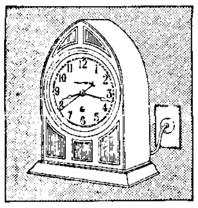
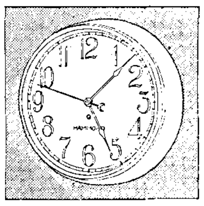
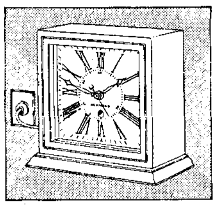


The Ravenswood, 7 in. high, 3⅛in. dial, bakelite case. A beautiful little clock—$9.75



The Ten-Inch Wall Model for stores, offices, etc. 12 in. diameter overall. Brown or White finish. $22.50



The Colonial Model is solid walnut 5 in. x 6 in. A popular gift model. $14.50

HAMMOND

ALL-ELECTRIC CLOCKS

The booklet tells the interesting story of the time service from the light socket and illustrates the many beautiful models in colors. Use coupon.

THE HAMMOND CLOCK COMPANY
4117 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 30
Please send booklet.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

____

(Continued from page 53)

secret from her. He had dared to steal her body again last night. While he had been embracing her, her lover had been lying in his shroud. He would never know that she had been innocent of this foul death. . . .

"'It is in your power to kill me and in my power to die smiling, so we stand equal at last.'"

Johann Georg turned and groaned in his sleep as if troubled even in that deep slumber by the strength of the hatred that bent over him.

Madame de Rocklitz glided into the little dressing closet—she remembered what was knotted in her stocking. She turned over her fallen clothes and found the length of silk, and took out of it the little bottle which Madame de Rosny had given her when she had last visited that black establishment in that ill-famed street.

HOW ready it lay to her hand! As if she had known yesterday of this necessity, and made all prepared. She came back to the bed; put aside the curtains, and looked at the flushed supine young man; if she poured that in his ears, in his nostrils, forced it between his lips, his sleep would shudder into annihilation. It would be so easy, and a punishment so mild for his unspeakable crime.

Madelon, rigid, bent over him. Little pictures flicked into her mind—the white bear—the untrodden wood—their mingled dreams—his terror—of what? Of Delphicus? He must have been mad with jealousy, with shame, with her concoction. He had been kind and honest once. She had murdered his soul as he had murdered the body of Delphicus. The bottle fell out of her hand on to the bedstep, and rolled from there on the Chinese carpet.

Madelon de Rocklitz fetched a long sigh. She went into the closet, where the shutters were still closed and the curtains drawn, the light thick and most uncertain, and there dressed herself in the first gown that came to her hand, and put in her bosom the letter tied with the black ribbon. Creeping back into the bedroom she again looked at the sleeping youth. He had, after all, no responsibility in her fate; it was she, and she alone, who, as Delphicus de Haverbeck had written, had twisted their fortunes awry.

She saw the Bible and opened it with a light touch. The heavy Book fell apart naturally where Johann Georg had placed Madame de Rosny's confession. The bloodstained document lay staring under the eyes of Madelon de Rocklitz. She read the denunciation.

She took her hand from the Book. Behind it in one of his gloves was the little toy that had brought him back—the golden egg with the ring and signet and the mottoes—"*Toujours fidèle,*" "*Toujours constant.*" Madelon stared at the confession; it accused her of abominations.

It did not occur to her to destroy this. She left the Bible open, with the confession lying there for the first comer to see. It did not, any of it, matter at all to her. She peered again curiously at the sleeping man—the stranger whom she had violently, through pride and passion, forced herself into taking as a lover.

She left his room and traversed the Residenzschloss. As she passed from one chamber to another, she saw the people, anxiously gathered in these corridors, draw away together and murmur: "The Rocklitz! The Rocklitz!"

Count Spanheim, fuming and disturbed, stopped her and asked her if he could immediately see the Elector. She was, after all, his pensioner, and he spoke with some peremptoriness.

"This story of the death of De Haverbeck," he said, harshly, "has an odd, ill sound; he was not the man to leave Dresden like that. And what was he doing at the Königsberg?—what deposition and what witness should he have gone to hear? He left his friends on a sudden with no excuse, and he was no man for that. Those wounds in his breast were but slight, and if they had broken out would not have killed him."

Spanheim peered into the shadow of her riding hood as he spoke. Her features were strained, almost distorted; her upper lip drawn down, the lower contracted; she had no bloom or color at all.

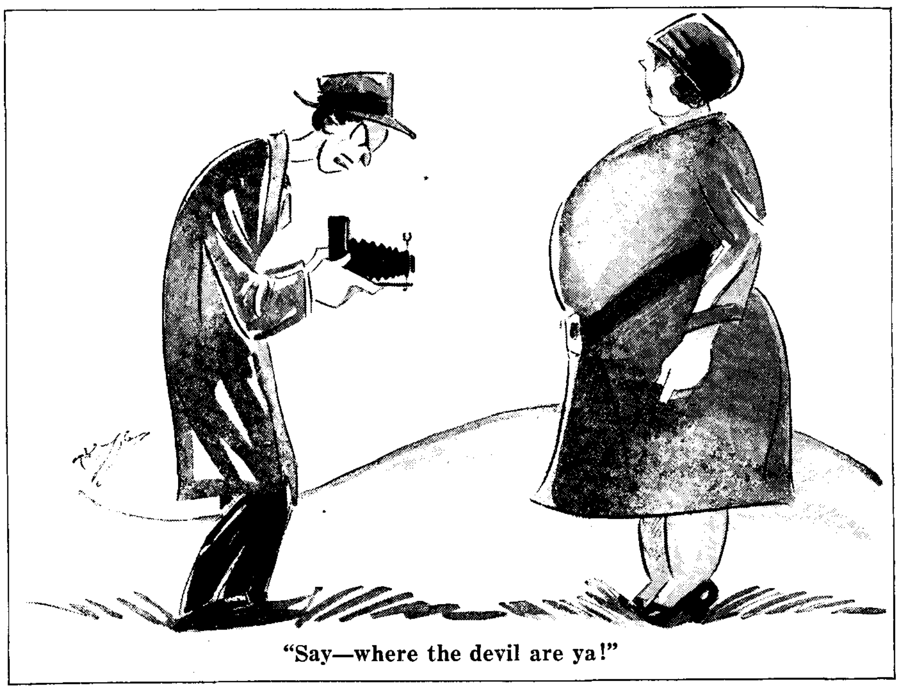
"I have no longer any concern," she said, "with any of these matters, nay, in no matter whatever."

SPANHEIM, who had so highly bought her services, thought this insolent.

"And you," he said in a high tone, "have been with the Elector all night, Madame. You must know something of how affairs stand."

"I know very well how they stand," replied Madame de Rocklitz, "but they are not for my handling."

She passed, leaving him yet further bewildered and uneasy, and left the Residenzschloss with a stern air, and called the first groom she saw and asked for a horse to be brought from the Marstall—a quick, fresh palfrey. She mounted and rode away without company or escort, through the streets of Dresden, and here, as in the palace, the people gathered in groups to watch her go. She heard them draw together and



"Say—where the devil are ya!"

murmur to themselves: "The Rocklitz! The Rocklitz!"

She went directly to her father's house, and came into her father's cabinet.

Von Neitschütz was but just out of bed. He thought, with a most horrid and poignant pang, when she opened the door and glided toward him, that this was not Madelon, but the ghost of his dead wife come again to reproach him for his cruelty.

"My father," she said, putting out her hand as if she feared he would touch her, "cross the frontier, and warn Casimir—Clement is wise. We shall all be denounced today. I have read the confession of Françoise de Rosny—she accused us all of witchcraft—and abominable things."

The heavy, gaunt old man sank down into his chair by the bureau and began to whimper like a beaten hound. He clenched his fists and beat them on the table, and broke into vile imprecations:

"That thrice-damned devil, Stürm!"

"Father," said Madelon Rocklitz, "it is ourselves—and, more than any of us, I—who are damned."

Von Neitschütz stared at her—mouthing, glaring, breathing hard, not understanding her awful serenity.

"I have greatly sinned," added Madelon de Rocklitz, "and God has struck me justly."

"Say rather," cried her father, cursing, "say, rather, the Devil is in this."

"Ay, the Devil is in it, but who invoked him?" asked his daughter, and added, and there was a softer, more tender note in her voice: "Let us forgive each other, my father. Do you forgive Clement and Casimir, my brothers—as it may be some day we shall all be forgiven. We have been together in this infamy. Father, I did love you once and tried to please you. Save yourself and them."

The old man attempted some answer out of his horror and dread at her words, her appearance, at the hideous weight of the blow that had so swiftly fallen.

But Madelon was gone—as lightly as she had come—and out into the courtyard, and had mounted her horse again and ridden through Dresden toward Arnsdorf.

GOTTFRIED, the gardener, had come up from the cottage on the estate where he lived with his wife. He was the sole caretaker of the château of Arnsdorf. Now that Marshal von Neitschütz had risen to such heights and owned so many estates much more magnificent and majestic, he had no longer any interest in this at all, which perhaps even Gottfried, who was a peasant and stupid, might guess, had not the pleasantest of associations and memories.

Gottfried had his wage and his bit of ground, and did what he could with neither much loyalty nor much ill-will. He had locked up the mansion and never entered that, and, as for the gardening, that was beyond him and he was not allowed to hire labor. He came in and out to see that thieves and vagabonds had not trespassed, that the bolts on the doors had not been forced, and that the gates were locked at night. In a loft above the stables in the courtyard he had had a great store of winter apples which was now nearly exhausted; there was, however, sufficient left for a day or so. His wife had asked him to fetch them. This was the scarcest season of the year for fruit—a late bitter spring and food dear.

Gottfried, then, a hearty man of middle age, came into the courtyard at Arnsdorf, whistling and singing to himself and stamping his feet on the hard stones, for the chill was penetrating, and so approached the stables to the left of the small courtyard.

He found the door open and believed that he had at last caught some trespasser on the property of the lord of Neitschütz.

As he entered the stable with eager indignation, he saw a horse in the stall and a lady beside it. He did not know her; she was, as he thought, dressed very grandly, but not for riding.

"Why, it's Fräulein von Neitschütz!" he exclaimed, at last; and then, stupidly: "So you've come home?"

"Yes, I've come home," replied the lady.

"I mean Madame de Rocklitz," he added, embarrassed. "There's nothing ready. I never knew. There has been no message."

"No," said Madame de Rocklitz, quietly, "there has been no message. I have come here for a purpose of my own. Do not disturb yourself, Gottfried, but look after the horse.

"I EXPECT there will be people after me before very long, but I do not know where I shall be. Tell them to search for me, and they will surely find me somewhere."

Gottfried stared at her, liking neither her words nor her looks, yet not knowing what it was he did not like.

"Where is Faggott Spray, my little horse?"

"I keep him down at my cottage, Fräulein."

"I hope you are kind to him."

"Yes, Fräulein, we are very fond of him."

Still she lingered.

"Do you remember the jasmine by my window?"

"The black frosts killed it, Fräulein."

"Yes, that is very likely. Persian jasmine—I thought Spanish. There are no flowers out anywhere, Gottfried?"

"No, Fräulein, not yet."

"No. A terrible spring—the snowstorm, the other day— Why is that dove sitting on the roof?"

"That is the last of your pet doves, Fräulein. They flew away when no one fed them, all but two—a pair they were. I gave them some grain this winter."

"Thank you, Gottfried; where is the other?"

"Dead. Dropped down dead yesterday, nay, two days ago, in the storm."

"Dead. Yes. Dead. Why doesn't this one fly away?"

"It has got a wounded wing, Fräulein; besides, it's waiting here, hoping its mate will come back."

"Have you the keys to the house?"

Gottfried gave them to her and, walking steadily, she moved past him, out of sight. She turned round the hornbeam hedges, now spread into a thicket, and paused by the empty fountain, which was filled with a rime of moss and mildew. She did not glance at this but at the stone seat, now green beneath the bare hornbeams.

"It is only," she told herself, "to have a game of make-believe, and I can have it there. He has just come from Paris, and it is amazing how he has grown! A young man now, and I am still a child and must play with the children. He does not look at me, he has a book, yet I do not think he looks at that either—he has his fingers in it to keep his place. His clothes are of a new fashion and very fine. How handsome his dark hair is, where it curls on his shoulders!

"Now he is speaking to the governess; seems displeased with her; he has risen and gazes at her coldly. I wish he would look at me. All our paper boats are sinking, and they are clamoring for me to make them more. Now he has gone into the house and I must hasten to follow him."

(*Continued on page 56*)

Overpaid at $100 a week

—*yet he should be earning* $10,000

IN looking over our records of the past twenty years we find that a very large proportion of men who enrolled for this Service were receiving from $4,000 to $7,500 at the time they enrolled. A hundred dollars a week is perhaps the most common figure.

Many of these men were overpaid at $100 a week. By that we mean that their employers easily could have substituted younger men for them at smaller salaries. They had reached the hundred dollar figure partly by merit, and partly by little routine increases.

Yet these same men, who were overpaid at $100 a week are now, in many cases, earning four and five times that much.

These records—which are open for your inspection—suggest two very interesting conclusions:

1. When a man begins to earn from $4,000 to $7,500 he becomes conscious for the first time of his own opportunities and his limitations. He begins to taste the possibility of real money. Yet he realizes, often with a sense of deep discouragement, what a great gap lies between him and the heads of the business. He is making what seemed—when he was twenty—a very satisfactory income. At thirty or thirty-five it seems like nothing in comparison with the earnings of the men at the top. He begins to look around eagerly, wondering whether there is any service, any help, that can carry him across the big gap.

2. It is amazingly easy to transform a $100-a-week man into a $10,000 man. So little is required that the wonder is that more men do not avail themselves of the opportunity. The difference between a modest salary and a good salary is not entirely a matter of brains. Not a matter of pull. Not even a matter of long experience.

Often by using the Institute Service in only a very small way, a $100-a-week man has found all that he needed. Many have never completed the Course at all, but merely used the volumes and lectures, and the personal consultation service, as occasional helps when the need arose. In case after case the impressive thing is that very little was required to give a man the extra assets that he required.

To men earning between $4,000 and $7,500 a year

We have learned from experience just what type of men—in age, situation and earning power—can get the most out of our training in the shortest possible time. We should like to hear, either by personal letter or by coupon, from those who feel that there is a gap between them and the really big rewards of business. We will answer very frankly. It is to our advantage not to have any man enroll for this service unless it can help him very much and very quickly and at very small comparative cost.

For men vitally interested in bridging the gap between $100 a week and $10,000, we have prepared a little booklet called "Forging Ahead in Business." The coupon will bring it.

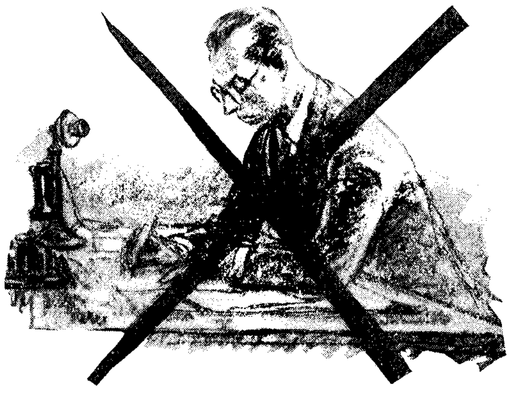
A story that is a warning

IN every big corporation there are men of 35 or 40 who started work there when they were boys. They have 20 years or so of loyal service to their credit; now they are getting $100 a week.

From one standpoint these men have done well. Yet theirs is the most dangerous position in all business.

We know one such man personally. For years he had been getting regular increases. He felt he was getting ahead. Then suddenly the president brought in an efficiency engineer. There was a general housecleaning; the hundred-a-week man went out. And his place was filled by a youngster just out of college who is now doing the same work for $40 a week.

The old-timer hadn't grown with the company. At 40 he was let out of an overpaid position when he should have been at the threshold of his career.



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One of the famous
RUSCO ELASTIC PRODUCTS
Fresh from the Looms
TRADE MARK

(*Continued from page 55*)

She turned and went into the blank-fronted mansion, with its mean yet grim façade, unlocked the door and entered the vestibule, where the shabby placid busts scowled and grimaced out of the dusty shadow.

"Where has he gone?" she asked herself, pausing. "Where shall I find him?"

Madelon de Rocklitz entered the large, pretentious chamber where they had dined the last night they had spent at Arnsdorf.

SHE opened the shutters and looked around. The room was in neat order, the chairs set back against the walls, the table placed straight, the wooden escutcheon hung in its place, but it had not been cleaned, and a mist of reddish black obscured the brilliancy of its rubbed colors.

"It will be taken down," she thought, " and set with its face to the wall, or destroyed, and no one will ever see it again."

She went upstairs to the library.

This was undisturbed! No one had troubled to close the shutters in this neglected and little-used and ill-valued room. The virginals were on the table. She touched the notes gently; they were soundless. Her fingers traveled over the sides where were the wreaths of flowers under the cracked varnish. She took out his letter and read it again—the second time she had looked at it. "I love you. . . . I came from Vienna because I had to see you again . . . a sinner and a lover."

It was quieter in the old library than she could have believed any room could be. She held the letter to her lips and stared across it into the solitude.

"When I heard he was dead I died, too. I have heard of that—men dying and walking on a few steps and no one knowing that they have been mortally struck."

She put her fingers to her heart and was surprised that it was still beating.

"Here he stood—here he spoke to me; here he has watched me when I was taking my lessons. There is no limit to love and no limit to suffering—Steffani told me that and I smiled, for it seemed to me stupid. . . . I understand now what he meant."

She went up to her bedroom.

There were the curtains she had embroidered herself hanging straight from the small bed. Her chamber had been left carelessly, in haste and confusion; Madelon stared at the dressing table. There had stood that glass and flagon which Johann Georg had thought of afterward as containing poison, and it had held but some of their homemade wine.

She sat down on the bedstep.

If she did not die soon she would have to destroy herself, as she had intended at first. She was amazed that she did not die. She had thought, riding along the great post road, she would fall from the saddle suddenly. . . . But the horse had arrived at Arnsdorf, and then she had thought: "I shall die when I see the old house again."

But she had not died; she had dismounted and put the beast in his stall, and seen Gottfried, and spoken to him reasonably, and thought: "Well, I shall die when I see the fountain again and the seat where he sat." But she had lived to enter the house. When she had seen the blotched escutcheon she had not died, even then. And now she was sitting on the step of her bed—sitting and breathing.

The solitude was intolerable. She began to writhe in the extreme of fear, to snatch in cunning desperation at her game of make-believe and hold it close to her.

"He's coming upstairs somewhere in the house—we shall never be parted again. I shall go away with him—nothing else will matter. I will not endure it—I cannot endure it. Nobody could endure such suffering. I'd rather be on the rack in the Königsberg."

She began to unhook the curtains of the bed.

"There is a God and He is just."

The curtains fell down as she loosened the cord.

She tore up his letter—that was their secret; no one must know.

"They strangled him in the Königsberg."

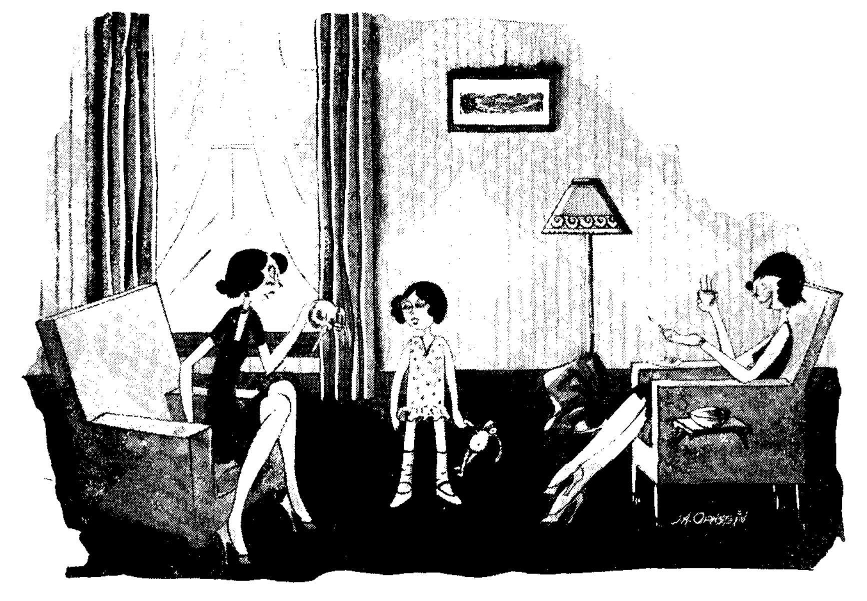
She tested the cord with her hand.

The east wind rattled at the window and mingled with the sounds of human rage and fear.

THEY were after her—a tumult and a pack; the law and all its hounds—her enemies the citizens, the curious and the cruel . . . a witch-hunt in good earnest—who would not join in the chase after the Rocklitz who had bewitched the House of Wettin?

Gottfried, seized by the first-comers, admitted her presence in the château; admitted that she seemed like one possessed of the devil—transformed. . . . Why, he had hardly known her. He guessed it was something like this—witchcraft from the first; he repudiated her, though he had been fond of Madelon, and began to pray.

They had been close behind her; she had not had long in her solitude. She had ridden away openly and very many,



"Mother, when I grow up may I use naughty language like you and Dad?"

lowering back into their doorways and windows, had seen her pass. The Rocklitz riding fast!

The soldiers and the rabble riding, running fast, too.

The château door stood open, the key hanging in the lock; yet many of them hesitated to cross that threshold, but paused there in terror.

The soldiers, under Captain Falaiseau—the stern, stanch man—pushed in. Their blood was up. Count Stürm had read to them the confessions of Françoise de Rosny, had shown them the bottle of poison found by the Elector's bed. ("It's God's miracle that it has somehow failed to do its work.")

THE guards knocked over one of the pedestals and the grinning Cæsar fell and was broken into shards. The rabble pushed now into the large room where the Elector had sat the last night he had spent at Arnsdorf, and pulled down—as Madelon had known they would pull down—the florid, grand, flamboyant coat of arms, and slashed at it and hacked at it and trampled it under foot, venting on it their terror, their fury and their revenge—soldiers struggling with the crowd in a sudden combat.

Captain Falaiseau ran up the stairs, calling aloud:

"Madame de Rocklitz! Madame de Rocklitz!"

He flung open many doors on empty rooms, and then found a door that was locked. He hammered on it with his sword-hilt. He could hear her inside, speaking in a low, earnest voice, entreating someone to forgive her, to pardon her, to pity her in her great wretchedness.

"Madame de Rocklitz!" cried Captain Falaiseau, sternly, "open the door!"

The poison found by the Elector's bedside had caused him to abandon his mistress to her enemies, but Falaiseau did not believe that Johann Georg would wish the worst to befall a woman he had loved so deeply.

It was the soldier's intention to arrest her and protect her from the malice of the crowd which had gathered hotly on her track; to put her on his saddle and hurry her to the safety of the Königsberg.

"Open the door, Madame de Rocklitz," he insisted, "and I will protect you, on my honor. The soldiers hold the people back. I am Falaiseau of the Guards."

The voice within continued, rich, soft, gentle and winning, and Captain Falaiseau shuddered.

He could feel in those tones something of the charm that she had had for Johann Georg, that she might have had for any man. Probably it was a scene with him that she was rehearsing now—so would she fall on her knees and argue with him, and bring him back to her arms again. . . . Or, was she pleading with God?

"Madame de Rocklitz! Countess of Rocklitz!"

She made no reply, and was silent.

Falaiseau called up two of his men and told them to break down the door, standing himself in the way ready, with his hand on his sword, sternly keeping back the alarmed and violent press. The stairs were crowded with her hot-foot hunters, leering, grinning, yet overawed.

The door broke from the simple lock and Captain Falaiseau sprang into the room.

He had an instantaneous impression that he had come into the presence of two people, that one—a tall man—stood between him and the woman on the floor, and made a movement, stately and grand, to hold him off. But this impression vanished, proved indeed an illusion, and he found he was alone with Madame de Rocklitz.

She had taken down one of the homely, embroidered bed curtains. It was tumbled in a heap close to her recumbent body. The bed-cord was in her hand—she had not had need to use it. She was dead, still warm, but breathless.

They knew not how—without doing herself any violence—she was dead. Her body was not stained or marked, and they could find no trace of poison. She had used, perhaps, some subtle drug, supplied by Madame de Rosny. Falaiseau, though believing her to have been a wicked woman, was glad she was dead.

How had she died? They were frightened as the news spread, cheated and sullen. They lingered, angry with the soldiers who guarded her room. How had she died?

Captain Falaiseau, though not a superstitious man, could not but remember that tall figure he believed had been standing over her and, in a manner, protecting her. Her familiar, her demon, the credulous would say! But, of course, a trick of the shadow and his own excited mind.

The soldiers laid her hastily on her bed and hurried away. She was so beautiful again now, and looked so gentle; she seemed to put them all in the wrong; Captain Falaiseau was sorry that she would be buried like a dog in unconsecrated ground.

While the meaner sort trembled and fled from the château and the garden, fearing a demon at every turn, the grim soldier remained in the bedchamber and, picking up the curtain which she had torn down just now in frantic hurry and confusion, spread it over the wasted beauty of Madelon de Rocklitz, and said a stern soldier's prayer; bitter churchman as he was, austere Protestant and hard-hearted, grim man, Falaiseau prayed sincerely for this sad outcast; she was so young. . . . "*We walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revelings, banquets and abominable idolatries. . . . Who shall account to Him Who is ready to judge the Quick and the Dead? And above all things have Fervent Charity among ourselves, for Charity shall cover the Multitude of Sins.*"

Perhaps, even for Madame de Rocklitz!

THE soldier pulled the coverlet so that he could not see the fallen coronal of saffron locks—she was so beautiful. . . . Perhaps he could find some simple holy pastor who would sit with her until she could be moved, watch in this neglected chamber which yet had a fragrant air as of a young maiden's room.

Captain Falaiseau wondered, as he went down the shadowed stairs and sent his awe-struck soldiers about their several duties, why he was not thinking of Madelon de Rocklitz at all, but of Marshal de Haverbeck, whom he had recently escorted across the frontier, who had sat so still and upright in his corner, wrapped in his military cloak to the chin, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and the slightest of smiles on his bloodless face.

Why should he think of Delphicus de Haverbeck lying on his black-hung bier in an Austrian church so many miles away?

The curious, fearful crowd searched the château and the gardens for signs of charms, for incantations, for familiars, for some sign of horror and enchantment, some mark or glimpse of the invisible world.

But the prowling rabble found nothing all that windy day of cold spring but one wounded dove, waiting for a dead mate, that died of terror and loneliness in their hands.

THE END

WHEN THE FORECAST READS . . . . .

THE WEATHER
Snow or sleet tonight. Much colder tomorrow.

"travelo" will stop those ills, chills *and* bills

SIDE-STEP colds the modern way—with a smart "travelo" Knit Jacket. With all its handsome ease, its snug, compact warmth—it costs far less than the price of a cold!

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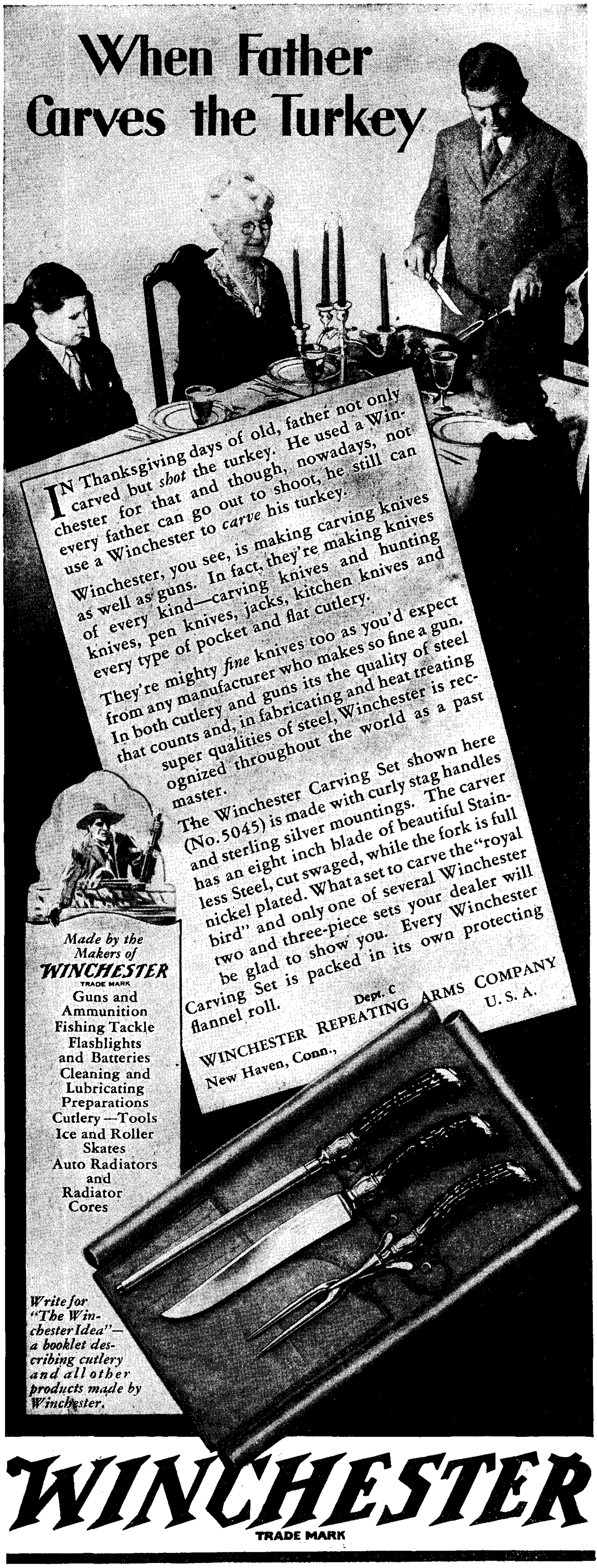
Lower in cost than "travelo"—better value than anything else at its price.

Lido
KNIT JACKETS

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE


When Father Carves the Turkey

IN Thanksgiving days of old, father not only carved but *shot* the turkey. He used a Winchester for that and though, nowadays, not every father can go out to shoot, he still can use a Winchester to *carve* his turkey.

Winchester, you see, is making carving knives as well as guns. In fact, they're making knives of every kind—carving knives and hunting knives, pen knives, jacks, kitchen knives and every type of pocket and flat cutlery.

They're mighty *fine* knives too as you'd expect from any manufacturer who makes so fine a gun. In both cutlery and guns its the quality of steel that counts and, in fabricating and heat treating super qualities of steel, Winchester is recognized throughout the world as a past master.

The Winchester Carving Set shown here (No. 5045) is made with curly stag handles and sterling silver mountings. The carver has an eight inch blade of beautiful Stainless Steel, cut swaged, while the fork is full nickel plated. What a set to carve the "royal bird" and only one of several Winchester two and three-piece sets your dealer will be glad to show you. Every Winchester Carving Set is packed in its own protecting flannel roll.

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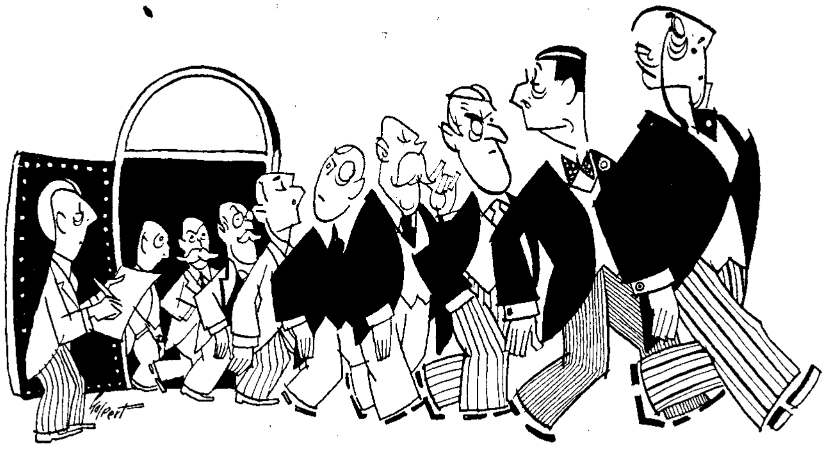

Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

EDISON'S first patent was taken out on June 1, 1869, for an electrical apparatus designed "to record and register in an instant and with great accuracy the votes of legislative bodies." We would suppose that the obvious advantages of such an efficient machine would have brought it speedily into use wherever parliamentary government prevailed. But the young inventor found no market for it.

So far as I know such a vote recorder is in use only in some of our progressive western states. I saw it in the lower house of the legislature of Texas—or was it Oklahoma? When a vote was called for, each representative pressed a button on his desk and instantly there flashed on the board at the end of the hall electric lights showing how many, and who, voted aye, voted no, were absent or were present and not voting. The automatic voter delivered at once to the clerk a complete and permanent record.

THE MEMBER FROM OHIO VOTES
NO

Then when I came back to Washington, I found the House of Representatives consuming its time and the country's money in calling the roll of 435 names. The seventy-first Congress was following the ways of the first, having learned nothing in this respect from the scientific methods of modern business. The mother of parliaments, being older, is still farther behind the time. When a vote is taken in the House of Commons the members all move out of the chamber and then troop in to be counted at the door like sheep.

Think of the suffering Democrats packed in Madison Square Garden from June 24 to July 10, 1924, listening all day long to the calling of the roll. They called this roll 103 times to nominate Davis, consuming I don't know how many hours, whereas if they had put in a machine like Edison's they could have finished 103 ballotings in seventeen minutes.

The Acid Test for Letters

It is unfortunate for us, who have to read more and read more rapidly than any previous people, that typography originated as an imitative art. The prejudice against printing was strong at the beginning. The early printers tried to overcome this handicap by showing that their books, while cheaper, were as good, or almost as good, as the best manuscripts made. Therefore, they took over the letter forms that had been gradually worked out by generations of scribes. But these forms had been developed more with regard to ease of writing than to ease of reading. Since then many styles of type have been devised but mostly with a view to elegance of shape, according to the taste of the time and country, rather than to legibility. The consequence of this is that we suffer from eye-strain, headache and other maladies.

By the worst of luck some of the letters most frequently employed in English are the hardest to read. A psychologist of Stanford, Miles A. Tinker, has recently determined the confusability of the different characters in common type by exposing the letters on a revolving disk to six persons for periods varying from one one-hundredth to one-tenth of a second. He finds that the order of legibility, beginning with those that are most quickly and accurately read, is, for the small letters, as follows: k d q b-p m w f h j y r-t x v z c o a-u g e-i-n s l. A hyphen means that the letters are equal in legibility.

Now, the order of legibility is in some respects the reverse of the order of frequency. The order of occurrence as determined from type fonts and by counting pages of various books is: e a n o t h s r d i m u f c l w p g-y f v k-j q x z. From this we see that e, a and n, which stand low in the list of legibility, are among the commonly used, while z, q and k, which are rarely used, are easiest to read.

The worst of the lot is e, for this is the most frequently used of all the letters and it is distinguishable from c only by a hair line. So serious are the blunders in this case that some newspaper offices and correspondents substitute the small capital letter (ᴇ) for the lower case (e). This does not look well but is undeniably more legible. An alteration almost as effective and less disturbing to the taste would be to set the hair line of the e on a slant (*e*) instead of making it horizontal. Another suggestion is to substitute the Greek epsilon (ε) for our e.

The hair lines, or serifs, with which the type designers adorn the ends of their strokes, as did the scribes with their quill pens, are frequently the cause of confusion. If, for instance, the serifs should be left off the inner side of n and u (thus: n and u) leaving the curve more open, these letters would be more easily distinguishable.

The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 40

damned redskin, Dunn, had set fire to the cabin roof. It was an old roof of shacks an' brush, an' shore dry. Burn? You should have heerd it! We didn't have a hell of a lot of time. Fire began to drop on us. Lookin' out I seen thet the cowboys had bunched over at the edge of the woods, jest out of gunshot. I seen also thet the smoke from the cabin was blowin' low an' gettin' thicker. 'Men,' I says, 'we've got one chanct an' a slim one. Take it or leave it. I'm gonna run out under cover of thet smoke, an' make a break for cover. Anyway, it's better to be shot than burn up or hang. Take your choice. But whoever's comin' with me start when I yell.' "

MALLOY took another long pull at his pipe, and his wonderful eyes, flaring with lightning, swept down over the wild brakes and along the wandering gray wall of rock.

"I waited till a thick lot of smoke rolled off the roof," went on Malloy, "an' then I yelled, 'Let 'er rip!' An' I run fer it, a gun in each hand. To do 'em credit, every last man in the cabin charged with me. But what'n hell could they do? . . . Wal, I got a bullet in the laig fust thing, an' I went down. But I got up an' run as best I could. You'd have thought an army had busted loose—there was so much shootin'. An' bullets—say, they was like bees! But we had the smoke with us, or not one man jack of us would have escaped.

"Shore I was shootin', but, bein' crippled an' on the run, I was shootin' pore. I nailed one of them punchers, though, an' I seen another one fall. Thet one was daid before he hit the ground. But someone else allowed fer him. . . . I got to the timber an' fell in the brush, where you bet I laid low. I reckoned my laig was broke. But I wasn't even bad shot, and when I got it tied up I felt better. The shootin' an' yellin' soon ended. I peeped through the brush . . . an' what do you reckon I seen?"

"Some rustler swingin'," returned Stone, hazarding a guess.

"Nope. It was thet caird sharp Darnell. But when I seen him fust they hadn't swung him up. I could hear him beggin'. But thet Diamond bunch was shore silent an' swift. They jerked him clear, till he kicked above their haids. I seen his tongue stick out . . . then his face go black. . . . An' next went up Lang an' Joe Tanner. They had their little kick. . . . I watched, but seen no more rustlers swing. But shore Prentis an' Dunn would have nailed some of them on the run. I crawled away farther an' hid under a spruce thet had branches low on the ground. I lay there all day, till I was shore the cowpunchers had rid away. Then I went into the spruces where me an' Blacky had hid our horses. His was gone, but mine was there. I sneaked him off into the woods, an' worked round to the trail. All night! This mawnin' I run into Blacky, who'd got away without a scratch. An' Sam, who hadn't been in the cabin, seen us from his hidin' place, an' whistled. . . . An', wal, hyar we air."

"Croak, you might have reckoned on some such mess as thet," said Stone, gravely.

"Shore I might, but I didn't. Jed, I've had too damn' much money lately. Thet gambler het up my blood. I'm sorriest most thet I didn't plug him. But it was a hell of a lot of satisfaction to see him kick."

"No wonder. I'd like to have been there. . . . So the Hash Knife is done! Croak, what do you aim at now?"

"Lay low an' wait," replied the gunman. "We shore can find men to build up the outfit again."

"Never—if young Traft got killed in thet fight," retorted Stone, vehemently, "old Jim would rake the Tonto with guns an' ropes."

" 'Course I don't know who got shot, outside of the two cowboys I seen drop. The one I shot wasn't young Traft, an' neither was the other. An' they wasn't Slinger Dunn or Prentis, either. . . . Boss, have you seen Sonora?"

"No. He hasn't been in fer days," replied Stone.

Malloy held his pipe far away from him and sniffed the air.

"Damn it, am I loony, or do I smell blood?"

"I reckon you smell blood all right, Croak, old boy," returned Stone, jocularly.

"How so? I'm shore washed clean." Suddenly, with his gaze on Stone, narrowing and shrewd with conjecture, he felt with his foot the pack upon which it had rested. "What the hell?"

Then with a singularly violent action he swept away the tarpaulin, to disclose Bambridge, a ghastly sight for even calloused men; and the pool of blood, only partly dried up, and the gun lying near on the floor.

"*Bambridge!*" he exclaimed, in cold and ringing speculation. "Boss, you done fer him?"

"I reckon. He throwed a gun on me, Croak," replied Stone, rising to go to the wall, where he poked a finger in a bullet hole in one of the yellow logs. "Look here."

"Ahuh. . . . Wal, you saved me the trouble, mebbe. . . . Shot yestiddy, I reckon. What'd he have on him?"

"Ask Madden. He searched him."

"Hyar, Maddy, come out pronto," he yelled, and when the cook ran out breathless and anxious he went on: "This was your bad news, eh?"

"Nope, I didn't reckon thet bad. But he had only aboot five hundred on him, an' some papers."

"Huh. Five hundred what?" demanded Malloy.

"Dollars—in gold double eagles."

"An' this two-bit cattle thief reckoned he'd bribe me with thet!" he ejaculated, in disgust. "Wal, Maddy, give me one of them gold birds fer luck, an' keep the rest. . . . An' say, somebody'll have to plant this stiff. . . . Blacky, you an' Madden gotta dig a grave fer our departed guest. Dig it right out hyar alongside the porch, an' put up a stone or somethin', so when I see it I'll be reminded of what a foolish galoot I am."

"Reckon you'd better search him again, Madden," added Stone. "Bambridge was the kind of hombre who'd sew bills up inside his clothes."

THE two outlaws, enthusiastic in obedience, lost no time complying. Stone turned away from the gruesome sight. But Malloy watched with a sardonic grin.

"Jed, I don't notice thet you've gone back any on the draw," he remarked. "You shore hit him plumb center. . . . An', wal, I guess I gotta take it as a friendly act on your part, though I seen red fust off."

That day and the night passed. Stone grew more thoughtful. It did not surprise him to see Sam Tanner saddle a horse and ride away while Malloy lay asleep. These two men would never have gotten along.

(*Continued on page 60*)

●

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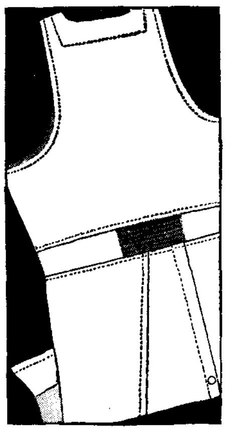

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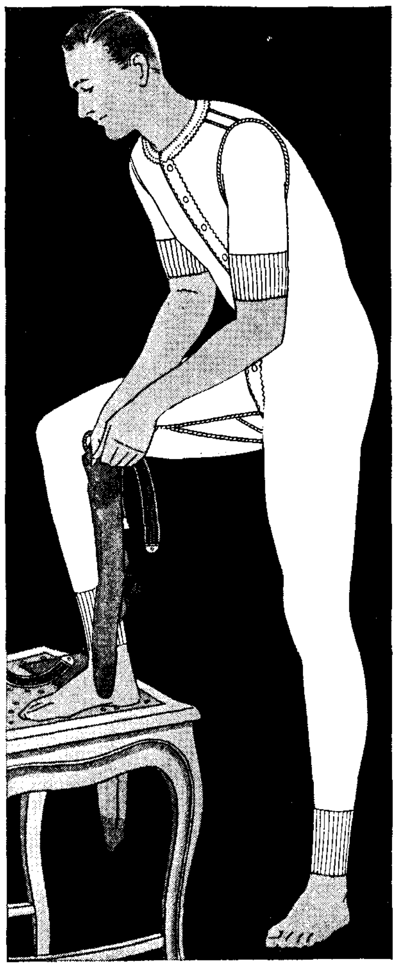

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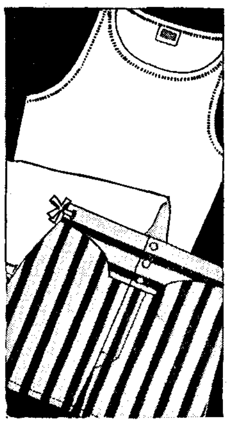

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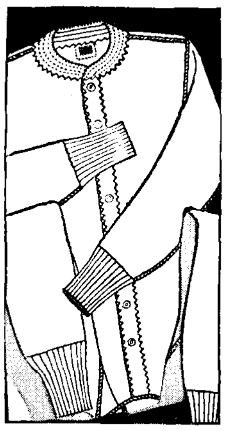
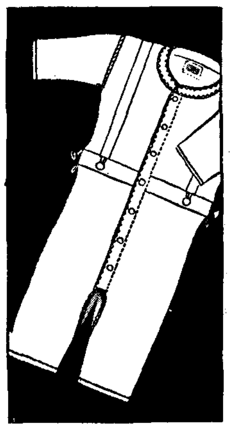


Red Label Elastic-knit Heavyweights, $1.25 *to* $1.50. *Shirts and drawers*, 75c *to* $1.



Merrichild Waist Suits for boys and girls, age 2 *to* 12, 85c. *Boys', age* 2 *to* 16, *"heavies,"* 75c *to* $1.

SLIP into a suit of HANES Gold Label Elastic-knit Lightweight Underwear. It's shown in the center illustration. There's luxury. There's fit—from the "no roll," "no gap" collarette right down to ankles that never pucker or bunch. This remarkable garment is not too light for cool days, not too heavy for mild days. A favorite all year round, where weather is never extreme. It is comfortable for work or play.

Comfort! That's a word all men understand. And when it costs as little as it does in HANES there's no point in being satisfied with less.

For more than twenty-five years HANES has offered the biggest values in knitted underwear for men and boys. You should see these garments made. From the time the long-fibred cotton fluffs out of the bales till the final okeh is put on the packaged underwear, HANES standards *must* be met.

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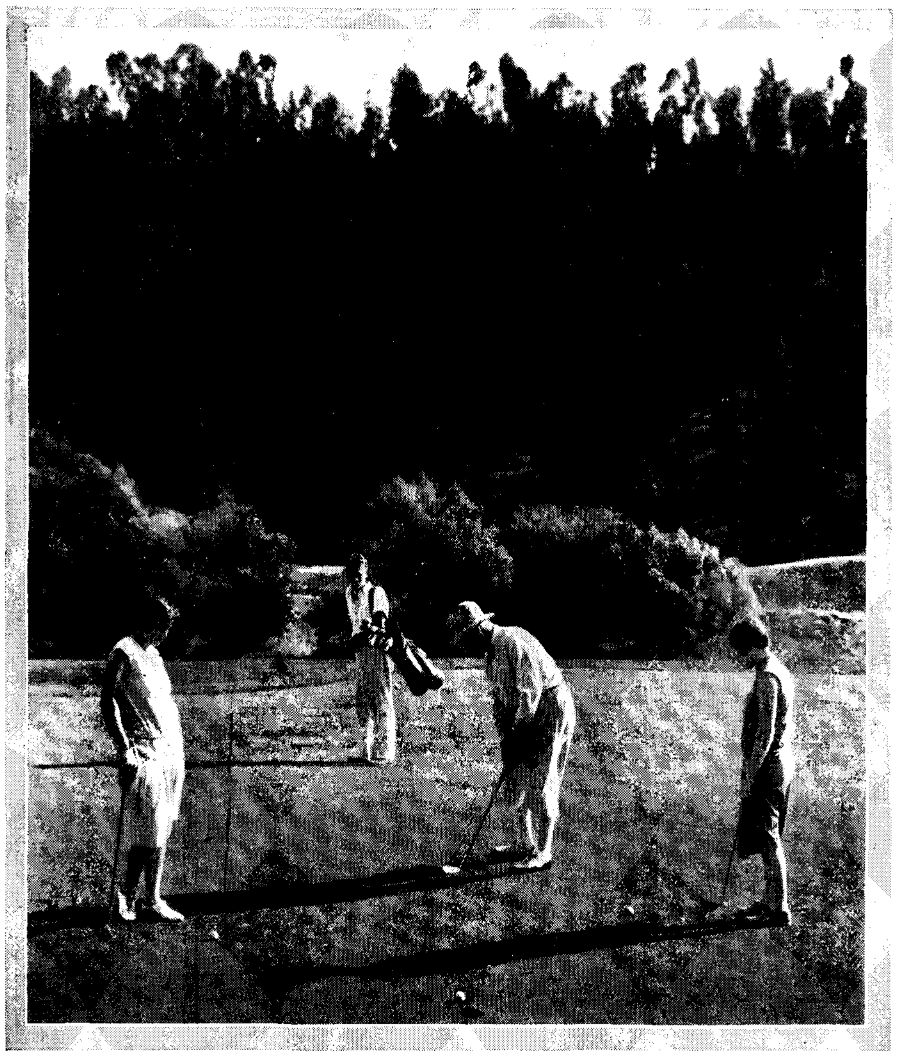

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Here you will see...not only spectacular scenery . . . but some of the world's best known and most talked of people. For the talkies have brought hundreds of famous American actors to Los Angeles ...many of the most popular writers live here . . . and even Europe is now complaining that so many headline artists are migrating to Hollywood . . . and other moving picture centers of the city.

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Winter is only a name here . . . frequently the mountains are topped with snow . . . but in the green valleys there is warm and mellow sunshine, there is the scent of orange blossoms in the air . . . and birds are singing in the tree tops.

Southern California is an all year resort...most of its hotels are open twelve months in the year . . . and your living costs need be no more than you spend when home.

We would like to send you a de lux book showing this southland in picture. Please fill out and mail coupon for "Southern California through the Camera"... it contains 71 large photographs in gravure...which include many of the sights you'll wish to see.

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Southern California
"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"

(*Continued from page 59*)

Stone walked under the wall, and found his way into the hidden recesses of a wide fissure which opened out into a canyon, choked with green thicket and splintered sections of cliff, where silence and peace reigned. He could not stay longer at the cabin. Any hour that wild Diamond outfit might ride up there. Stone realized that Malloy expected it and certainly would not remain. Tanner had taken no chances. But Stone was reluctant to relinquish his revenge.

He lay on the pine-needle mat of brown, and fought the thing out. Malloy, so far as was possible for one of his character, had certain virtues worthy of respect if not regard. He had not approved of the leadership of the Hash Knife and had openly opposed it. On the other hand he was not an enemy of Stone. He trusted him. He would not have cheated him. And so Stone beat down the insistent voice that called to him to murder Malloy in cold blood. He would be truer to the old creed of the Hash Knife. Let Malloy go his way, build up another rustler outfit, and meet his inevitable end. That must come soon. These young Arizonians like Dunn and Prentis were not to be stopped, or if they were, others as resourceful and deadly would arise. Arizona was slow but sure. Jed Stone would disappear and never be heard of again. That idea had its strong attraction. The range rumor would go abroad—the Hash Knife leader gone.

STONE felt an amazing relief at the joint renunciation of his desperate resolve and the sense of his vanishing from the Tonto. As he lay under its spell the pain at giving up these wild lonely canyons and tangled brakes he loved so, seemed to mitigate. There were other places where wilderness survived—where the forest was sweet and insulating.

And from that strange hope it took only a single leap of consciousness to land him on the verge of abandoning forever the crooked trail of the rustler, the outlaw. Almost before he realized it the transformation happened—not to character, for he was too old to change, but to its objective—to the necessity of stealing to live, and of fighting to survive. He had in his possession now more money than he had ever had at one time, enough to start ranching as he had dreamed of it twenty years before. Something had clarified his intelligence. Where were the clamoring fears attendant on the fugitive from justice? Vanished. It was a joke that he might be apprehended for that old crime of which he bore the stigma. And outside of Arizona who would know him or want to pry into his past? Many a successful cattleman or sheepman had gotten his start by questionable means. Stone knew this because he knew such men.

Pecos would be waiting for him up at the headwaters of the Little Colorado. Stone decided that the sooner he started the better for him. There was a shadow over the yellow cabin built by Malloy, and more than that cast by the bulk of the looming wall. Besides, he hardly trusted himself so long as he remained in propinquity to the remnant of the Hash Knife.

Upon Stone's return to the cabin, at sunset, he found it deserted. Malloy and his two comrades had departed in a hurry, leaving the interior of the cabin in a state of confusion. He felt no surprise. It had happened before. Still there might have been good reason for such a departure. Sonora might have returned or anything could have happened. Hastily packing some food supplies and a blanket Stone made his way under cover of the wall to the corral. His horse was among the several horses left. In a few moments Stone rode down the slope into the darkening forest.

THREE mornings later, in the first rosy flush of sunrise, when the black squirrels were chattering and the blue-jays screeching, Jed Stone struck into a blazed trail new to him and which led to a newly graded road. This he concluded was the road recently cut down into Yellowjacket.

He would have suffered a pang for this desecration of the wilderness but for the satisfaction and even melancholy happiness which had increased during his slow and wary working up toward Clear Creek and Cottonwood Canyon, from which junction he could find his way to the Little Colorado. He had meat and salt, hard biscuits and coffee enough for the journey.

Up out of the canyon country, now, on the level of the slowly rising plateau, where forest of pine began to be sprinkled with open patches of desert of cedar and piñon and sage, he relaxed something of vigilance, and made much faster time. Because of this he discovered presently that he had ridden some distance over fresh horses' tracks before he had observed them.

"That's queer," he soliloquized, halting. "They shore weren't in the road back there a ways."

Riders had come along here that very morning, and they had certainly cut off into the woods somewhere between this point and back where Stone had noticed the clean, untracked road.

The fact was disturbing, but after he had reflected a moment he made sure that he would have heard and seen them long before they could have discovered him. For he had been alone, and though relaxed somewhat from strain he still exercised keen eyes and ears. They had turned off not to avoid him, but for reasons of their own.

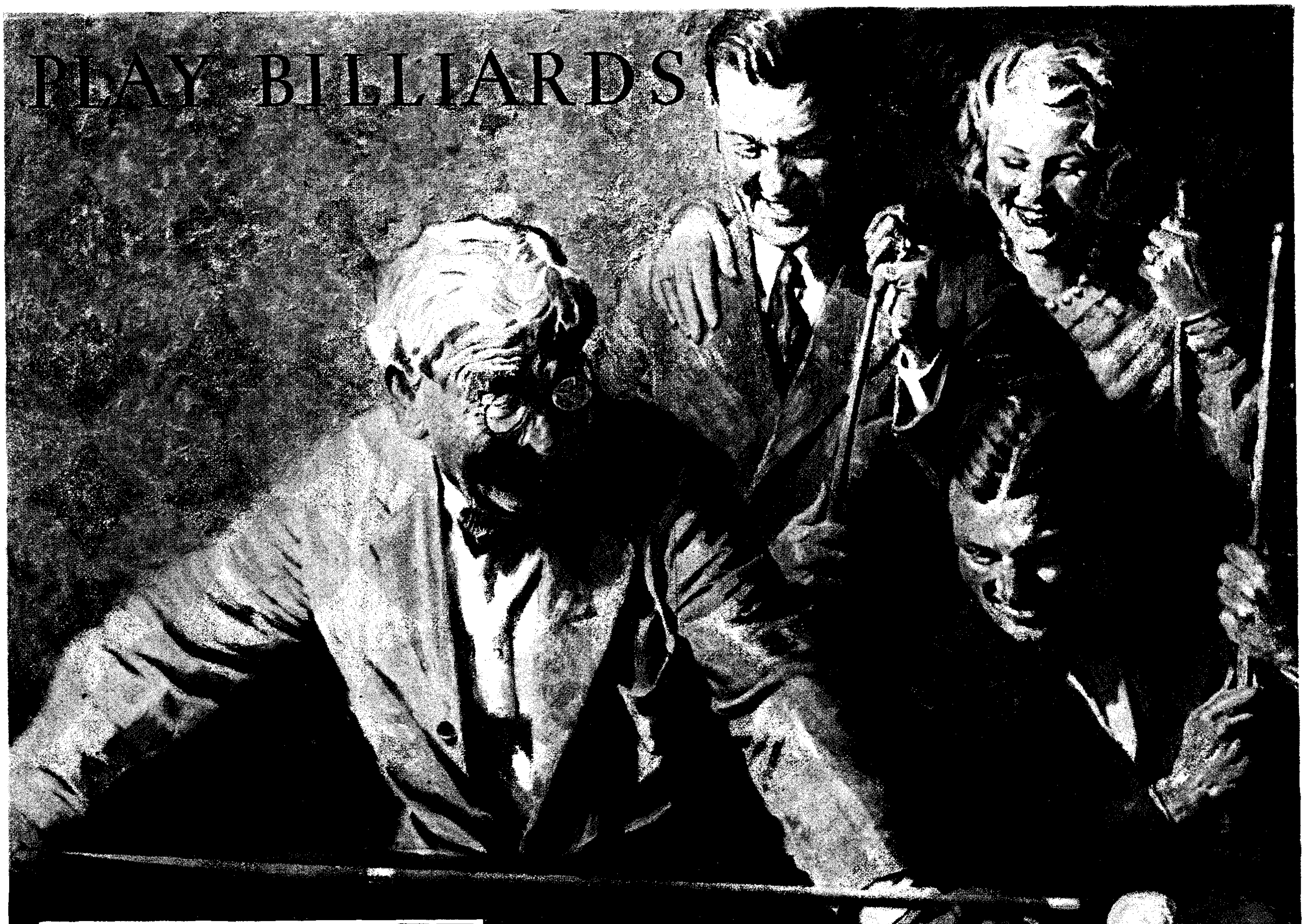
Stone spurred on and rode at a brisk canter for a while, anxious to get to the Cottonwood country, where again he could take to the deep forest. But when he came to the junction of the new road with the old one he was halted by plain evidences of a holdup. A vehicle of some sort had come along here headed south and had gone no farther along either road. Stone found a canvas bag, open and rifled of its contents, and thrown aside. The ground about had been so cut up with hoofs that he could read but little from the tracks. But soon he ascertained that the wheel tracks turned back the way they had come.

"WAL, now, jest what come off heah?" he muttered. He was accustomed to read the signs of the open. These might have meant little, and again they might have meant a great deal. Stone sensed the latter, and he searched the roadside until he found along the wheel tracks a bloody glove that had fallen into the weeds.

"Ahuh. I smelled it—as Croak would say," declared Stone. "I'm jest curious now to catch up with whatever had these wheels."

Whereupon he put his horse to a gallop, walk and trot, and lope, according to the stretches of road open far ahead or turning through the cedars. And in an hour or less he sighted a buckboard with one occupant driving slowly north. Stone kept on. He would have a look at that driver and his vehicle. A strong instinct prompted this, not all curiosity. He did not need to come to close quarters with the driver. This individual wore no hat; he had gray hair; he sagged in his seat, now with his head hunched between square shoulders and again with it lifted doggedly. Stone, after the manner of riders of his kind,

(*Continued on page 63*)



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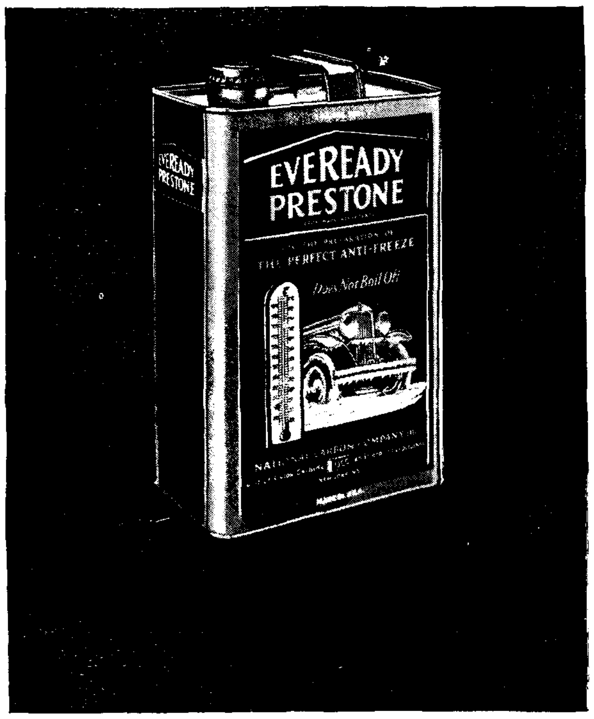

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The Yellowjacket Feud

Continued from page 60

like hounds on scent, caught the color of blood on stones along the roadside. Then he spurred his horse into a run.

Before he caught up with the buckboard it stopped, and the man turned, evidently having heard the thudding hoofs behind. As Stone flashed up, to haul his horse to a sliding halt, he caught sight of the dark face of a Mexican lying on the floor behind the back seat. Stone had seen too many dead men not to know this was one.

"HEY, old-timer—" Then he experienced a violent, heart-stabbing start. He was staring into the hard, convulsed visage of a man he had not seen for twenty years yet whom he instantly recognized. A wrench tore Stone. "Dog-gone me, if it ain't Jim!"

"Howdy, Jed," replied the rancher, grimly. "An' what do *you* want?"

"Me? Hell, nothin', except to ask what's happened? I run across your tracks a ways back. Looked like a hold-up to me. An' I knew it when I found this glove."

Stone pulled out the stained glove, which he had tucked under the pommel of his saddle.

"Belonged to my driver, Pedro, lyin' there," said Traft, nodding at the dead man. "But, shore, you know what come off."

"I don't. I know nothin'. I've been three days ridin' out of the brakes. I jest run across you."

"Jed Stone, can you expect me to believe thet?" queried Traft, incredulously.

"Reckon I expect it, Jim, 'cause I swear it's true," replied Stone, and gazed straight into the steel-blue eyes bent so piercingly and accusingly, and yet so strangely, upon him. That look bridged the long, cruel years back to the dim cowboy days.

"You don't know I've been held up an' robbed by Croak Malloy?" demanded Traft, derisively.

"By God! . . . You have? . . . No, Jim, I didn't know."

"Nor thet he killed my driver?"

"I didn't know, Jim," repeated Stone, now with terrible earnestness to be believed by this old rancher.

"Jed, I reckon I don't see any reason for you lyin' to me. Many years ago you lied to me—an' that lie ruined you an' saved me. But don't lie now."

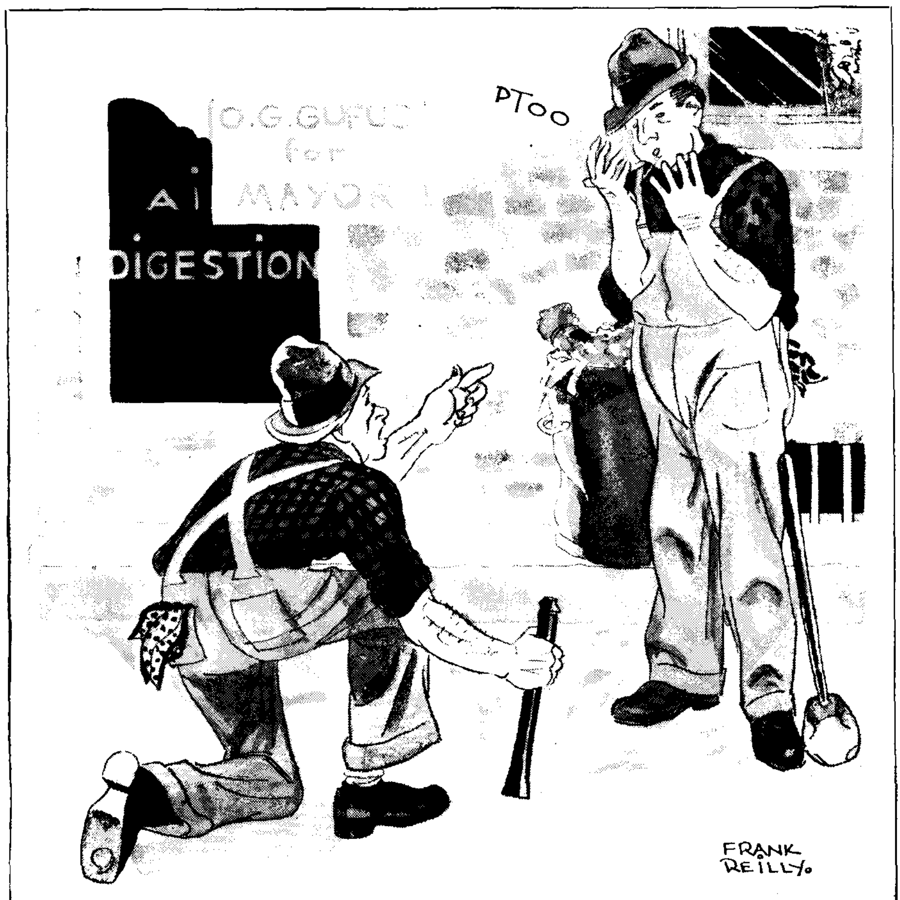
"Jim, I'm not lyin'. I swear to God! . . . I'd quit the Hash Knife. I left our hole down in the brakes three days ago. My outfit's done. Malloy broke it up. I'm leavin' Arizona forever an' this life I've led."

After a protracted study of Stone's face the rancher burst out: "My Gawd, Jed, I'm glad. An' it's shore a queer meetin' for me an' you. . . . But listen. I was goin' down to Yellowjacket to surprise my nephew Jim. I had his sweetheart, Molly Dunn, with me, an' his sister, Gloriana. We slept last night at Miller's sheep ranch, I reckon some fifteen miles up the road. An' at the turn-off down there we got held up by three men. I didn't know Malloy till one of his pardners called him Croak. . . .

"WAL, when Pedro drove on, at my order, Malloy rode up an' shot him. An' you bet he'd have done fer me but fer an idee he got. Anyway they robbed me, an' yanked the girls out of the buckboard. They had to hawg-tie Molly. She shore fought. Malloy says, 'Traft, I'll give you three days to come to Tobe's Well with ten thousand dollars. Put the money in the loft of the cabin, next the chimney. We'll see you come, or whoever you send. An' these girls will be set free. Mebbe a little wuss fer love makin'!' . . . The little ruffian said jest thet, an' grinned aboot it. I agreed. An' he let me go."

"Jim, if I know Malloy he let you off easy," declared Stone, sharply, and he reined his horse over close to the buckboard. "I struck their tracks down by the new road. An' I know aboot where they cut off into the woods. . . .

(*Continued on page 64*)



"Careful now, Bill; I've just had a manicure!"

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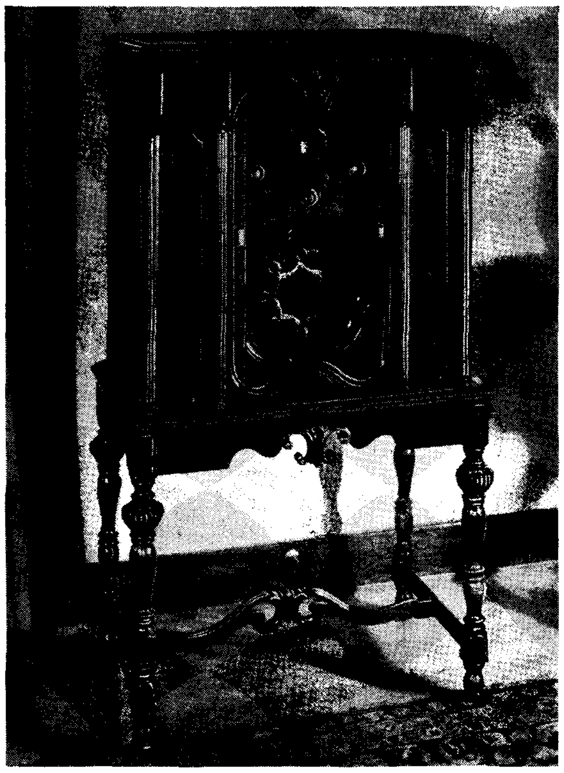

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(*Continued from page 63*)

Jim, I'll trail Malloy, an' go round an' haid him off, or come up on him at Tobe's Well. Mebbe I better make a short cut an' beat him there. . . . But I'll come up on him before dark. An' I'll get the girls."

"Jed Stone, are you aimin' fer thet ten thousand?" demanded Traft.

"I don't want a dollar. I'll do this because—wal, because I liked young Jim, an' because I'd starve before I'd do you another dirty deal. At thet Malloy an' Bambridge rung me into the only one. An' I killed Bambridge fer doin' it."

"You killed Bambridge!" ejaculated the rancher.

"I shore did. An' Croak told me he'd seen thet gambler Darnell kickin' at the end of a rope. But, Jim, you'll hear all thet pronto. I'll have to rustle. . . . One thing more: Malloy may kill me. I reckon I can outfigger him, but to be on the safe side you'd better send a trusty rider with thet money, an' after you do, make a bee line for Yellowjacket. For I'll fetch the girls there."

"Jed Stone, by—heaven— Wait!" faltered the old cattleman.

But Stone had spurred away, to call over his shoulder: "So long, Jim—old pard!"

LIKE the wind Stone raced back down the road, and as soon as he was sure of direction he cut across the cedared desert, and into the woods, where gallop and trot soon brought him upon Malloy's tracks. He followed them, and marveled at the inscrutability of chance, at the inevitableness of life—at this meeting with Jim. After all he was not to ride away from the brakes without the blood of Croak Malloy on his hands. How his heart leaped at the just cause! For as surely as his keen eyes were finding the tracks over moss and pine needles, he realized he would kill Malloy.

The hours of the day were as moments. Forest and ravine, pine and spruce, rock and log all looked alike to Stone. Yet he recognized familiar country when he rode into it. By midafternoon he had approached the vicinity of Tobe's Well, a wonderful natural hollow in the high escarpment overlooking the Cibeque. Stone left the trail he was hounding, and going around came up on the rim from the south. Horses rolling below in the sandy patches! Smoke curling from the stone chimney of the log cabins! Saddles and packs under the great silver spruce!

Jed Stone led his horse around the rim and down a dim seldom-trodden trail to the opening into the circular gorge.

No one hailed him as he strode along the mossy bank of the brook, under the stately pines, and on toward the cabin. The lonely isolation of the place invited carelessness. But Stone muttered: "They must be powerful keen on what's inside. Reckon I didn't get here too soon."

Dropping the bridle-reins he strode on to the open door. It was a big, bright cabin, open on the lee side. And as he glanced in he heard a girl's low cry, deep, broken with emotion. He saw a dark little girl with gold-brown hair, all tossed and tangled, lying bound, half upright against a pile of packs. That was Molly Dunn. He did not need to look twice. His eyes swept on.

Madden was on his knees, his hands white with flour, but on the moment he appeared riveted. Reeves stood back, his face set toward Malloy, who manifestly had just torn the blouse off a white-faced, white-shouldered girl, shrinking before him.

The moment had been made for Jed Stone. He recognized it, and saw, as if by magic, how far in the past it had its incipiency and now had reached fulfillment. He gloried in it!

He stepped inside to call out, harshly: "What the hell's goin' on?"

It was the first occasion on which he had ever seen Malloy surprised, but perhaps the thousandth when he had seen him angry. Stone felt his sudden presence had been decidedly inopportune for his erstwhile partner and his accomplices.

"Aw, it's the boss!" gasped Madden, in an explosion of breath that suggested relief.

"Who's been chasin' *you?*" burst out Malloy, and with a gesture of impatience he flung down the torn blouse.

"*Jed Stone!*" screamed Molly Dunn, and if ever a voice thrilled Stone this one did then. She had recognized him. Even on the moment he remembered the times he had patted Molly's curly head when she was a mere tot, had bought her candy at the store in West Fork, had often lifted her upon his horse, and in later years, when she was grown into a pretty girl, he had talked with her on occasions when he rode to and fro from the Cibeque to the Tonto.

"Wal, I reckon ten thousand devils might be chasin' me, fer all you'd care, Croak," replied Stone. "I jest happened in on you here."

"Damn' queer, an' I call it tough. You're wuss'n an old woman," complained Malloy.

"Who're these girls an' what're you doin' with them?"

"Jed, we got into another brush down in the brakes," replied Malloy. "Damn' if it wasn't full of cowpunchers. But we give them the slip. An' comin' out we run plumb into old Jim Traft an' these gurls. It gave me a great idee. An' hyar air the gurls while old Jim is raisin' the dust back to Flag."

"My Gawd! Not old Jim Traft—the rancher?" burst out Stone, loudly, in pretended consternation.

"Shore. I said old Jim, didn't I?"

"An' these girls are friends or kin of his?"

"Shore. I reckon you'd know Molly Dunn if you'd look. She knowed you all right. The other is young Jim Traft's sister."

"An' you aim to make money out of them?"

"I shore do."

"An' make game of them while the money's comin'?" demanded Stone, harshly.

"Wal, thet's none of your bizness, Jed," rejoined Malloy, testily. Habit was strong upon him. This interruption had upset him, and he had scarcely adapted himself to it.

BUT Stone, acting his part, intense and strong, saw already that Malloy's mind had not grasped the situation.

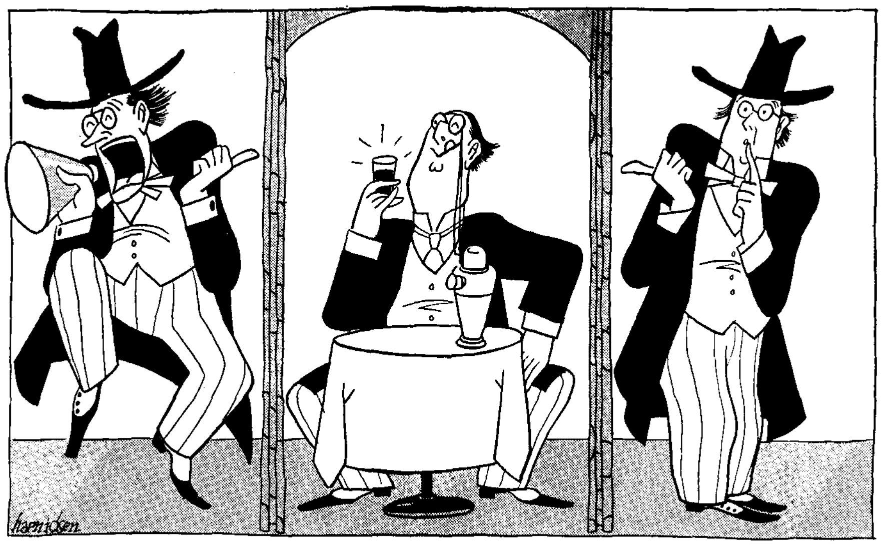
"Man, are you crazy?" shouted Stone. "Jim Traft will have a hundred cowboys ridin' on your trail. You couldn't hit it—with nine horses. They'll catch you—they'll hang you."

"Hang nothin'. Jed, you're the one who's crazy. What's got into you lately?" replied Malloy, in plaintive amaze and disgust. "You're gettin' old or you've lost your nerve."

"Croak, you've done fer the Hash Knife, an' now this deal will set the whole country ablaze."

Malloy stared his amaze. Stone, seizing the instant, strode to and fro in apparent despair, and wringing his hands he wheeled away. But when he turned, swift as light, he held a gun spouting red. The little gunman died on his feet, without a movement, even of that terribly sensitive right hand. But he fell face down, showing where the bullet had blown off the back of his head.

(*To be continued next week*)



A Wickersham Battle

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

PROHIBITION flared up again when Senator Howell accused President Hoover of not doing his utmost to enforce the dry law in Washington, and the President retorted by asking Mr. Howell to furnish any evidence he had in his possession that the dry law was being violated in the national capital.

Senator Brookhart jumped into the fray with some evidence that on one occasion the dry law had been violated; to wit, at a dinner party given by a Wall Street business man. The Iowa crusader noticed one senator at the party, the distinguished dry senator from Utah, Mr. Smoot.

This is the nearest anyone in Washington has come to telling tales, actually snitching. Drinking and telling, or seeing somebody else drink, and telling, is on a par with kissing and telling in the existing ethical code. It is something no gentleman does.

But what one wonders is why any Wall Street business man old enough to be trusted alone on the streets should have given a wet party and invited to it only two of the driest members of the Senate. Weren't there any other senators or representatives at this feast? And if so, didn't some of them—?

I can't even finish the sentence!

Did any men in the Senate chamber tremble when Mr. Brookhart said, "I saw the senator from Utah there," waiting to see whether he would go on with other revelations more intimately concerning themselves?

What should a dry senator like Mr. Brookhart do under such circumstances? Walk out of the dining-room when he saw some amber-colored liquid being poured into tall glasses containing ice? Walk out and call the police? Or merely say that he saw at the party some dry senator whose excuse was that, being a gentleman, he thought disapproving guests didn't tell tales on their host?

The attack of two Republican senators on a Republican President shows how nasty a temper is developing over prohibition.

Postponed Till After Election

Mr. Hoover is content not to borrow trouble. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. As a device for obtaining a respite the appointment of the Wickersham commission was admirable. But one wonders if the respite will last until the Wickersham commission is ready to report.

The general expectation is that it will take the commission till after the congressional election in 1930 to find out all the facts and agree how to make prohibition more of a reality than it is today. Certainly the Republican senators and representatives who will be up for reëlection do not wish to talk to their constituents about the Wickersham prohibition plan. They don't want the prohibition issue projected into their campaigns.

The Danger of Revolt

Many think that Mr. Wickersham's personal suggestion that the nation throw part of the job of enforcing prohibition on the states, confining itself to preventing smuggling, manufacturing and shipping illicit beverages across state lines, has President Hoover's approval.

From the standpoint of a national administration there is a lot to be said for it. For every President from now on is going to be confronted by this dilemma if he does not successfully enforce the dry law. Attacks upon him, such as that Senator Howell made upon President Hoover, will grow in volume and violence. And if he does attempt enforcement he will make it bear so hard upon the individual citizen that there will be a revolt against him.

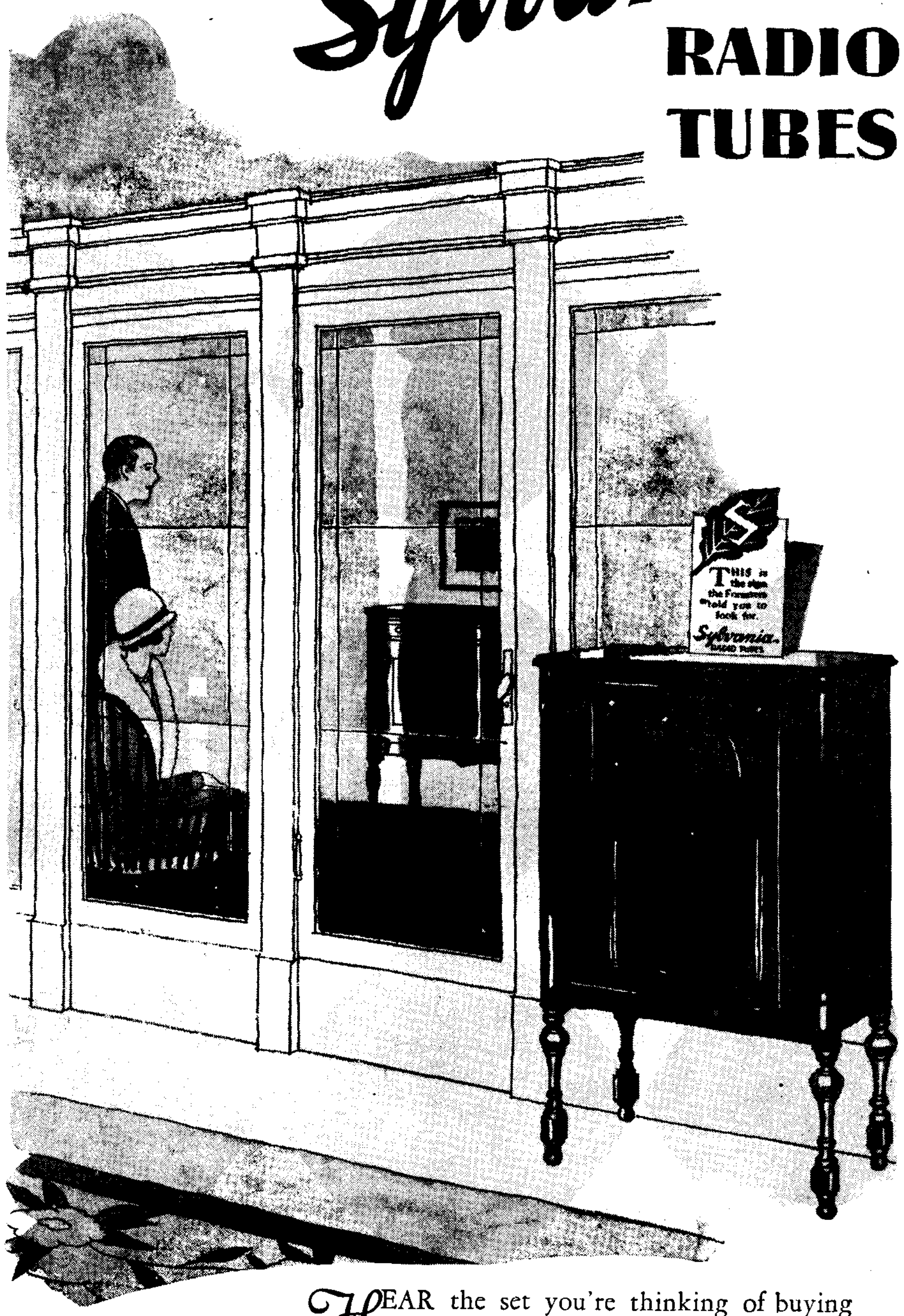
The hard part of enforcing prohibition is making it pinch the individual voter so that he will show his resentment at the polls. The individual does not care how vigorously the government goes after the bootlegger and the smuggler, believing that no matter what the government does he will still be able to obtain his supply. But he does not want to go to jail himself.

The element which drinks in spite of prohibition may be a small percentage of the population. But it constitutes an important minority of the electorate. And under a two-party system of government any considerable determined minority is more feared than the great inactive bulk of the population. It can usually get laws on the statute books. Or it can prevent the enforcement of laws that do not meet its favor.

Mr. Wickersham's plan would throw all the disagreeable and politically dangerous part of the dry law enforcement back on the states, and leave that part of enforcement to which the drinking public is comparatively indifferent to the Federal government.

It would also put a considerable burden of cost on the states. I don't think the gentlemen of the House and Senate, when they hear from the politicians back home, will vote for it. They will find a good reason in the word "concurrent," found in the Eighteenth Amendment, for saying that the Wickersham plan is not constitutional.

Hear it with Sylvania RADIO TUBES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The Age of Youth

Continued from page 9

the master. This time he did not stay his hand; the torn pieces of the letter fluttered into the wastebasket.

Half an hour later he was closeted with the dour Magruder, making suggestions as to the reinvestment of certain funds, which suggestions were sourly received.

Magruder sugared no pills. He was junior partner in the ablest firm of estate lawyers in America. Mr. Granby could take his business elsewhere if he liked, but there'd be no damned nonsense about the estate funds so long as Magruder had charge of them. This was the impression Magruder conveyed, and the impression was the absolutely legitimate child of his intention and his conviction.

HIS client felt like a nine-year-old boy as he rode uptown. Damn it, the possessor of twenty millions was entitled to consideration. . . . Those twenty millions had been five, however, when Granby Senior had died. In less than a quarter of a century Magruder had quadrupled the estate.

No, it was best not to affect a foolish pride with Magruder. After all—he salved his ruffled feelings—investment was Magruder's excuse for being. He, Ran Granby, had life as his excuse for being. He was—er—an artist in living. He rather liked the phrase. An artist in living. The next time one of those pert women who seemed to think that dinner was a time for chatter instead of a time for eating, asked him what he did, he would tell her that he lived.

Not bad, what? And true, when you came right down to it. The social scene must have—er—scenery, masculine as well as feminine. The mob must have something to look at, to envy, to aspire to. Well, in New York, at Newport, in Paris, in London, the mob envied Ran Granby. An artist in living. . . .

But the salve was not soothing. Magruder made him feel what he really was, a pompous figurehead who could spend money but not earn it, a millionaire who could not even defend his own millions. Whatever he thought he did, someone else, in reality, did for him.

Only the war, when he had earned a commission at Plattsburg, had flattering memories. He hadn't done badly in the war. No medals, or anything like that, but—not badly.

For a vague moment he meditated going back to Magruder, demanding that everything be turned over to him. . . . Then he lifted his eyes and noted that his car had paused, in obedience to a traffic signal, at the exact corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-seventh Street. An impulse whose origin he couldn't have discovered even had he tried, but which lay obscurely in his resentment against his fancied belittlement at the hands of Magruder, made him open the door of his car.

"Won't need you now, Meade," he said to his chauffeur. "Wait for me at the Mallet."

The driver touched his cap, and Granby joined the west-bound drift of pedestrian traffic. On the far side of Sixth Avenue he paused, a trifle disgusted with himself. After all, sordid adventure was not for him. He'd kept, for the most part, clear of such things. A cheap little hussy, whose asking-price was a thousand a month, but who, like all salesmen of things not in great demand, was doubtless prepared to take less. . . .

But she had appealed to him, to him whose life seemed to be directed by the activities of others. Well, that wasn't so, really. In fact, it was an absurdity for him even to think that way. Petulance because the specialist he engaged insisted on performing his specialty, was childish. After all, living didn't consist in buying or selling stocks and bonds or real property. Living was a higher art, and he had recently told himself that he was an artist. Why not direct his artistry toward another individual?

Why not see Miss—what was the name? Donna Raynor, yes. Why not see her? After all, her letter didn't sound gold-diggerish. It *was* gold-diggerish, but it didn't read that way. No wasted words, no high-flown appeal, not even a promise to return. . . . A letter that took certain things for granted, as only a lady might.

But that was too preposterous. Ladies, well-bred girls, didn't write to strange men, suggesting that they be financed through a hoped-for marriage. The only girls who did that sort of thing were cheap little. . . . Well, it was rather undignified, even though no one knew what you were doing, to stand on the sidewalk calling soundless names at a girl you'd never seen. Acting upon a decision which he thought he had just reached, but which had really been arrived at the second time he read Miss Raynor's letter, he passed under the shabby iron framework that stretched from the door of the Hotel Mercat to the sidewalk, and entered the building.

A negro bell boy lounged at the desk, his color no apparent bar to social conversation with a pasty-faced clerk. Granby spoke twice before the clerk deigned to notice him.

"Yeah?" he finally inquired.

"Miss Donna Raynor," Granby repeated.

"Three sixty-one," said the clerk.

"Would you be good enough to announce me?" asked Granby.

The clerk stared at him with ill favor. Languidly he reached for a desk telephone.

"Gent to see Raynor, three sixty-one," he said.

He listened a moment, continuing his stare. Then,

"Go right up," he said.

THE caller shrugged faintly. So; not only could the hotel dispense with announcements of the names of visitors, but the occupants of the rooms stood on no formality. Distaste for the adventure almost overcame him. But he stepped into an elevator, alighted at the third floor, and a moment later was knocking at the door of room three sixty-one.

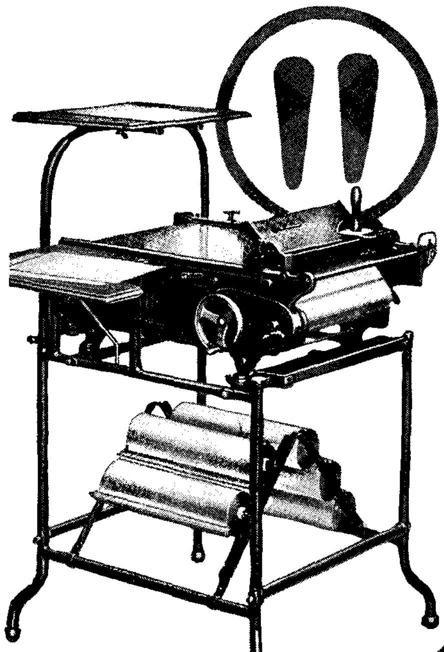
A voice, whose harsh modulations survived the muffling of the door between, answered and bade him enter. He turned the knob and entered the room.

At a desk that had perhaps, in the days of the hotel's grandeur, been part of a lightly pretty French suite, but which was now as shabby as everything else in the place, sat a girl. She was everything, from exposed legs to frizzled hair, what Granby's first mental description of Donna Raynor had been. A cheap, blatant, assertive, salable gold digger.

"Well, sweetie," she greeted him, "leave the bill on the table and tell your boss that Miss Raynor will give it her closest personal attention when her father's estate is settled."

"Are you Miss Raynor?" Granby asked.

"Who's asking me?" she inquired.



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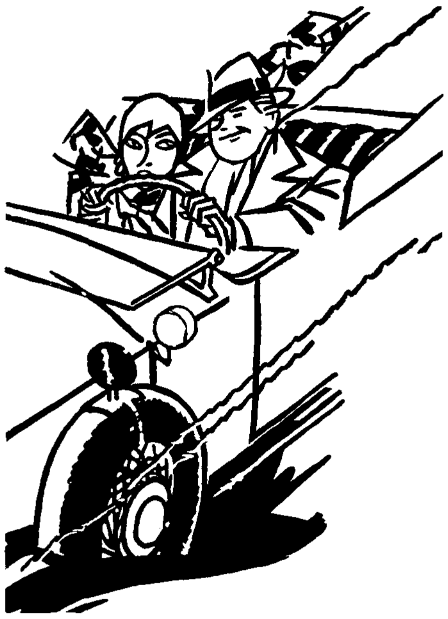

Here come double-action shaves!

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A large tube of Squibb's is only 40c at any drug store. Get a tube and make tomorrow's shave the finest you ever had.

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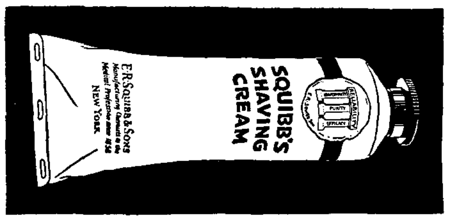

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THIS aristocrat of radio tubes—Ken-Rad from Kentucky—is giving a new voice to thousands of radio sets the country over—bringing glorious volume and clarity to sets that have been handicapped by old or inferior tubes.

If your set shows symptoms of tonal weakness—if it is inconsistent in performance—then you should consider Ken-Rad tubes for every socket . . . Ken-Rad's—because they are made with the care and precision required to give you the ultimate in radio tube performance—because every Ken-Rad is individually tested to *insure* the satisfaction you want. Accept nothing less than Ken-Rad quality.

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Ken-Rad invites you to listen to this unique and tuneful program—"Cabin Nights"—on the air every Monday evening at 10 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, 9 P. M. Central Standard Time, over stations WJZ, WBZA, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, KYW, KWK, WREN. Haunting melodies, dusky voices and lilting tunes.

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"My name is Granby—Randolph Granby," he said.

As stupid a thing as he'd ever done. To give his name, his real name, to a person like this. . . .

The person like this leaned forward in her chair. Mouth agape, she stared at him.

"Well, for the love of Mike," she exclaimed. "So you fell for that—"

Like a cat she swung from the chair. Two round, hard and not altogether clean little fists dug into her hip bones.

"Say," she cried, "I didn't believe Donna'd do a thing like that. But it doesn't make any difference if she did. She ain't going through with it. You start picking them up and laying them down until you're out of here. Get me? O-U-T spells out. On your way."

Her voice rose stridently. Through the partly opened door that Granby sensed led to a bath came another voice.

"Jinny, are you rehearsing? Or is someone there?"

The owner of the voice waited for no answer. Framed in the doorway was as pretty a girl as Granby had ever seen, and her charm was enhanced, rather than diminished, by the towel with which she rubbed at hair that had obviously just been washed.

"Miss Raynor," said Jinny in what she evidently considered a most overwhelming tone, "let me present Mr. Randolph Granby. And I hope you're ashamed of yourself, Donna Raynor," she cried.

Incontinently she fled the room.

AFTERWARD, reviewing the moment, Ran Granby decided that the situation could have been met in only one particular way, and that was the way this girl met it.

She giggled.

Now, there is no dignity in a giggle. But there is less dignity in appearing before a complete stranger, with a damp towel about obviously wet hair. Nor was the orthodoxy of the situation improved by the abrupt and disapproving departure of the girl called Jinny.

But to attempt dignity in an undignified position is to make a bad mister infinitely worse.

Amazingly, Granby found himself smiling. A moment ago he had felt that embarrassment which we feel at the humiliation of others. Not that this girl had been exactly humiliated, but he knew instinctively and instantly that she was of a different class, a different upbringing from the one called Jinny, and rebuke from inferiors is unpleasant.

"So—you answered my letter?" she said.

She sat down now. She let the towel fall upon the arm of her chair. Her bobbed hair, rumpled by recent ministrations, nevertheless was not too untidy. Granby noted that it was brown, verging on auburn, and that her candid eyes were of that hazel which seems gray. Her nose was tilted faintly, and her generous mouth was fashioned for laughter. Not a single feature, he later recalled, had beauty by itself, but the ensemble amounted to perfection. And her figure, not as frankly displayed as the other girl's, nevertheless was slim and delightful.

"Didn't you expect me to?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know. I hoped so."

She reached for a cigarette upon a shabby table beside her. The movement, languid and graceful, oddly suggested strength, as though steel muscles animated the deceivingly soft flesh in which they were clothed.

"Why were you doubtful? Had others failed you?" he inquired.

She looked at him appraisingly.

"I'd written no one else," she finally said.

"Why choose me?" he inquired.

"Because I'd seen you," she replied.

"Is that a compliment?"

"It might be that," she answered.

"Or it might easily be that I looked—er—amenable to advances?"

She slowly shook her head.

"There will be no advances."

She made the statement with a quiet calm, an indifference almost, that piqued him. He wanted no sordid adventure, but he didn't like to be told that adventure was not for him.

"You mean that the advance in your letter covered the situation?"

"I mean exactly that," she replied.

"And you expect me to give you a thousand dollars a month, for two years—"

"I don't expect you to do anything of the sort," she interrupted.

"But you wrote me—"

"I *hope* you will," she cut in.

"And you base your hope on—what?" he inquired.

"On desperation," she said.

And now the smile had gone from her lips, and there was no faint hint of gayety in the wide eyes. Her right arm made a gesture which took in the room, but indicated more than that.

"I can't stand—this, any longer," she said.

"Other girls stand it," he said.

She made no answer to this, merely looked at him.

"You say you can't stand it—you mean—"

"I mean living meanly," she said. "I mean living in a place like this, wearing clothes like these."

Even his masculine eyes took in the fact that her clothes, well-fitting though they were, were of cheap material and showed signs of wear.

"And knowing the kind of people," she went on, "that girls living in the Hotel Mercat must necessarily meet. I want to escape from it all."

"Money isn't always a means of escape," he said.

She waved the age-old bromidic remark aside.

"The only people who deride the ability of money to make life infinitely different are the people who have money," she said. "Ask any poor man—or woman—what difference money would make. Money doesn't merely mean more to eat, or more to wear, or more rooms to live in, or more entertainment. It means a different environment."

"But maybe no better," said Granby.

"Perhaps not," she conceded. "Perhaps not if you think in terms of soul-values. Maybe privation is good for the spirit. Maybe to live shabbily, to be on intimate terms with mean people—perhaps that makes for character. But I don't want any more of it."

"And I'm your way of escape, eh?" he inquired.

SHE shrugged, as though the question required no answer, or was impossible of answer by her.

"Your friend evidently thinks that some things are worse than—this," he said.

"Jinny and I think very differently," she said.

"And you think more wisely?" he asked.

She showed signs of impatience.

"It isn't a matter of wisdom, or of morality," she declared. "Jinny—well, Jinny is what she is. And make no mistake about what she is. She's what is known as a good girl. She's in the Frivols chorus. The same chorus I was in until I gave it up. Jinny is ignorant, uneducated. The chorus is a far better place than a factory. The men she meets are superior—she thinks—to the shipping clerks she'd meet if she worked in a store. She will end by marrying

(*Continued on page 68*)

A Health and Protective Food—Sauerkraut

Mrs. Leona A. Malek—one of the outstanding Dietitians of the country.

"ONE of the very first foods that should come to mind as a health and protective food is Sauerkraut. Almost since the memory of man Sauerkraut has been one of the accepted beneficial foods of the human race. Every nation has recognized the health value of Sauerkraut in the diet."

The National Association of Kraut Packers has cited in these columns the opinion of many world famous doctors and nutrition experts in praise of Sauerkraut. We are glad to add that of one of the outstanding women dietitians of the country, Mrs. Leona A. Malek, "Prudence Penny," of the Chicago Herald & Examiner. For years, Mrs. Malek has made foods a specialty and talked of them in lectures, in the press and over the radio. She has sensed the ever-growing interest of women in Sauerkraut, thousands of whom, throughout the country, owing to its health and tasteful properties, have added it to their home bills of fare. Mrs. Malek has encouraged this at every opportunity because of her belief in the virtues of Sauerkraut.

"To the family of moderate means," adds this expert, "Sauerkraut has ever been a versatile friend. It will serve as an appetizer, as a vegetable or a salad. In fact Sauerkraut even finds itself as a basis of a health candy.

"The chief cause of our susceptibility to colds is perhaps what the physicians would term 'intestinal putrefaction.' Lactic ferments are of the greatest help in cleaning up and preventing this condition. Sauerkraut juice is teeming with the friendly lactic acid bacilli made to fight your health battles for you. The value of Kraut will be recognized when you recall the stabilizing food elements it contains—vitamins and phosphorus, lime, potash, iron and calcium."

One of Mrs. Malek's favorite Sauerkraut dishes:

Baked Tomatoes and Sauerkraut. Drain the contents of a can of tomatoes, reserving the liquid. Grease a baking dish, put in a layer of solid tomatoes; sprinkle with salt, pepper and dots of butter. Cover with alternate layers of cracker crumbs, sauerkraut and tomatoes. Pour over the tomato liquid, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Emblem of First Quality

This Emblem on can or barrel means Sauerkraut in rigid accordance with U. S. Government Standards—uniform shredding, proper color, and correct lactic content. Only Association members meeting these standards are licensed to use it. Look for this Emblem on the label when buying Sauerkraut.

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BEFORE putting alcohol or other anti-freeze solutions into your automobile radiator to prevent freezing, be sure that all leaks in the radiator, hose connections, etc., are completely stopped with Warner Liquid Solder. Otherwise, this expensive anti-freeze solution will be wasted.

(*Continued from page 67*)

someone connected with the theater. She will live on an income of five or six thousand a year. She will be happy. I would ~~die~~.”

“She didn't approve of your letter to me?” he ventured.

The girl giggled again.

“She came to see me yesterday as I was writing it. I let her see it. She was horrified. She thinks—but it's obvious what she thinks. And she's fond of me.”

“You gave up the chorus?”

“Yesterday,” she said. “My salary barely paid for my living. I have three hundred dollars in the bank. I decided to look for something else.”

“Marriage?” he suggested.

She nodded assent.

“I thought the chorus afforded many opportunities for marriage,” he said.

She shook her head.

“I'm not obviously beautiful. I don't look well from the front. Further, if I hadn't quit, I think I'd have been discharged. No, I'll be honest. I *know* I'd have been discharged. It—well, soothed my pride to resign before dismissal.”

“And there's three hundred dollars between you and—what?” he asked.

“I'll cross that bridge when I come to it,” she said.

“But you realize that the bridge is there?”

She nodded again.

“I realize everything, Mr. Granby, even the thought that is in your mind now.”

He colored. “The thought in my mind?”

“Yes. Well, that's an alternative I shan't take, Mr. Granby.”

“You also realize, of course, that such a thought would enter the mind of any man to whom you might apply for aid?”

SHE sat upright and crushed her cigarette in an ash tray.

“Mr. Granby, the world is filled with girls like myself. Girls of what is known as good family but small acquaintance. Girls who tire of the matrimonial limitations of a small town or city. For be certain that ninety per cent of the girls who come to New York to study or to work or to display what pitiful little talents they may possess, are really husband-hunters, seeking a well-to-do man to provide for them.

“My family is good. I was educated two years at my state university. I—have manners. I'm ambitious. Perhaps I'm lazy. But I don't really think so. I know that if I thought I had a chance for a theatrical or business success, I'd work for years. But I haven't. I'm not particularly bright. I've sense enough to realize my limitations. I can get married. Almost any girl can. I might even marry money.”

She sank back in her chair again and lighted another cigarette. The corners of her mouth twisted whimsically.

“I'm poor, I'm hopeless, Mr. Granby. But—strangely, if you offered to marry me this minute, you with twenty millions, I'd refuse you. I want to love the man I marry, Mr. Granby. I don't want to marry merely to be supported. I think I would almost rather be kept less legitimately. And so I want opportunity to—well, look around, meet the kind of man that I could love—”

“You didn't mention love in your note,” he reminded her.

“Would that have brought you here any sooner?” she countered. “If you wouldn't call because of what I did write, why should a few sentences more bring you?”

“But—to meet the kind of man you require—must he have social position too?”

“If possible,” she laconically answered.

“How are you going to meet him?”

“You're thinking of the difficulties which will confront a girl who has no entrée?”

“Of course,” he replied.

“I'll make myself the entrée, Mr. Granby. I guarantee that within six months after you give me the money I need, that you'll be taking me in to dinner at—well, you may name the house.”

“How?” he asked.

She shrugged. “In any one of a dozen ways.”

HE SMILED pityingly. “My dear young lady, a woman, alone, cannot possibly do it.”

“I can,” she confidently asserted. “But I'm not going to argue the matter with you, Mr. Granby. You've seen me. You've talked to me. Are you going to give me a thousand a month for two years?”

“Will you tell me why I should?” he demanded.

“If there were any reason why you should, you'd know it, and I wouldn't have to ask for it,” she retorted.

“Usually, in matters like this, there is an—er—adequate return on the part of the lady,” he ventured.

She nodded soberly.

“Of course, I might have expected that. As a matter of fact, I rather did expect it. But I thought you might understand. . . . Mr. Granby, if I wanted *that*, I need not have written to you.”

“I'm still wondering why you did write to me—I mean to me especially.”

“I told you it was because I had seen you. In a restaurant. You were pointed out to me. You looked—well, as though you might be interested in something as amusing as this.”

“Amusing?”

“Isn't it rather amusing as an idea? Some of your friends spend hundreds of thousands to win a horse race. Well, this is a race. A friendless, unknown girl desires to know your friends, to marry one of them—”

“I couldn't sponsor you,” he interrupted.

She laughed openly. “My dear man, I wouldn't let you. I don't ever expect you to call—won't permit you to call. If you meet me, you must meet me at the home of some friend of yours—”

“Then out of this amusing idea I get—exactly nothing?” he asked.

“Exactly nothing,” she repeated. “Except what enjoyment the idea and its development afford you.”

“And you really think you could make a go of it?” he asked. “Wouldn't friends like the girl who was just here—well, hamper you?”

“My friends, even Jinny, will never see me again,” she said.

“Isn't that heartless?” he asked.

“Life is heartless,” she answered.

He stared at her. She interested him, he decided, more than any girl he had ever met. Her irregular features that blended into a beautiful composite, the grace of her figure, her independence of thought, the gayety of her mouth and eyes. . . .

HE FOUND himself standing over her, bending down, holding her in his arms. His lips found hers and held them. He released her. Coolly she looked up at him.

“I'll give you,” he gasped, “I'll give you—”

“I should have known, of course,” she said. “I don't blame you. But—will you please leave? And never come back?”

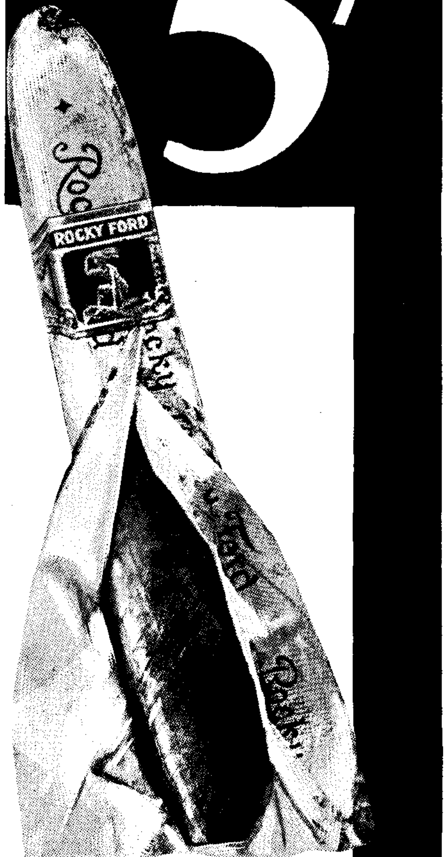
He sat down. His face was white.

“I shall give you,” he said, “a thousand a month for two years. And I shall never make any effort to see you unless you send for me.”

(*To be continued next week*)

WHEN IT'S GOT THE STUFF . . . A NICKEL'S ENOUGH

Rocky Ford 5¢



IMPORTED Sumatra wrapper . . . finest domestic long filler. Match ROCKY FORD against any ten cent brand. “When it's got the stuff . . . a nickel's enough.”

If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your favorite tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, for a trial package of 5 cigars.

To DEALERS: If your local jobber cannot supply you with ROCKY FORDS, write us.

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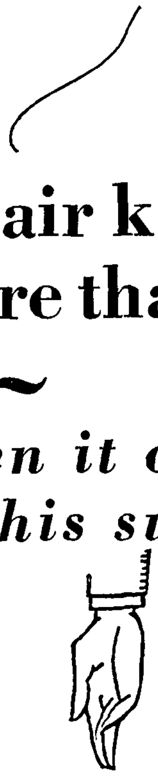

A hair knows more than we do ~

when it comes to this subject

A human hair can tell you, instantly and infallibly, whether a razor blade has the keenest edge steel will take.

So we employ the human hair test, among others, to test Enders Blades —because *every* blade for the new Enders Razor must prove itself super-keen before we sell it! . . . must be capable of cutting a sterilized human hair at any place along its edge!

That's why over a million users of the beautifully balanced, perfectly designed Enders Razor are getting fine shaves every day of their lives! Try an Enders tomorrow morning.

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The beautifully balanced new Enders Razor, with six super-keen blades $1.00
Extra blades, 5 for 35

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Enders RAZOR

ENDERS
ENDERS BLADES

Doughboys' Dough

Continued from page 11

need for extra money above his earnings—for "velvet"—never ought to be less, the insurance experts say, than it is now. In other words, the government has tried so to arrange payments of these certificates that they will be made to the veteran on that future day when his urgent need for extra money will be far greater than it is likely to be now.

Of course, in case of the veteran's death, the full face value of the policy is paid immediately to his beneficiary. But "rainy day" money or "pinch hit" money was what some very level and wise heads in the government have tried to provide for our veterans.

The Florida Veterans

For this reason, in a pinch, the veteran is not asked to wait twenty years until his policy comes due. After two years, he may borrow on his policy. For two years after January 1, 1925, which was the date borne by the first certificates, issued in May, 1925, no veteran was able to borrow on his policy. Even now he is not allowed to sell or assign it.

But on January 1, 1927, when, under the law, holders were allowed to deposit their certificates as security, and borrow certain sums of money on them, many veterans lost no time in doing so.

This privilege of borrowing on these certificates has been a godsend, of course, to many of these young men. For instance, after the West Indian hurricane last year, over 14,000 of these certificates were sent in by Porto Rican veterans or by veterans who had suffered financially in Porto Rico or Florida by the tremendous devastation.

The one million dollars which Porto Rican veterans were able to borrow was part of the first real cash that poured into that island after the catastrophe. Veterans hurt financially by the Mississippi flood quickly borrowed several millions. But many hundreds of thousands of the boys haven't needed a tropical hurricane or an overwhelming flood to tempt them into borrowing.

Right in the midst of the most prosperous times any nation on earth has ever experienced, over one-third of the three and one-half million holders of these certificates have yielded during the past three years to the temptation to cash in a part of their policies by taking loans on them. What Uncle Sam thought would be sort of an insurance business has been turned into an enormous loan agency, with these certificates as security instead of gold rings, watches or what have you.

The total loan value of the certificates, as of January 1, 1930, will be $571,000,000. The fact that one third of these policies sent out to the veterans five years ago are now back in the offices of the Veterans' Bureau "in hock" is an unpleasant surprise to many of the men who put their heads together in Washington in an effort to protect the veterans' present and future finances.

And just the mere "pre-cashing" by veterans of some $130,000,000 isn't the most unpleasant feature. These veterans must, of course, pay interest on their borrowings.

Wherefore, today, a small golden river of almost four million dollars a year is flowing in the form of interest on loans from the pockets of veterans to Uncle Sam. He uses it for the payment of dividends to holders of the regular life insurance policies. It wasn't intended that the money should flow in Uncle Sam's direction. This is the penalty of borrowing. It's a penalty that Uncle Sam cannot avoid imposing.

It's very plain that, if a veteran wants to borrow and spend in driblets his "adjusted compensation" now instead of later on, that's his own business, as was the spending of that lump sum of $60 he received after the war. What is important, however, is that the time will come, as age approaches, when he will need further help.

That he will get this further help as the years go on, there is no doubt.

Every session of Congress, with its increased benefits for veterans, proves this point. Not a session goes by that does not grant new privileges and spread a wider shelter over our veterans.

Up to now we have been talking only of merely rewarding or repaying those who were in the army and are still in active life and good health. But for the men who were actually disabled in the war or as a result of it we have acted on the principle that not one of them shall suffer alone or unaided. Financial atonement—if such a thing can be given for war injury—is quick and liberal.

For the man physically and more or less permanently hurt there is a fifth financial gesture from the government. Out-and-out compensation is what this harmed man is getting, has been getting and will continue to get until death ends his needs. His widow also receives compensation until her needs have vanished. His children receive compensation—over 30,000 of them are now on the list—until they are at least eighteen years of age.

Let's see exactly to what privileges or care a veteran who was even only partially disabled in the war is entitled.

He will be taken into any of the forty-nine hospitals of the Veterans' Bureau or certain other government hospitals. He may shift, if he is able to move and if it is advisable, from northern to southern hospitals, or vice versa, depending on the season. He may even be sent to a private hospital, at government expense, if proper government facilities are not available. At this moment of writing over 27,000 veterans are in hospitals.

Widows and Orphans

A veteran, while he is in hospital or while he is listed in the Bureau's books as "temporarily" disabled with "war-connected" illness or injury, will be paid a sum of from eight to eighty dollars a month. In addition to this, he doesn't lie in the hospital worrying about how his family is getting on, for all his actual dependents are receiving suitable compensation from the government.

For the veteran who was permanently disabled there is a benefit of from $100 to $250 a month. A man totally blinded receives a minimum of $150 per month; one who lost both limbs is receiving a minimum of $100 a month for the rest of his life. A veteran totally blind and with loss of a limb, or permanently helpless or bedridden receives $200 per month, plus $50 per month for an attendant when necessary. He may, if he carried a maximum of $10,000 war risk insurance, receive an additional $57.50 a month. Totally disabled veterans of the war receive the equivalent of our high range of wages.

Any veteran, if he dies without assets —disabled in the war or not—is entitled to government burial. Upon the death of a veteran who was only partially disabled by the war his widow and chil-

(*Continued on page 70*)

The Start of a Perfect Day is the Finish of a Perfect Shave!

Aqua Velva for After-Shaving!

Aqua Velva has become of great importance to hosts of men who like to face the day with a Face that's Fit!

Aqua Velva *completes* the shave. Made just for that. First, it gives a very pleasant tingle that you'll look forward to, morning after morning. Livening, healthfully stimulating to the skin.

And before long you will discover how well it cares for tiny nicks and cuts . . . . protects from dust and germs, wind and weather . . . . helps, because of its mild astringent quality, toward firmness and away from flabbiness of skin texture.

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Soaps, Aqua Velva *keeps* the skin all day as the Williams lather leaves it, flexible and Fit!

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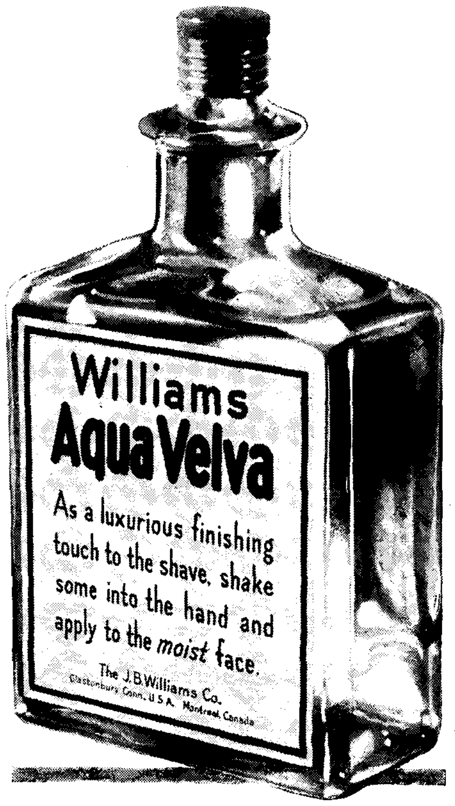
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☐ Grand Canyon Outings

(*Continued from page 69*)

dren receive compensation sufficient to pull the family through to adult years.

"Don't permit one single child of a war-injured veteran to leave school and go to work because of the father's death." This is a rule in the Veterans' Bureau. Boys and girls, in universities and colleges at the time of their father's death, have, under this rule, been helped on through the rest of the way by the Uncle Sam that Dad stood up for years ago. This extra provision for education may be continued even beyond the age of twenty-one, until graduation. Incidentally, speaking of education, over 160,000 veterans have themselves been given training in our schools and universities.

"War-Connected Injury"

But what about the veteran who was not injured in the war but who is sick and helpless now?

The fellow who was a soldier and came out of the war whole and sound is being more and more privileged in times of his illness and physical straits by each new Congress.

At first only the veteran hurt, sickened or weakened by the war was entitled to hospital care. But Congress in 1924 passed a law which gives any veteran the right to hospitalization whenever he is ill. Of 27,000 veteran patients in hospitals on this day of writing, over 11,000 are those whose illness is not connected with the war.

"Any attack of tuberculosis coming within two years after the end of war"—so ran, in gist, one law—"shall be considered as a war injury." The rule provided for free hospital service and compensation.

As time went on, of course, more and more veterans became victims of the white plague. Congress has consistently lengthened the time in which the disease might be considered "war-connected." Today, it works out in practice that any veteran who is found suffering from tuberculosis, if the disease were contracted even as recently as one or two years ago, is entitled to free hospital service and compensation, and may draw fifty dollars per month during the balance of his life, even after the disease becomes "arrested."

"Compensation" is the name that is given technically, in official Washington, to this aid which is being given and will continue to be given in growing volume to veterans suffering either from war-connected damages or otherwise or to their dependents. Almost two billion dollars has already been used in this direct compensation.

Incidentally, veterans of the Great War are entitled to enter our government soldiers' homes established after the Civil War. Only the old G. A. R. men at first inhabited these cheery places; then came the Spanish-American War veterans. And now almost one fifth of the 28,000 men in these homes are Great War veterans.

There's a thrill for any American who wants to "do right by our doughboys" in a sight of that great eleven-story Veterans' Bureau building in Washington. It's the beehive of the town; the busiest building there. Motor cars stand two deep before it. Your taxi must drop you out in the middle of the street. Throngs pass in and out.

There the ex-doughboy is made to feel as much at home as possible. General Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans' Bureau, demands that his army of a staff shall bear that idea in mind.

"In this building," megaphoned a guide to a busload of people gathered from among the million tourists that visited Washington this past summer, "in this building we try to take care of our veterans."

"Oh, that's the Pension Bureau," spoke up a visitor.

"No! No!" corrected the guide. "Great War veterans don't get any pensions. This building is only for Great War veterans and it doesn't pay out any pensions."

We haven't come to pensions, yet, for the veterans of the Great War. There was one vague idea that the twenty-year endowment "bonus" might take the place of pensions. I must frankly say that a little investigation indicates that it will not serve this end. Pensions are coming.

As the number of our Great War veterans grows less, the needs of the aging survivors and their families and dependents will increase. Pensions are just as much a part of war as bullets; but they are more definitely inescapable.

"If anyone wants a lesson against war let him sit in this building for a few days," General Hines told me, "and look at the costs in careers, lives and money of the mere aftermath of war."

The sum of eight hundred and twenty-eight million dollars is to be spent in just one year for veterans of our wars. This is almost one fourth of our total government expense. It is almost one hundred million dollars more than the total cost of running the entire Federal government back in 1916! It is more than one half the cost of running the entire nation of France for one year. The total is almost equivalent to the annual cost of operating the navies of the United States, France and Japan, which is less than nine hundred million dollars.

The first "billion-dollar year" for our government amazed us all. It came in 1917. Now we are approaching a billion-dollar year for our veterans alone.

And I have not taken into consideration the sum of over $300,000,000 which has already been expended in bonuses given by states, nor the expenditures which states will make in the future to give decent care to the dependents of Great War veterans.

The Cost of Peace

Taken all in all, Europe's war debt to us, gigantic as it appears to Europe, will not completely take care of our Great War doughboys. I refer you to this table from the government budget for the coming year of 1930:

(World War) Veterans' Bureau

Salaries & Expenses	$ 43,500,000.00
Printing & Binding	125,000.00
Military & Naval Compensation	191,450,000.00
Medical & Hospital Services	31,650,000.00
Adjusted Service Certificate Fund	112,000,000.00
Military & Naval Insurance	115,250,000.00
Hospital Facilities & Services	6,000,000.00
U. S. Government Life Insurance Fund	97,400,000.00
Total	$597,375,000.00

Pension Office

Army & Navy Pensions	$221,000,000.00
Salaries, Pension Office	1,225,000.00
Investigation Pension Census	105,000.00
Fees of Examining Surgeons	450,000.00
Total	$222,780,000.00

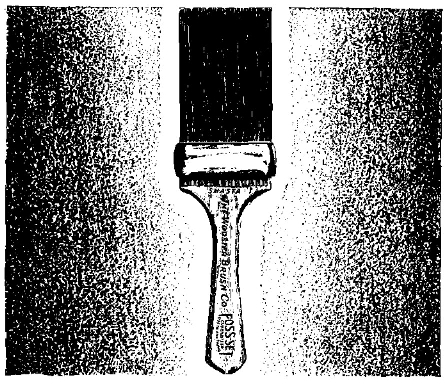
United States Soldiers' Homes

National Homes of Volunteer Disabled Soldiers	$ 8,689,100.00
Grand Total	$828,844,100.00

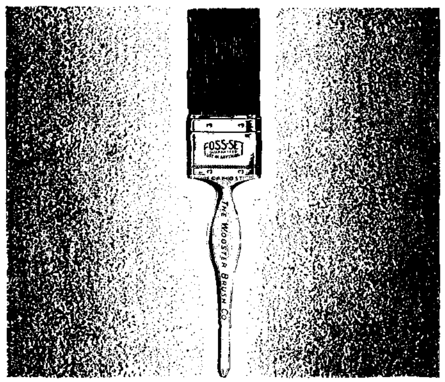
This grand total we spend next year, alone!

And every year, until the estimated peak in 1965, this yearly payment will grow in size.

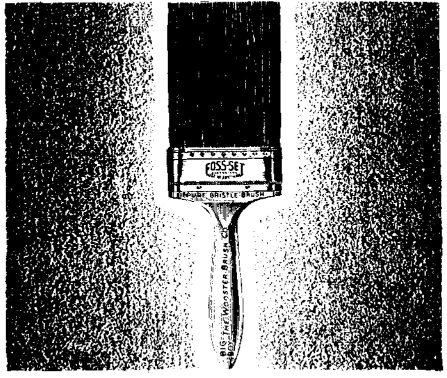
Paying for three peaces at one time—the Civil War peace, the Spanish-American War peace and the Great War peace—comes pretty high. Maybe, as a rich nation, we might be able to afford another war if we had to. But peaces cost more than wars, in terms of veterans. We can't very well afford a fourth peace until we get settled up for the three we already have on our hands.



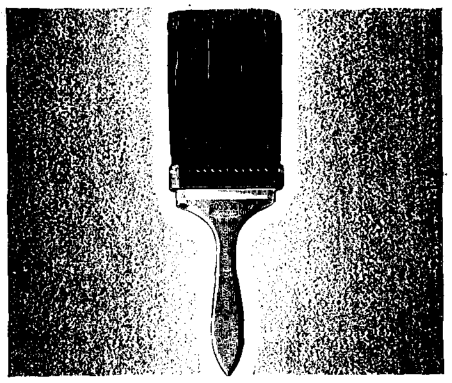
If it's worth



Painting



It's Worth a



WOOSTER BRUSH

Look for this trademark FOSS-SET GUARANTEED USE IN ANYTHING to be sure of a GOOD brush

THE WOOSTER BRUSH COMPANY
Makers of good paint brushes for 78 years
Wooster, Ohio

RCA
Centralized Radio

Allerton House,
701 North Michigan Ave.
W. W. Dwyer,
General Manager

-one of the big service features at

ALLERTON HOUSE
[CHICAGO]

Every guest at Allerton House, Chicago, has the convenience of the wonderful RCA Centralized Radio system. In each of the 1000 living rooms there is an RCA Loudspeaker connected with the central receiving apparatus, which picks up four radio broadcast programs simultaneously from the special antenna system on the roof.

By turning a switch on the loudspeaker panel set in the wall, the guest may choose whichever program he prefers, and turn instantly from one program to another.

RCA Centralized Radio is being adopted by hotel and apartment house builders as necessary equipment in modern residence construction. The system used in the Allerton House is being specified by many builders. The alternative RCA system allows the use of individual receiving sets in the rooms, plugged into a wall outlet.

RCA Centralized Radio equipment is specially built for hotel requirements — simple but flexible — no annoying aerial problems — not easily tampered with — no batteries — full socket power operation — volume control at the control panel, in the rooms, or both.

Descriptive pamphlets of these two systems and of the special apparatus designed for them, are available for architects, builders and building owners.

The Engineering Products Division, Radio-Victor Corporation of America, at any District Office named below, will answer inquiries, and prepare plans and estimates for installations of any kind.

ENGINEERING PRODUCTS DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION
OF AMERICA
261 Fifth Ave., New York City
100 West Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
235 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Santa Fe Bldg., Dallas, Texas
101 Marietta St., Atlanta, Georgia

Tommy Gets the Breaks

Continued from page 13

Marine. Such dope, straight from the feed box, was sure-fire stuff.

Tommy took all his savings and went down to a broker's office. Having never speculated in the market before, he got all mixed up and bought American Motors instead of American Marine. Marine went down and Motors went up and Tommy found himself with a fortune on his hands—nearly a thousand dollars.

TOMMY had read about young men who suddenly found themselves rich and who could not decide what to do with all their money. In his case the situation called for no deep thought. He did not ponder, nor meditate, nor visit an astrologer. He went out and bought himself a membership in the Riverdale Golf Club, where several men in the office played.

Riverdale's most distinguished member was D. K. Ferguson, a gray-haired old fuss-budget who owned the Ferguson Sporting Goods Manufacturing Company, makers of golf clubs and golf balls. His golf was good, very good, and he admired tremendously any man who could beat him. Most of the men in his organization, it was said, got their jobs because they could trim the boss.

If you shot in the early eighties—which was his game—he called you Bill, and if you were regularly in the nineties he would address you as Smith. He would, that is, if your name happened to be Bill or Smith. If you shot over a hundred he would not speak to you at all, even though your name might be Herbert or Hoover.

With his rather steady performance of around eighty-five, Tommy would have been entitled to the rating of "Tom."

A member introduced Tommy to Mr. Ferguson one day and told Mr. Ferguson that here was the big advertising man who invented the Peterson chick slogan.

He said he was very glad indeed to meet Mr. Jenkinson and the conversation ended there. From time to time, as he met Mr. Ferguson at the club, Tommy would remark in passing that it was a great day for golf, or it wasn't, as the case might be, and the answer would be a surly grunt that indicated that Mr. Ferguson had his own opinion regarding the weather and that it was not to be handed out to every Tom, Dick or Harry who happened along.

But everybody else at the Riverdale club was friendly and Tommy had no more to worry about than Mrs. Astor's cat. He had a darned good job, he was a member of a swell golf club, his putting touch was never better—and he had a magic push button that he wouldn't trade for Aladdin's lamp. One push and in came Arabella Mortimer. You couldn't beat that for service!

There was, of course, the disquieting fact that Arabella had no use for golf. She had never seen a golf game, and didn't want to see one. Golf was a pastime that made idiots out of otherwise sensible persons. Baseball—that was different. It was sort of like a show. A man could take a girl to a baseball game and they could enjoy it together. But golf! That was all she heard from the men around the shop—that is, all the men except Major Peterson. There was a man who understood a real game.

"Major Peterson!" Tommy exclaimed. "You don't mean he's been hanging around you!"

"Oh, not exactly hanging around," said Arabella, pleased with the effect she had produced. "But he stops at my desk now and then and we talk things over. He's a real fan."

"WHAT are you going to do Saturday afternoon?" Tommy asked, suddenly reaching a momentous decision. Saturday was the day after tomorrow.

"Nothing particular, I guess."

"Are the Yanks playing?"

She nodded. "Washington will be here," she answered, quickly.

"Let's go," he said.

"All right," she smiled.

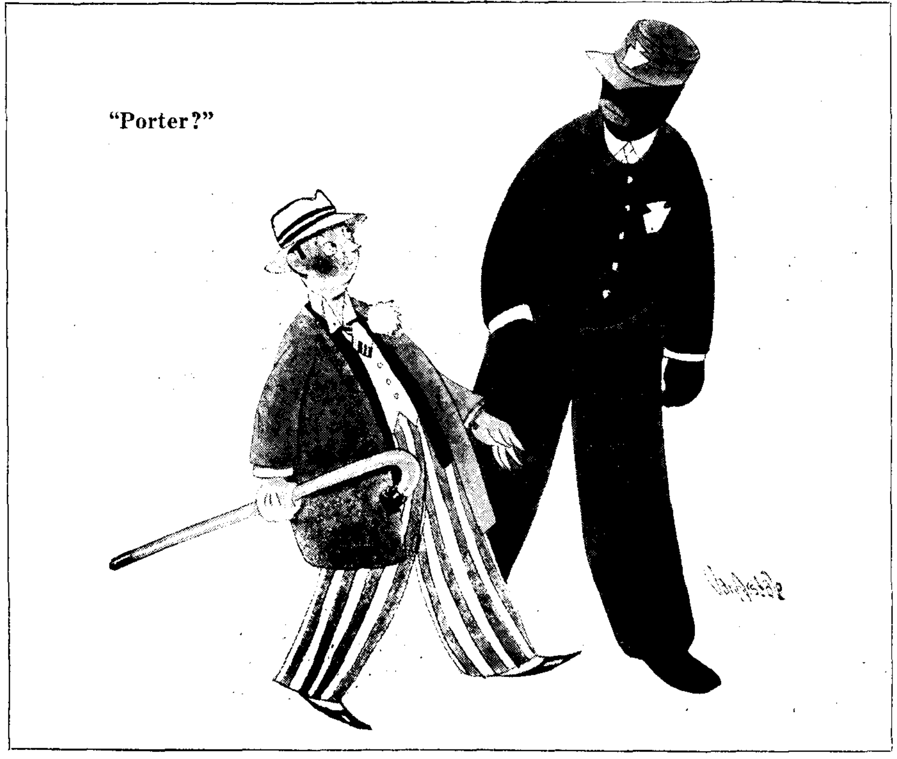
"We'll have lunch together first."

"Whatever you say," she agreed and left the office.

"Gee," he complimented himself, not realizing that Arabella had been planning it for days, "it was good I thought of that." . . .

Outside at her desk, Arabella Mortimer powdered her nose with no little satisfaction. She liked Tommy better than any man she ever had known. If

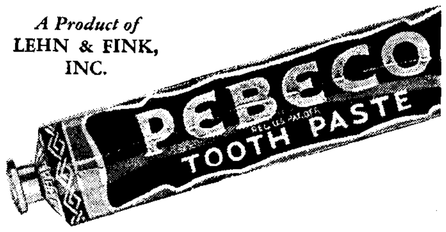
(*Continued on page 72*)



"Porter?"

When you envy such beautiful teeth do you ever stop to think "How many of *my* 32 teeth are still sound?" How many have survived the mouth acids resulting from food fermentation...the acids which tear mildly yet savagely at the enamel until cavities start? It is not too late to check this destroyer! Your sound teeth *will remain sound* if you put Pebeco to work immediately. Pebeco stimulates the saliva flow, checking "acid-mouth" as it whitens the teeth. *Try it one week*...and you will realize its exceptional value.

A Product of
LEHN & FINK,
INC.



Not all
home
wreckers
are *blondes*

THERE'S that black, powerful pipe that you love so well, but perhaps not so wisely. A milder mixture would do a lot for that pipe, men, a lot for you, and a lot for your domestic peace and quiet. And that milder mixture is Sir Walter Raleigh. If you don't believe it, try a tin, *at our expense*. If you don't find your first pipeful a lot milder and mellower, a lot smoother and cooler than anything you ever smoked before—why, some few millions of pipe smokers are fooling themselves and having a most enjoyable time doing it!

If you don't know Sir Walter Raleigh, send us the name of your regular tobacconist and we will see that you have a chance to get acquainted with this rich, milder tobacco.

Dept. 66, Brown and Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

B.W.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Smoking Tobacco

It's *milder*

(*Continued from page 71*)

she could just make him over a teeny-weeny bit, so that he would quit this golf nonsense, he'd be perfect, simply perfect.

Arabella gave an involuntary start, and did not know why. The reason was that she had been tapped for the League of American Women Who Have Tried to Make Men Give Up Golf. The membership now had reached 14,576,321 and was growing rapidly.

Arabella showed a mild interest the next day when he told her that he hoped to win the mid-summer matches at Riverdale. She was sitting beside his desk.

"The prize," he explained, "is a pair of beautiful solid silver candlesticks, and if I win they're yours."

This was a bit different.

"DO THEY give you things like that for playing golf?" she asked, wondering how long this had been going on.

"You bet. Next Sunday I play the finals. And Monday, maybe, I'll bring you the candlesticks. Saturday," he added, "we're going to the ball game."

"So we are," she recalled.

"Arabella," he began. She rested a hand on one corner of his desk. "Arabella—you're—we—" he reached over and put a hand on hers. "Do you think—"

Her heart was pounding.

"Yes?" she encouraged him.

"I know I'm crazy to think of such a thing, but you are the most wonderful—"

The telephone bell rang peremptorily. He jumped and dropped her hand and reached for the instrument.

"Let it ring," Arabella pleaded.

But Tommy already was talking. It was a printer who delivered the news that a press had broken down.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Tommy as he slammed up the phone. He jumped up and dashed out of the office to convey the bad news to Mr. Barkinfelder. Arabella slowly gathered up her pencils and notebook and returned to her desk. But she was by no means broken-hearted. She knew now that Tommy loved her—and it was only a matter of time.

Then came Saturday—Black Saturday it should have been called. The gods who had been watching over Tommy Jenkinson relaxed their vigilance. The storm broke.

About noon, when Tommy was all set for luncheon and the ball game with Arabella, the telephone bell rang. It was D. K. Ferguson, owner of the Ferguson Sporting Goods Manufacturing Company, and Riverdale's most important member. Mr. Ferguson was to battle with Tommy Jenkinson for the silver candlesticks.

"I have to go to California tomorrow on business, Mr. Jenkinson," said Mr. Ferguson. "Can't we play our match this afternoon, instead of tomorrow?"

"Why, why—" Tommy stammered, "I have an engagement this afternoon. I couldn't very well break it."

"Then I'll have to default." Mr. Ferguson's tone betrayed irritation.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to win by default, Mr. Ferguson. No, let's see—maybe we can fix it. Let's see—" he was bewildered.

"All right," Mr. Ferguson said sharply. "Meet you at the club at two o'clock this afternoon."

"Wait. Let's see." But Mr. Ferguson had hung up.

All confused, he pressed the button on his desk. Arabella entered.

"I'm in a mess," he said. "I got to play golf this afternoon."

Arabella stiffened. "You're going to break your date with me?" Her voice was cold. "You'd rather play golf than take me to the game?" It was unbelievable.

"Now look—here's the way it is. Mr. Ferguson—"

"I'm glad I found out," she said bitterly. It was just as if, on her wedding eve, she had learned that her fiancé was none other than George W. Bluebeard.

"But here's the situation—wait—"

She was gone.

His telephone rang.

"Mr. Barkinfelder would like to see you," the operator said.

As Tommy threw open his office door, he saw that Major Peterson was standing beside Arabella's desk. Neither looked up as he passed. He heard Arabella say in a tone meant obviously for his ears, "Of course I'll go. I'll be delighted."

He entered Mr. Barkinfelder's office.

"Sit down, please, Jenkinson," said Mr. Barkinfelder, quietly.

Tommy sat down uneasily. He sensed that something was wrong.

"I'm sorry," Mr. Barkinfelder began, "I'm sorry as I can be. But I have to ask for your resignation."

"Why—what—what have I done?" Tommy gasped.

"Major Peterson just brought this in." Mr. Barkinfelder tossed over a document. "He blames you for the slogan—charges that you, er, borrowed it."

Tommy stared at him wide-eyed. "You mean that I stole it—stole it from somebody else, Mr. Barkinfelder?"

Mr. Barkinfelder pointed to the document that Tommy held in trembling fingers.

"The Zutermeister Collar people have obtained an injunction restraining the Peterson Company from using the slogan. It seems that the Zutermeister folks have been using a similar phrase in their dealer copy—in the Men's Furnishing trade papers. That's why we never saw it. 'Zutermeister Collars Bring in the Dollars' is their line. I don't believe for a moment, Jenkinson, that you stole the line. It's just a coincidence. But unfortunately there is nothing I can do. Major Peterson demands your resignation and his father backs him up. Here," he handed Tommy a check, "is two weeks' salary."

IN THE locker-room at Riverdale he met Jack Ballard, who worked for a rival agency—the one that handled the Ferguson account.

"Here's hoping you mop up Old Man Ferguson," Ballard said, lowering his voice for fear the Old Man might be within hearing distance.

"Not much chance today," Tommy said. "Jack, do you know whether there are any jobs over at your place?"

"They're letting men go. Not a chance. Why?"

Tommy told him what had happened.

Jack Ballard sat down on the bench beside him. "That's tough," he said, sympathetically. "I don't know of a darn thing, anywhere. Say, here's a hunch! Old Man Ferguson has been raising the devil with his own advertising force. There might be a chance there."

"There's a chance that he might crack me over the head with a niblick," Tommy said glumly. "He's always acted as if he hated my looks—I don't know why."

"Go out and beat him and he'll be your friend for life. He's hired a lot of men just because they beat him. Go get him. You can do it."

"I will," said Tommy calmly.

Mr. Ferguson was waiting impatiently at the first tee.

"How are you?" he asked so pleasantly that Tommy answered that he was pretty good.

"I've been wanting to play you for a long time," Mr. Ferguson volunteered. "Go ahead and shoot."

Blue Band

VELVET PENCILS

A SOFT BLACK EASY WRITER
5¢
VELVET
USED BY MILLIONS

IF you think all pencils are alike, try this smooth, fine-looking, cedar finish VELVET. It's the favorite pencil of millions — comes soft, medium or hard. Writes black, wears well and you'll like it.

SAMPLE OFFER
Send $1.00 for 2 dozen

American Pencil Co.
302 Venus Bldg.
Hoboken
N.J.

A VENUS Pencil Factory Product

MONEY FOR YOU

Men or women can earn $15 to $25 weekly in spare time at home making display cards. Light, pleasant work. No canvassing. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write to-day for full particulars.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Can.

"Good-Bye, Hangnails"

Hangnails spoil the looks of your fingers and are annoying, painful, and a possible source of infection. Trim them neatly with Gem, the pocket manicure, and clean, trim and file your nails whenever they need it. Gem Jr. (35c), attaches to the watch chain, Gem (50c), slips in pocket or purse. At druggists' everywhere.

The H. C. Cook Co., 2 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers

Gem Jr. 35c

$420 takes you on a

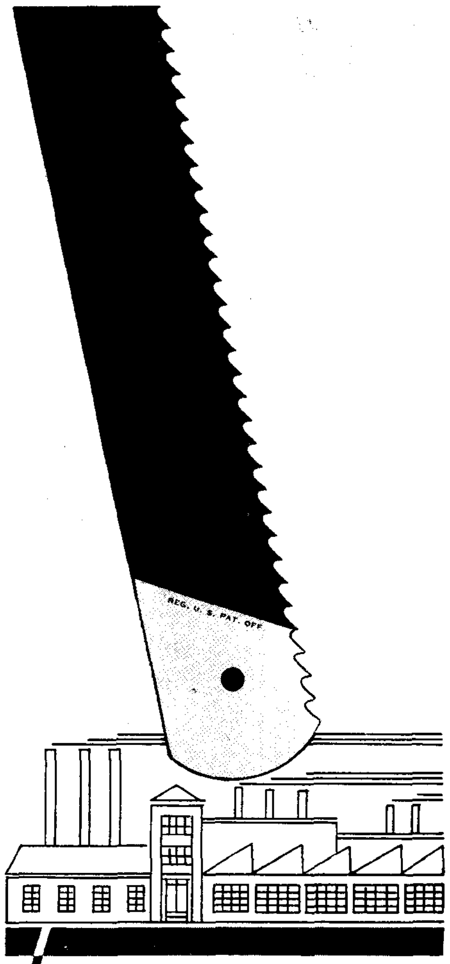
46-day

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

Here is the opportunity of a lifetime—a chance to travel to the Mediterranean for 46 days on a great ***White Star*** liner at the remarkably low rate of $420 TOURIST Third Cabin, *including shore excursion program.* You visit the usual points of tourist interest and spend five wonderful days in Egypt. Two giant cruise liners, ***Adriatic*** and ***Laurentic.*** Four sailings: Jan. 9, Jan. 18, Feb. 27, Mar. 8.

Address No. 1 Broadway, New York; 180 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago; 460 Market St., San Francisco; offices elsewhere or authorized S. S. agents.

WHITE STAR LINE
International Mercantile Marine Company


REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

has "RED STREAK" hit YOUR *plant* ?

Let "Red Streak" Hack Saws prove they out-perform any blade you've ever used.

WHEN you have a metal cutting job, you want it done as quickly and as easily as possible . . . you want the easiest and fastest cutting hack saw on the market.

You want "Red Streak" Hack Saw Blades!

Mechanics in all types of trades praise the improved cutting qualities in "Red Streak" Blades. Electric furnace steel makes "Red Streaks" wear-resisting. Evenly set teeth make the cut go straight. They're made for those who handle a hack saw roughly.

Test the "Red Streak" in your hack saw frame and you'll be a booster, too. Look for the blade with the red end.

SIMONDS

SAW AND STEEL COMPANY

FITCHBURG, MASS.

"RED STREAKS" *"The Saw Makers"*

Established 1832 *cut like lightning!*

Branch Offices and Service Shops in Principal Cities

Tommy's hand trembled as he placed his ball on a yellow tee.

"I've got to win! I've got to win!" he said to himself, which was the worst thing he could have done. He came back too fast with his swing, he lunged at the ball, trying to knock it a mile, and his shot landed in the rough, fifty yards down the course.

"Ha!" said Mr. Ferguson—and laid one 250 yards down the middle.

"How'd ja like that?" he demanded.

"Very fine," said Tommy.

"You're darned tootin' it's fine." Mr. Ferguson agreed and the match was under way.

Mr. Ferguson won the first hole with a birdie four. Tommy missed a two-foot putt for a seven.

IT WOULD be pleasant to tell how Tommy pulled himself together and, with indomitable courage, thereafter played the greatest golf of his career. But the mental load was too much. When he was not tight with determination to win the match and perhaps a job, his mind was jumping from Arabella, now at the ball game with Peterson, to Mr. Barkinfelder, who fired him.

They sat on the twelfth tee, waiting for another twosome to get out of range.

"That makes you four down," said Mr. Ferguson cheerfully.

"Yes," said Tommy.

"And six to go."

"Yes."

"Looks like I'd win," Mr. Ferguson grinned.

"Yes."

"This is the happiest day of my life."

Tommy looked quickly at Mr. Ferguson.

"Why pick on me?"

"You invented that Peterson chick slogan, didn't you?"

"In a way, I did. You see—"

"That has ruined my home. I live on the Hudson, on a hill, overlooking the river. That incubator plant is right beneath me. It used to be all right—pretty place, vines and flowers, and I didn't mind. Then they put up that damn' yellow fence with the blue letters on it. Mile long, that fence is—looks that way anyway from my front veranda—and a mile high."

"But—"

"Used to have a fine view from my veranda. Now I haven't any more view than a rabbit. Took a hundred thousand dollars off the value of my property. It's one hell of a slogan. And you're the smart kid that thought it up."

"But—"

"So I wanted to beat the tar out of you."

"Listen, Mr. Ferguson," said Tommy angrily. "That slogan was an accident and—"

"It sure looks like one," Mr. Ferguson agreed. "A bad one!"

"—and that fence is coming down next week."

"Coming down!" he exclaimed. "They're going to take that damn' yellow fence down? How? What happened?"

In despair, Tommy told him the entire story.

"It's your honor," he said, when he concluded. "Shoot." Under his breath he added, "You big stiff!"

"Well, I'll be darned," said Mr. Ferguson. "So they're going to take it down!" All cheered up, with his mind on the damn' yellow fence, he slapped out the worst shot he had made all day.

Mr. Ferguson became careless, overconfident of victory and buoyant. Tommy, on the other hand, showed slight improvement and to the amazement of both of them they left the seventeenth green all square. Upon the result of this final hole depended the match. Perhaps, Tommy thought, perhaps, if he won—

The eighteenth tee is surrounded by trees and as Tommy came up to the tee his heart jumped and he yelled, "Arabella!"

"Tommy!" she cried and ran toward him and seized both his arms.

Mr. Ferguson scowled at the scene. The caddies grinned.

"Major Peterson told me," she said. "He even boasted how he had you fired."

"And you came out here?" Tommy said in amazement. "You're not mad at me? And you—you—"

"It's your honor," Mr. Ferguson snapped.

"Pardon me—er, Mr. Ferguson, this is Miss Mortimer."

Miss Mortimer bowed.

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Ferguson.

"Arabella," Tommy said, "you really—"

"If you don't want to shoot, Jenkinson, I will," Mr. Ferguson declared.

"Oh, yes, of course. Please do."

Tommy whispered to Arabella: "This is the last hole. If I win it, you get the candlesticks. And maybe—"

"Oh," breathed Arabella, "I hope you win." She added softly: "Not for the candlesticks. Beat him! I don't like him."

"He's not so bad," Tommy whispered and added "Umm!" as Mr. Ferguson's ball stopped six inches from the pin, on the green 175 yards away.

The eighteenth green at Riverdale is directly in front of the club house veranda. From the crowd on the veranda came applause for the perfect iron shot. Mr. Ferguson waved a hand in acknowledgment.

"Beat that, young fellow," he exulted.

Arabella held her breath as Tommy teed up his ball. She did not know what it was all about but she gathered that Mr. Ferguson had done well. The club head came back. Now it started sweeping down.

"Sock it, Tommy!" she pleaded.

Tommy heard just as his iron hit the ball. He caught it on the toe of the club. It screamed off to the right, struck the side of a tree, sped on. It caromed off a huge rock, back toward the green and whizzed over the heads of the spectators on the club house veranda and crashed through one of the plate glass windows behind them.

Mr. Ferguson put his hands on his hips and cocked his head on one side as he surveyed Tommy Jenkinson.

Tommy grinned sheepishly.

"That, young fellow," said Mr. Ferguson, with a trace of admiration in his tone, "is the worst shot ever made by any golfer anywhere. Come here!"

TOMMY took a step toward Mr. Ferguson, who reached over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"How'd you like to go to work for me?"

Tommy's jaw dropped.

"Why—why—" he stammered.

"My advertising department is full of good golf players—too good. What I need is a man who plays rotten golf—who can write copy that will sell stuff to the dubs. A fellow like you ought to be just the thing—there are millions of golf players like you—how about it?"

"Why, why—"

"Certainly, Mr. Ferguson," Arabella spoke up. "But he always insists upon taking his secretary with him wherever he goes."

Mr. Ferguson grinned.

"Right," he said. "Report Monday morning. I'll leave word. Come on, boy," he called to his caddy.

Arabella snuggled up close to Tommy, who still was speechless from the shock.

"I think I'll like golf," she said. She glanced down the fairway to the club house. "You hit the ball just like Babe Ruth."

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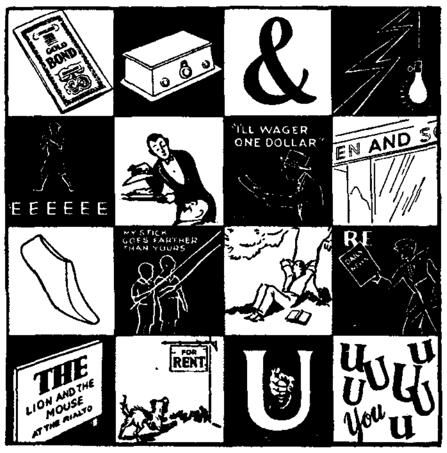
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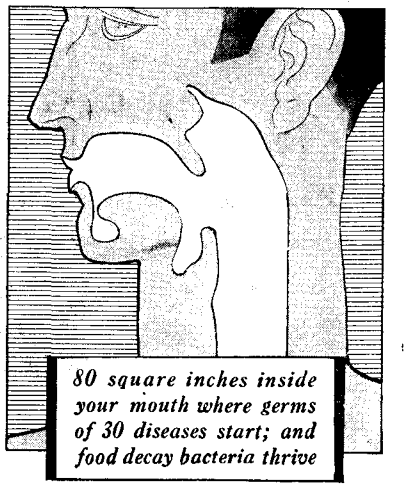

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A Bit of France for your Bathroom Shelf

Bob Right

Continued from page 32

Greta Garbo's famous semi-bob, said to be her own invention, is nothing more than the old Irene Castle bob tucked behind the ears—but what a difference that tucking makes! The head, instead of looking large and childlike, is small and slim.

Charles of the Ritz (who is also of the Gladstone, the plaza and the Ritz Towers) has created so many famous coiffures that to ask him to choose his favorite is a little like asking Rockefeller to name his favorite million.

"Whom shall we say?—Beatrice Lillie, Carlotta Monterey, Ina Claire, Fay Bainter, Elsie Ferguson, Irene Bordoni, Gertrude Lawrence, Ethel Barrymore, Claire Windsor, Peggy Joyce, Mrs. Esmond O'Brien? Each coiffure seems admirably suited to the type of woman who wears it—and how ridiculous all these lovely women would look if we should suddenly shift the coiffures about—clap Miss Monterey's coiffure on Miss Barrymore, and Miss Lillie's on Miss Ferguson!

Ladies Are Like That

"Carlotta Monterey—who recently married Eugene O'Neill of Strange Interlude fame—is an ideal type for the severely masculine haircut. I remember when Miss Monterey first came to me with her great mass of dark hair—so heavy, it seemed to bear back her head and gave her a rather fine lift of the chin. She was lovely, yes—but her head seemed too large for her body. I persuaded her to cut her hair off.

"What agonies we hairdressers go through with a lady during that first haircut! Actually, if they were having their precious little heads cut off, they couldn't feel worse. I have had them get up and leave when it was half cut. I have known them to weep *before* the operation—but never after it. They are as happy as though you had cut off ten birthdays—and usually you have. Almost always they begin by telling me that, although they have decided to have their hair cut, they wish to look *exactly* the same as before.

"Miss Monterey, however, soon came around to my way of thinking. I cut her hair as short as a man's and brushed it straight back from the forehead, exposing brow, neck, ears and cheeks without the least softening fringe or shadow of a wave. Straight and black as a crow's wing, it lies as flat and smooth as the crow's wing to her head.

"Miss Fay Bainter has what is called a long bob. It is dressed in a rather full pompadour and with its natural loose wave is very soft and feminine. Both she and Miss Elsie Ferguson changed their style of arranging the hair very little when they cut it. Miss Ferguson's hair has a short part but it is puffed out full on the sides and high on top and combed over in the back to look like long hair. The Elsie Ferguson pompadour was too famous in its day to be completely sacrificed to short hair. Two of the tricks of which we hairdressers must be masters are to make short hair look long and long hair look short. Ladies are like that.

"Miss Irene Bordoni's is another case of a coiffure that was so distinguished with long hair that she couldn't bear to sacrifice its individuality to the shingle. Although her hair is cut, it is slicked as tightly and shinily to her head as when she could pull it tightly back in a French twist. It looks more like a gleaming coat of black lacquer than like hair. And she still wears the flat fringe of hair straight across her forehead that she wore with long hair—very extreme, French and chic.

"Peggy Joyce's coiffure is perfect for her—very soft and feminine in front, very masculine in back. Parted on one side, it lies flat on the top of the head, then swoops forward in a big wave on each cheek, leaving the ears visible from the back but not from the front. The ends in front, though fluffy, are well groomed but the back of the head might be a boy's. It is a coiffure we are frequently begged to copy.

"May Allison, the cinema star, has a little trick which gives that touch of oddity to a coiffure that makes it distinguished. Her blond hair is parted on the left side where it sweeps forward on the cheek in a little horn that points forward. On the other side the wave is turned *back* instead of forward, so that the two sides look quite different. The front hair is long, the back hair short.

"Gertrude Lawrence's coiffure is one of my favorites. It is curled in tight ringlets in the back, then brushed out, giving the effect of a child's natural short curls combed to a fluff."

It is amazing how many hairdressers claim the wind-blown coiffure as their own. The explanation is that each one has his own version. Robert Temper originated one version of it for Ruth Taylor as she wore it in Gentlemen Prefer Blondes. Perhaps it was as a compliment to its brunette author, Anita Loos, that this coiffure was used. Miss Loos' hair is a series of these black, straight strings or *mèches* blown irregularly forward on her forehead and cheeks—a very Bohemian affair. Miss Taylor's blond hair is a well-groomed version of this rather wild coiffure. It is parted but not waved. The uneven ends are laid flatly and smoothly on forehead and cheeks, each little end turned pertly up and forward. The blond hair fits the head like a neatly torn silk cap with all these little golden *mèches*, like the horns of a crescent moon, smacked flat on temples and cheeks.

Temperamental Doings

"However much we may approve of the sleek, well-groomed head, admitting its preëminent chic," said Temper, "we frequently encounter personalities that simply can't conform to its limitations. Mae Murray, for example. Miss Murray wished me to create a distinctive coiffure for her, and anyone with half an eye can see that Miss Murray simply couldn't be expressed by a masculine coiffure or one that was calm and sweet and well-behaved. No, it required something a little wild and disordered. So I arranged a coiffure that was a mass of short curls all over the head, very fluffy, a little mad, utterly beguiling.

"Helen Morgan, on the other hand, has the ideal head for the severest style of masculine haircut. Millions of men wear their hair like Miss Morgan's—very short, parted on one side, and brushed straight back—yet how many women could wear it?"

More recently Miss Morgan has been "scrambling" her hair, as shown in the photograph on the first page of this article.

The man who can conceive the style of coiffure that is appropriate for each type of face and personality, create innumerable variations of these styles, and then give the cut, wave and arrangement that will reveal all that is loveliest in the face and tone down any-

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thing that is detrimental to beauty, must be something of an artist. And coiffeurs—good coiffeurs—always have been artists in their way. Many are the stories of their moods, their temperamental doings, their racked nerves.

There was the great Champagne, the first man coiffeur, who demanded of his clients, at the end of the sitting, a kiss—even when that client was a queen; who, when dragged to Poland by Marie de Nevers (this was three hundred years ago) on her becoming Queen of Poland, fled in the night back to Paris, curling tongs in hand, unable to work in that unsympathetic, barbarous country. There was Doyé, who for many years refused to dress La Pompadour's hair because she was not of noble birth and who frequently killed a pair of horses driving to an appointment. And even today, our hair half-curled, we may encounter the man who, flinging aside his irons, confronts us with goaded eyes and says, "Useless! I am not in a creative mood today."

Open Up

Dumas, of the Savoy-Plaza, is one of these artists. He is so much the artist that many of his clients consult him on questions of taste where most hairdressers would be lost.

"Dumas!" one of his clients will call over the telephone. "I am at my dressmaker's. Will you come right over, please, and tell me which evening gown you prefer? I know you are frightfully busy but this is *so* important! I'll pay you anything you like—only *do* come!"

And Dumas goes. Naturally the dressmaker is furious—until she sees that Dumas really does know just why this line is becoming to Madame, why that color is impossible, why a bow just here or a drape just there makes all the difference between a masterpiece and a ghastly failure.

Although Dumas is so ardent a believer in individual coiffure for every woman, there are some rules that he maintains are universal. In the first place, no smart woman today has a marcel wave. The marcel wave is finished forever—and with this opinion any smart coiffeur will agree. A water or finger wave, either with or without a permanent wave as the basis, as the case demands, is the only permissible wave today. The marcel is too wooden and artificial.

Next, most women should show at least half of the ear; some should show it all. Most women should endeavor to achieve sleekness. The hair should usually be smooth, flat, close to the head. The great thing is to keep the head as small as possible. Only a few, only the little women whose type is sweet and pretty rather than excessively chic, should wear their hair fluffy.

Two waves (and they large and loose) are better than three, and one is better than two. A series of short, hard waves is unspeakably bad. The face should be "opened" by withdrawing the hair from it—not closed in by heavy curtains of hair. This gives the features a chance. Hair that is brought in close to the eyes submerges them. Open space around the eyes makes them appear larger.

From five to fifteen years can be subtracted from a woman's age by cutting off her hair. . . . Rush, Madame, to your hairdresser! He will clip the years from your age more swiftly than your beauty specialist!

Wild Parties

Continued from page 19

"The thing that saved me was the elephant's fear. After the first few minutes of the mud bath he had started to ponder that he was in a strange place and didn't know where to go. When I showed up, acting in a calm and natural manner, he was probably as glad to see me as a person who has been lost."

To the public the big cats are the most terrifying of all animals.

And yet you could take half the bolts out of the lion, tiger or leopard cages and they'd never know the difference. They are crafty enough to watch for an opening to sneak through, and they would take advantage of a good opening in a flash, but they are not continually fretting around, ransacking their cages for weak spots the way so many other animals are. I think the way to put it is that the lion and tiger are more *sporting* in their philosophy.

There are over a hundred controlling chains in our lion house, all leading to the sliding steel doors which divide the sleeping compartments of the animals from their exhibition cages. All these chains run through metal conduits and emerge hanging in rows in a wide alley beneath the cages. This alley is well lighted. In addition, to prevent any serious error, the alley is painted white with bold black stripes between each section of chains. Large numerals designate the cage and lions to which each chain belongs.

One morning a new keeper pulled the wrong chain! He made his fatal mistake during the routine washing that takes place every morning.

While this washing goes on each animal in turn is made to go into his sleeping den. If a lion or tiger hesitates or is stubborn he may get a squirt from the hose to make him move on. As they all know this, a mere gesture toward the hose usually is enough to send the beast scuttling for his refuge. As each animal goes into its den, the man on the cage level shouts down to his assistant below who pulls the chain closing the den's sliding steel door. This shuts the animal in and the cleaner can enter safely and go on with his work.

When a cage is scrubbed the keeper tells his assistant in the alley to pull the chain marked "sleeping den" and let the lion or tiger amble out again.

The Center of Attention

On this particular morning the new assistant was down below closing den doors as each lion emerged, in order that the public would not be cheated by our charge sulking out of sight. "All right!" shouted the cleaner when he had finished number one and the lion had trotted out. In turn he reported two, three, four and five. When he finished six and went over into seven, the lion in six didn't come out right away. So while he was cleaning number seven he kept peeping through the small hole in the solid partition separating the two cages to see if number six lion had emerged so that its sleeping-den door could be closed.

The delay apparently confused the new keeper. So when he heard an "All right!" some minutes later he didn't close the door of den number six, but opened the sleeping door of den number seven, the cage in which the cleaner was at work!

The unfortunate keeper was happily scrubbing away in front of the cage

(*Continued on page 76*)

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(*Continued from page 75*)

when he happened to look up. Outside the bars stood an early visitor to the park, a fat squat man who wore a peculiar look on his face. This look so fascinated the keeper that he paused to enjoy it: it was a look of horror and bewilderment, just as if the visitor were about to have some sort of terrible fit.

Then, suddenly, the keeper realized that his look of horror was directed into the cage behind him. He whirled about and found himself face to face with Hannibal, our largest and fiercest lion.

When the keeper finally got control of his feelings he did the one thing that would save his life. He took the lion completely by surprise. He emitted a bloodcurdling yell, sprang into the air and with all his strength hurled his water-filled pail and his wet mop full in the face of the astonished beast.

Hannibal was so unnerved by this attack that he tried to beat a hasty retreat over the slippery floor. His feet flew out from under him and he turned an undignified somersault back into his sleeping den.

Poor Hannibal couldn't be persuaded to come out of his sleeping quarters for more than a week.

Bruin's Brains

Of course, among the bears there are a good many different kinds of temperament. Probably the polar bear is the worst customer in that he has plenty of courage and doesn't hesitate to be treacherous if it suits his fancy. The grizzly is less aggressive, but he is not to be trusted. A few years ago one attacked Ned Frost, a Wyoming guide, while he was asleep in his blankets, and would have killed him but for the bedding.

I saw a good example of bear brains while I was traveling with a circus some years ago. I had no official part in the show, merely being anxious to get some first-hand observations.

The brown bear cage had a ventilator two feet long and a foot wide near the top at the back of the wagon. The small slide covering it was opened from the outside by the keeper when he wanted to give the bears air.

One morning a hard spring rain made it necessary to confine most of the animals, less they catch cold. However, the keeper thought a little wetting would do his bears good. So he left their ventilators wide open. Presently he saw the bear cage rocking to and fro as if the inmates were nervous. He peered in and found one big grandfather bear scraping away at the ventilator.

"All right, old man," he told the shaggy old fellow, "I'll close it if you don't like being wet."

Although the weather in the next town was dry and hot, a thunderstorm was threatening. The keeper was annoyed when he found the ventilators to the bear cage closed. He promptly opened them. But scarcely had he turned his back when he heard a scratching sound.

The grandfather bear was at work on the ventilator. He had got his claws through the bars, which were *inside the ventilator*, had hooked them into the wood and was gently but surely closing the slide. He was now not only able to protect himself from the rain, but apparently could forecast the weather!

A group of beavers were added to our collection at the Zoo not long ago. We put them in the big beaver enclosure containing a pond which made previous inmates very happy.

But the newcomers somehow didn't like their new neighborhood. They didn't complain or seem downhearted. They busily wandered about during the day examining the four-foot fence and the pile of brush and leaves that we had put near the pond with which they were meant to build their winter quarters.

After dark that night they set to work. It would have taken a squad of good soldiers to have accomplished what they did before the keepers discovered them next morning.

First they had transported the branches to one point of the fence. On top of the branches they piled leaves, letting them sift down to fill the interstices. On the leaves, and mixed with them, they used sticky mud, all of which they carried between their paws and their chins. It was a fine ramp leading to the top of the fence. Had they been discovered an hour later the job would have been done and they all would have walked across it to freedom.

Another time we planned, for our beavers, to build a dam in a certain spot that would give a good view of their work from the visitors' fence. We laid a plank on edge across the little brook that ran through their place to indicate the site we had chosen. Plenty of sticks and logs and mud were made available. Water soon began to trickle over the top of the board. Surely the beavers would take the hint and build there.

Twenty-four hours later all the mud and sticks were piled against the fence, thirty feet away from our board.

We had the keepers bring all the material back to the vicinity of the board and left the beavers to their own devices. Again we found the building materials piled neatly down by the fence; and again we had it all brought back. We proposed to "fight it out on these lines if it took all summer."

On the third move the beavers politely submitted to our views and built a fine dam right where the board was laid.

As captives, deer and antelopes are the most stupid of animals. To be born and reared in captivity makes little difference in their relative intelligence, except that such specimens lose their fear of man and are really more dangerous than the wild kind.

I remember that our official photographer made a dummy keeper and put it into a cage. When he had his movie camera ready he turned a zebra in with the dummy.

Instantly the zebra caught sight of the helpless "keeper" and made a dash for it. Seizing it in his teeth he tore it loose, threw it down and trampled it to bits; not a pretty picture for the fellow who tended the creature.

Nervy Work

One of our staff was attacked by a full-grown buck deer. Luckily he realized his danger and did not lose his head. As the buck charged he waited. Usually in such a charge there is a brief pause just before the final thrust, in which the animal tosses its antlers as if to be sure of his aim. In this pause the man seized one antler and pulled himself around to the animal's side. Had he lost his footing he would probably have been quickly gored to death.

The battle was now more even. The deer pranced and the man held on for his life, pressing as much of his weight as possible on the animal's neck. Presently he was able to reach over and get hold of the deer's off foreleg. By lifting it he rendered the deer helpless.

If a hoofed animal gets an idea, it saturates the brain and crowds out all other ideas. A keeper may have years of trouble getting a giraffe to walk out of a stall into a fine sunny yard, because the giraffe was once in a circus and slipped in coming off a car with a steep gangway. It may never be willing to emerge from a door without a wild leap.

I think everyone, children especially, should deal with some kind of dumb animal—wild ones if possible. It is good for the soul.

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The Troublesome Kingdom of Selm

Continued from page 16

She laughed softly.

"Then there is the spice for our conversation," she whispered, "for you are not a man to avoid danger. I shall wait for you in the salon, and you will come." . . .

An orderly made his appearance with the newspapers of two days before. Sir Robert rose to his feet, and snatched at them.

"Go and flirt with Mademoiselle Drasdaire," he enjoined. "I know she's waiting for you. Afterward come to my room, and we'll talk seriously, if there is anything serious to be said."

"Is Mademoiselle Drasdaire a very old friend of the house?" Slane asked, as they passed along the stone corridor.

"I think my wife has known her for some time," Sir Robert answered, a little wearily. "She comes, as I suppose you know, of one of the oldest families here, although, like everyone else, they have nothing but barren land to live on."

"She interests herself in the politics of the country?"

"There are no politics worth thinking of," was the somewhat bored reply. "The only question is whether Charles or Francis has the better right to the throne. Charles is in possession, so we back him. The other man's been lying low, but if ever he could raise enough money to pay the army, there's no doubt that he could walk back. Really I don't think at Downing Street they care much about it either way. All we want is our debt paid, without embroiling ourselves with any other creditor countries. Come into the library when you have finished."

LOUISE, after all, seemed to have very little battle left in her. She was seated alone in the salon when Slane entered, and she motioned him to her side with a gesture of almost mechanical courtesy.

"The others will be here in a few minutes," she said. "They have gone into the small room to listen to the wireless. Sit down, Jasper, please. I shall not trouble you much more."

"You never trouble me," he assured her.

"Let us speak plain words to each other," she begged. "Once when I knew you, you were a man. Now you seem to have turned into a machine. I weary myself with appeals to your kindness, to your heart. With that we have finished. You have made up your mind to back Charles, yes?"

"I am a machine," he reminded her, "because, in certain matters, I am a servant. You see how frank I am willing to be with you. I am, at the present moment, a government agent. That means that I have neither will nor initiative of my own. Any question I can answer, any help I could give to you which does not interfere with my mission, is yours. Otherwise, I am, as you would be, dumb."

"Very well," she sighed. "Have you cabled to England yet?"

"Not yet," he answered. "My report is written though—and under lock and key," he added dryly.

"Eh bien, there is still time then," she exclaimed more hopefully. "Supposing, Jasper, that Francis could guarantee the payment of your interest, on the bonds of the English loan, would that induce you to delay the sending of your report for a few days?"

"Not for an hour," he replied firmly.

"You have no kindness, you have no heart!" she declared passionately.

"What has heart to do with it?" he rejoined. "I am out here with a commission from my government. I must fulfill it, apart from any personal feeling I might have."

"You would talk like this if you were in love with me?" she demanded.

"With more regret, perhaps," he acknowledged, "but to the same effect."

They heard the wireless in the next room brought suddenly to a close. Louise rose to her feet. The color seemed to be drained from her cheeks.

"You are a hard man, Jasper," she complained bitterly. . . .

That night Slane slept with his door locked and bolted, and his seldom-used revolver by his side. Once, during the hours of darkness, he leaned forward in his bed, his candlestick in his hand, watching the door handle—turn—in vain. For the rest of the night he slept.

SELM, according to a certain section of the English press, was a moribund and a decadent country. Nevertheless, there is something impressive always about an ancient kingdom in which the machinery of State is still alive. It was scarcely an audience to which Slane was admitted in the great reception-room of the palace; it was almost a council.

The King, even in his brilliant uniform an unassuming and delicate figure, sat at the end of the oval table. On his right sat General Ferastor; on his left, his Chief of Staff; opposite, Prince Radwig, the Prime Minister. Sir Robert and Slane were offered high-backed chairs of great size a little removed from the table. The King, who had shaken hands warmly with Slane upon his presentation, opened the proceedings by introducing him to the others. The Prime Minister welcomed him in colorless fashion, but with a reasonable show of cordiality. The General and his Chief of Staff, on the other hand, were barely civil.

"Sir Jasper Slane," the King explained to his councilors, "is a special envoy from the Foreign Office in London, and arrived here to act in conjunction with our friend Sir Robert. He has, I believe, something to say to us."

Slane rose to his feet, and approached the table.

"Your Majesty," he began, "I can tell you all I have to say in very few words. A little more than a week ago, I was sent for by a high official in our Foreign Office, and, as an ex-member of its Intelligence Department, I was asked to investigate the presence in London, together with a small party of Russian financiers, of Prince Francis of Selm, Your Majesty's brother, and, I understand, the pretender to the throne."

Ferastor moved uneasily in his place.

"The question of succession—"

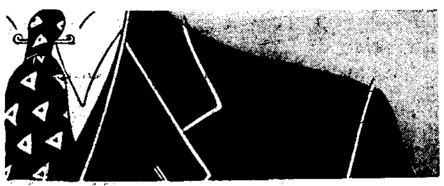
The King held out his hand.

"It is our wish," he said, "that Sir Jasper is not interrupted."

"I came to the conclusion," Slane went on, "that Prince Francis, in collaboration with General Ferastor, and with the aid of a large grant of money from his foreign friends, was engaged in a plot to force Your Majesty to abdicate, and to obtain for himself the throne of Selm. I asked myself, naturally, what inducement he had been able to offer his associates to engage their aid, and I was sent here to find out. I entered your kingdom, Sir, from the north, and I have come through the regions of Kull and Terbesch."

"There was supposed to be oil there," the Prime Minister remarked. "Some Russians came and spent a fortune

(Continued on page 78)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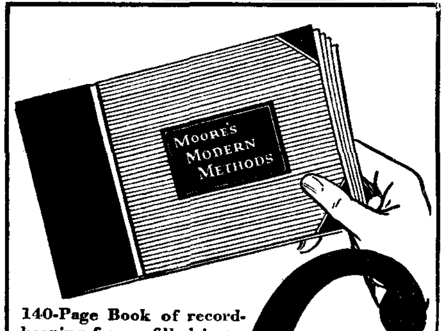
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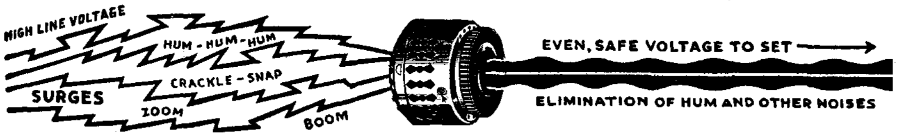
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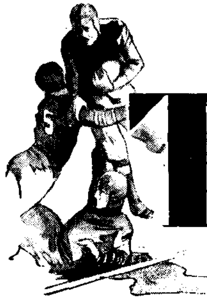
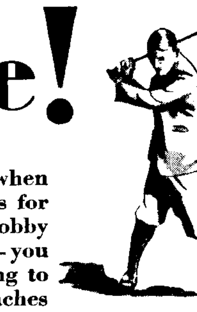
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TIME
8.15 P. M., Eastern Time
7.15 P. M., Central Time
6.15 P. M., Mountain Time
5.15 P. M., Pacific Time

Collier's Radio Hour

(Continued from page 77)

searching for it. They broke up their machinery, and went away in disgust."

"They did nothing of the sort," Slane replied coolly. "To use an American term, they bluffed. They hid their machinery, which is in perfectly good condition, and I have no doubt they have plenty more on the way. There is oil enough in the district to pay your debts—the debts of the country, I mean—ten times over."

"It is impossible!" the Prime Minister gasped.

"It is true," Jasper Slane reiterated, returning to his chair.

SIR ROBERT took his place.

"Your Majesty," he said, "our special envoy has explained his share in this business, and I shall now proceed to address you according to instructions received this morning from England. You are seriously in debt to my country, and the matter is one which has almost led to strained diplomatic relations. I make you this offer: Sign me an option upon these oil-producing lands according to the map which I shall, in due course, present to you. I am instructed by my government to tell you that according to the terms of the treaty, which, in anticipation of your reply, is now being drawn up, we shall exact from you simply the amount of your debt, the arrears of interest, and nothing more. The rest can go to your revenue, and, furthermore, my country will be willing to extend a payment of your debt until the oil wells are sunk, and everything is in order. The capital to run them will naturally be provided by us, and we will also advance the money owing to your Army and Ministers."

"What!" the General exclaimed, springing to his feet.

"What did you say?" the Chief of Staff demanded eagerly.

"My government is prepared to advance everything necessary to pay the debts owing to the officers of the State and Army, and to put your public services in proper shape, on the security of the options I shall ask for," Sir Robert declared. "Your Majesty, I beg you now for your earnest attention. Prince Francis is already on his way here. He is expecting the help of the Army, which he is proposing to bribe with the money produced from either selling outright or giving an absolute option upon these oil lands to a dangerous nation. Your Majesty, will you put it to General Ferastor, will you put it to his Chief of Staff, will you put it to your Prime Minister, with whom do they throw in their lot?"

There was a crash of fists upon the table. The General twirled his mustache fiercely.

"If Prince Francis crosses the frontier," he threatened, "he will cross it to find himself a prisoner."

The Chief of Staff was equally bombastic.

"The honor of the Army," he declared, wondering how long it would take him to telephone to the frontier—"is unswervingly pledged to Your Majesty's support."

That was the real end of Jasper Slane's mission to Selm, although technically it concluded a month later when the Gazette announced that His Majesty the King had given permission to Sir Jasper Slane, Bart., to accept from the King of Selm the Order of the Golden Cross of that country, for important services rendered.

Stop the Show!

Continued from page 34

household. Libby's brother made an indiscreet wisecrack and wore the fiddle as a crown. The bow was snapped across Libby's picturesque right knee.

"Now," her father reflected, settling back in his morris chair after the fracas, "there'll be no more nonsense. She'll go through for a degree in law and be useful surely, ornamental perhaps."

He had hardly uttered the words when sounds came from his older daughter's room. Libby was moaning low—singing a formless doggerel picked up in childhood wanderings among "nigger" shanties, listening to the morose minstrels of a light-hearted, lightheaded race.

"That's all I could do," she declares, "with whatever music was in me—let it go in 'blues.'"

Her parents tolerated her song not as a gift but as an eccentricity. And as she kept her promise to go through to graduation Pa Holman took the sensible view that she could try her hand at shaping her own fate.

With a certified education, a month's board in hand, and the fare back to Cincinnati, minus Pullman, buried in her bosom as a last resource, she blazed a trail to Broadway.

The battle began, for her, in a working girls' club affiliated with the Y. W. C. A. Libby, who liked her cigarettes, had to forget about them and check in o' nights by ten-thirty.

"I had nothing practical to sell in New York but a college education," she says. "And in New York that's no asset unless you can typewrite, run an elevator, sell notions or have a good enough memory for faces to be hat-check hostess in a speakeasy.

"My mental torture was the thought of Mother back home in Cincinnati, expecting terrible things to happen to me. And they were. Not the terrible things she imagined. Mother feared that I might be caught in the net of wily white slavers who lie in wait for girls with A. B. degrees and put chloroform in their coffee."

A Ticklish Choice

She reached the point where she had to choose between using the last recourse—that fare home tucked in her bosom—for travel or for food. Libby, being hungrier than homesick, invested in meals, primped herself with her last few dollars, suspended ambition to be a singer and stormed a legitimate theater manager's office.

Channing Pollock was present. Mr. Pollock competes with Mr. Owen Davis as a playwright. Davis is two or three ahead of Pollock, but that was before lunch on the day these lines were being typed. Mr. Pollock has grateful regard for Cincinnati. His plays have always returned good royalties from there. So when he overheard a doleful maiden with an eager because hungry voice ask for a part in The Fool and give her home address as Cincinnati, he approved.

Libby got her first job. So elated was she that she wired Mamma about the opening night. When the piece got near enough to Cincinnati in its one-night jumps, friends went to see it. The worst was realized. Libby was the whining street-walker in that dramatized sermon.

So true was Libby's impersonation that in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, a fe-

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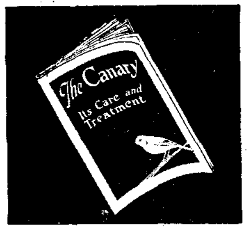

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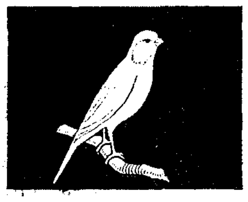

male leader of local morality marched in single file to her dressing-room and stormed the door with prayer when Libby refused to be preached at.

The Fool wilted on the road, despite Libby's very best efforts as a cut-rate siren.

But she had saved enough to get back to New York. Rebuffed in the roaring forties, she worked down-town towards the Garrick Gaieties—a fashionably semi-pro outfit presenting a smart-Alec revue.

Trains back to Cincinnati hooted through her mind during the run of the Gaieties; but she determined—if she had to go back—to go back with something more than she took away. Libby Holman, A. B., entered Columbia University as an aspirant for a Master's degree, electing French literature as her subject. Playing by night, classes by day, were her routine. But that decision was the spot of resolve that stimulated her to stick it out.

Warm weather closed the show and the school. She hopped steerage to Europe, sang and saw and returned broke to take a job singing one song in a McIntyre and Heath touring company. Stardom was still far away.

Finally, she struck Chicago and a place in the road outfit of Greenwich Village Follies, with a song called Hogan's Alley—wail of a corned-beef-and-cabbage Delilah. It stopped the show, but brought a questionable compliment when she was wired an offer from New York to take the lead in an all-colored revue called Rang Tang. Desperate as she was to show the world that Libby Holman's throat was the place where the blues begin, she turned down the offer, bolted to New York and squeezed into The Merry Whirl.

She plunged into feverish trial of her talents with new shows and hung up a record for appearing in more continuous flops than any actress of her weight or age in the United States.

A friend met her rushing down Broadway one evening.

"Whither bound?" he asked.

"To the Bijou," she answered.

"What's going on there—rehearsal?"

"No—I'm working."

"Not at the Bijou," said her friend. "I passed it five minutes ago and it's dark."

A Mad Whirl

She became dizzy with openings and foldings-up. To tie her courage to something tangible she re-enrolled at Columbia and was one of a million-odd eager females to answer the call for talent for a mammoth production called Rainbow. This was a beautiful play and Libby cornered her spot—a super-sad piece of moaning with costume and limelight.

The production, as remarked, was extravagant. Too extravagant. The producers gave the critics a long, too long, seventh-inning stretch, exactly forty-five minutes elapsing as intermission between the two final acts. Rainbow folded and Libby Holman was once more out of a job.

Loping down the street called unstraight, seeking what she could find in Broadway casting offices, she held her head high although her purse was flat. That head was held too high. It overlooked a manhole and down fell Libby. She came out of hospital limping, wearing cheaters; but determined as ever.

Ned Wayburn signed her for the Gambols, and before she could buy fresh silk underwear for a part that seemed to need it her manhole shock exacted penalty in the form of arthritis. She was practically paralyzed, couldn't dress herself. They planted her against a stage column and let her sing. So

(*Continued on page 80*)

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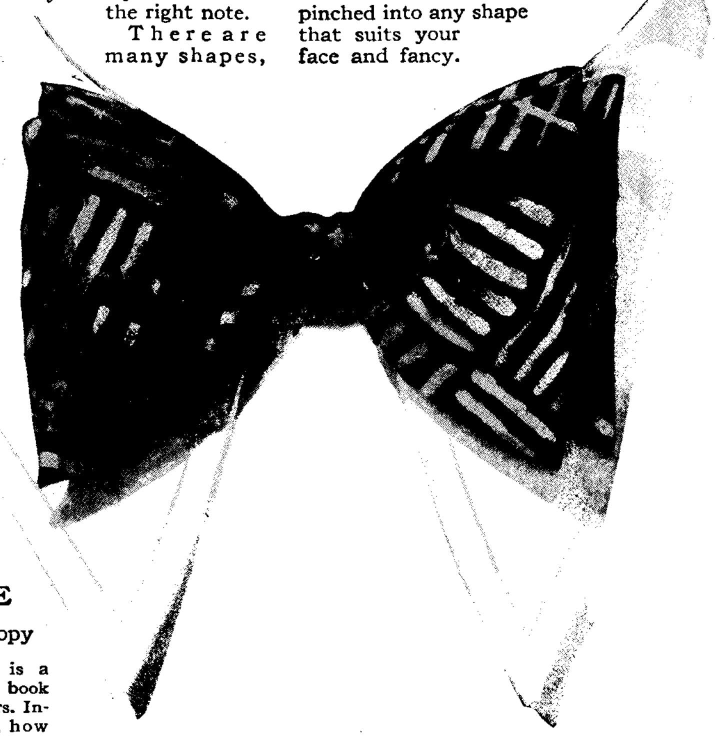

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(*Continued from page 79*)

painful was her stroke that between matinées and night shows she couldn't change her costume. Poor, she had to go out for food and might one night have been left at the mercy of taxi jehus where she fell in the street, if a fashionable woman who had heard her sing hadn't recognized her. A doctor was summoned. Libby refused to quit the show. She needed money. The doctor sat through every performance, watching her, and he observed that when she sang most movingly she was suffering most exquisitely.

But that touch of technique couldn't save the Gambols. It went the way of all trash and Libby Holman was again at liberty.

The Birth of a New Note

People were beginning to talk about the seductive young woman whose throbbing notes stirred passion and pity. But managers were busy—so were streptococci. Libby, out of work, succumbed to sore throat. They took out her tonsils and the miracle happened. In removing them the surgeon was too thorough or not thorough enough. His scalpel invaded a column of her throat and nicked a piece out. Libby will show it to you without any charge for sightseeing—and it is a sight.

In the hospital she observed the difference. Singing the moment nurses and adjoining patients would stand for it, she detected a new shade to her song—a prolonged vibrance that underscored low, full notes.

At her very first appearance in a manager's office the same quality aroused interest. They put her in The Little Show, an unpretentious thing thrown on to keep a theater occupied against rent and taxes.

To wind up her part in the show, they gave her a lurid scene as a little Harlem cocotte singing Moanin' Low.

Under green lights she entered, swathed in silk. She sang. The mellow voice arrested every ear. Its music lingered, haunted. The audience rose. The show was stopped.

"You've got to do no less," says Libby, recounting the chapters of failure that climbed to an epilogue of triumph. "Five thousand young women are trying to break into stardom every season. One in a thousand gets there—by what? Hard work, talent, beauty. Those three are not enough."

At twenty-four, a star, with a carved throat that has twisted her palate, spoiled her sense of taste but made her voice unique and inimitable, Miss Holman has revived the Alger legend in terms of the feminine.

In a hallway leading to her dressing-room a line of suppliants formed on the right. All were businesslike, all left disappointed.

"Surely," I asked, "you're going to cash in on popularity—now?"

Heavily beaded eyelashes lifted over eyes brilliantly black, but agleam with a knowledge of onions.

"I'm still a student," she said. "When I go back to Cincinnati it will be with that M. A. degree."

Her maid was informed that all dates were off. The time between matinée and night shows was to be spent in the public library searching for elusive folk songs to ring the change on Moanin' Low—and provide material for a thesis.

The Girl who Blushed

Continued from page 22

time to time to look at the living-room door for inspiration.

"Dear Ann," he wrote. "Be careful. He's been married three times *at least* and each time his wife left him. He's older than he looks. He—"

The letter was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a sharp report in the next room—such a sound, say, as is *sometimes caused by an exploding paper bag*—or even such a sound as might be made by an old-fashioned, rusty revolver when impulsively pulled by the trigger. One moment and Tony was on his feet, listening intently with his head on one side. The next moment and he had opened the living-room door.

Ann, pale and tense, was standing by the window seat, old John's ruddy weapon still grasped in her hand. And Mr. Bolingbroke, paler yet, was staring at her from the middle of the room, not at all with the glance which had made him justly famous. He was moving away from her, now and then snatching a nervous glance at a splintery wound in the floor near the window seat.

"Don't—don't hurt him, Tony," almost whispered Ann. "He—I shouldn't have let him come—"

Tony, though, entering with such momentum, couldn't be stopped so easily. There was a collision of two moving bodies, a grunt, a scuffle of feet—a struggling vortex which gradually worked its way through the open door. . . .

When Tony returned to the living-room a minute later, he found Ann sitting in the window, her face in her hands, sobbing away as if her eager young heart would break. He had entered, frowning, but he couldn't frown long in the presence of so much grief.

"You might have killed him!" he said, trying to speak with appropriate sternness.

"Not—the way I aimed—at the floor," she sobbed. "Oh, Tony, please don't scold me. I—I was only trying to do—my third difficult thing—"

"You mean—you meant to shoot—even before he came in?" demanded Tony.

"Yes," she gulped. "But, please, only at the floor. I—I was pretty sure he'd need it. That's why I had Grandpa's gun ready—and asked you to wait for Dad. . . ."

Again Tony frowned, and again he found that he couldn't continue to frown. And partly perhaps because Ann made such an appealing young figure of woe, he presently found himself patting her shoulder even as, a few minutes before, she had been patting his.

"Don't cry," he said. "It was my fault—what I told you in the cab last night—"

SHE looked at him. It would have been a disturbing look even without the tears; and, throwing caution quite to the winds, Tony kissed her.

"Oh, Tony," she whispered. "Look at my cheeks. Am I blushing?"

"Well, y-e-s."

"Isn't it awful? Then we may have to try the old man and his watch after all."

"We will not!" said Tony. "I'll attend to your blushing after this."

Again they kissed.

"Be careful," she said with a glance at the door. "Dad may be coming any minute."

"Let him come," said Tony valiantly. "Does he think that he's the only one who's going to be married this June?"

"Station WXYZ—Stand-by, folks, for the big fight"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. 9-4
H. 6-5-3-2
D. Q-10-9-8-3
C. K-2

West
S. Q-J-10-8-6
H. K-J-9-8
D. 5-2
C. 8-4

East
S. 7-5-3-2
H. Q-10
D. A-7-4
C. A-6-5-3

South
S. A-K
H. A-7-4
D. K-J-6
C. Q-J-10-9-7

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's. At Auction Bridge the bidding would be: South, one No Trump, followed by three passes. It happened, however, that the hand was played at Contract and South, with a count of 18 and all four suits stopped, bid two No Trumps. West passed, and North bid three No Trumps, which won the contract. North did not have the count of 6 which is generally the minimum for jumping two No Trumps to three, but he had one of the hands counting 5 with which the jump should be made. These hands have either: (a) A King and Queen, immaterial whether of same or different suits. (b) An Ace and any one of three possible counts of one; viz., a Jack, two Tens, or a total of five cards in the Ace-suit.

The play would naturally be the same at both Auction or Contract.

The Play

The original lead was the Queen of Spades.

As soon as Declarer saw dummy he realized that he was sure of two Spade tricks and one Heart trick, and that in addition he had four tricks in Diamonds and four in Clubs as soon as the respective adverse Aces were dislodged. Six tricks from the two minors were necessary for the Declarer's game. He was exposed to the slight danger that when he established either of his minors, the adversaries would shift to Hearts, extract South's Ace of that suit and run three or more tricks in it when they won with their second minor Ace. But unless East held both minor Aces and long strong Hearts, the shift was not likely. The great danger was that the adversaries would establish their Spades after winning with the Ace the first trick of the first minor suit that the Declarer led. Then, although Declarer could run the remaining cards of his established suit and cash his Ace of Hearts, he still would be two tricks short of game and when he tried to establish his second minor suit the adversaries could win the first trick and run their Spades. As Declarer had but four Spades in his two hands, one adversary must have held at least five originally; consequently it looked as if they surely would save the game with three Spade tricks and their two minor Aces.

The hand was played in a Duplicate Contract contest and all but one Declarer started to establish his Clubs after winning the first trick, figuring that the South hand would win whatever the enemy led and could surely run his own long suit. East won dummy's Club King with the Ace, and led a Spade. The Declarer then ran his four good Clubs, after which he led a Diamond. East won with his second Ace and led a third Spade which enabled West to run three Spades and gave the adversaries what looked like an unavoidable total of five tricks.

At one table, however, the Declarer's planning had amounted to something and he appreciated that his only chance of making game lay in inducing one of his adversaries to hold up the Diamond Ace twice. So the one crafty Declarer led the King of Diamonds to trick 2 and it won, East seeing that he surely could shut out North's long Diamonds and hold the Declarer to two tricks in that suit.

To trick 3, Declarer led the Jack of Diamonds, being careful not to overtake in dummy as that might suggest no more Diamonds in closed hand. When the Jack also won, Declarer promptly shifted to Clubs, playing the King from dummy. East won the trick and led a Spade; but he had held up too long and Declarer, after winning his second Spade trick, was able to take one Heart and four Clubs. This gave him nine tricks and game.

East could have avoided the catastrophe by winning either the first or second Diamond, establishing the Spades before South's Clubs were made up. In that way he would have saved game by winning one Club, one Diamond and three Spades. But East could not be blamed for not sizing up this situation accurately; he did not know that closed hand had five Clubs, four of which could be established by one lead, nor that closed hand had only one trick in Hearts.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

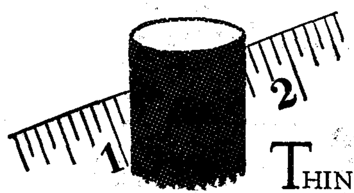
North
S. 4-2
H. A-K-10-9-4-2
D. 9-6-5-2
C. 9

East
S. A-9-7-5
H. J-7
D. K-Q
C. Q-7-6-4-3

West
S. Q-J-10-8-6-3
H. Q-3
D. A-J-10-3
C. 8

South
S. K
H. 8-6-5
D. 8-7-4
C. A-K-J-10-5-2

Your beard equals one hair 5/8 inch thick



THINK of your beard as one big whisker five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and you will at once appreciate the value of the glycerine in Listerine Shaving Cream.

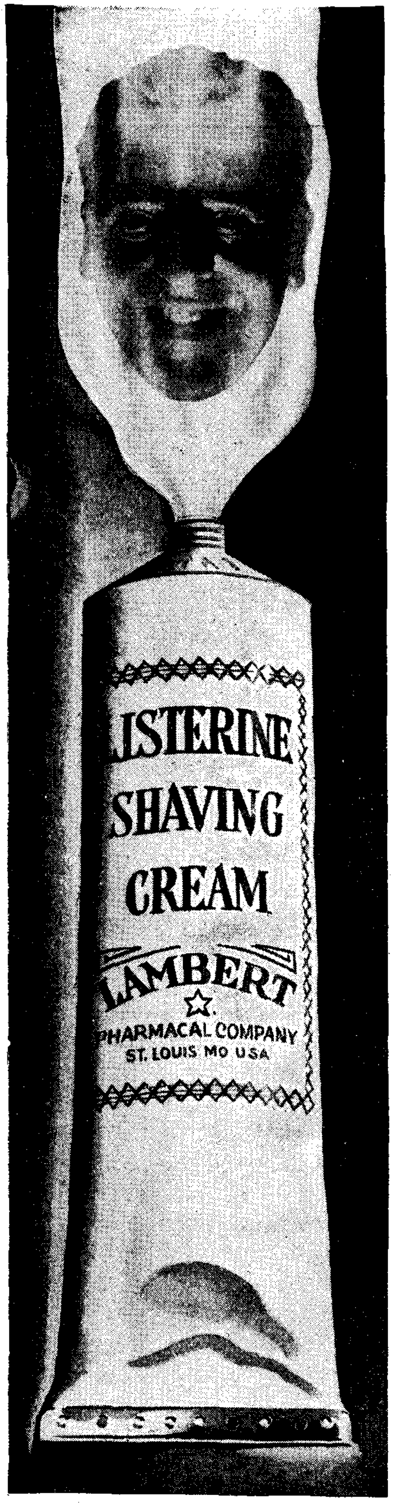
The average daily crop of 25,800 hairs, each one-250th of an inch thick, is scattered over 40 square inches of skin. Add them up and these hairs are equal to the one giant whisker pictured above. That's why dermatologists tell you: *"before you scrape, lubricate!"*

Glycerine does just that. It forms a salve-like film which protects the face. On that film the steel edge slides. Gone is the friction between beard and blade. The result is new and delightful.

Because Listerine Shaving Cream gives this lubricating and lotion effect, it gives every indication of winning leadership similar to that now held by Listerine Antiseptic and Listerine Tooth Paste.

Three-quarters of an inch of it brushes up into a soothing, softening blanket of very moist lather. Cool and creamy, it does not dry or draw the skin. And its healing Listerine essences add to the emollient benefits of the glycerine.

No cream can make shaving a pleasure, but we sincerely believe that the new Listerine Shaving Cream comes closer to doing that than any other product now offered.



10c a month

All beards are not tough enough, all skins not tender enough, to need a shaving cream as fine as this. But to men whose daily shave is torture, Listerine cream is truly a godsend. The big white tube sells for 50c and is crammed with 157 inches of cream, good for 157 shaves. That is a five-months' supply, and makes the cost only 10c a month. We urge you to try it. We'll be glad to hear how you like it.

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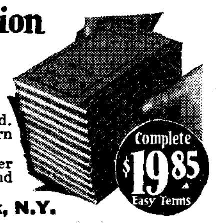

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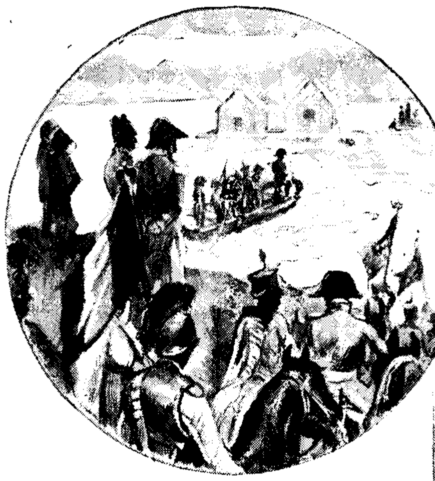
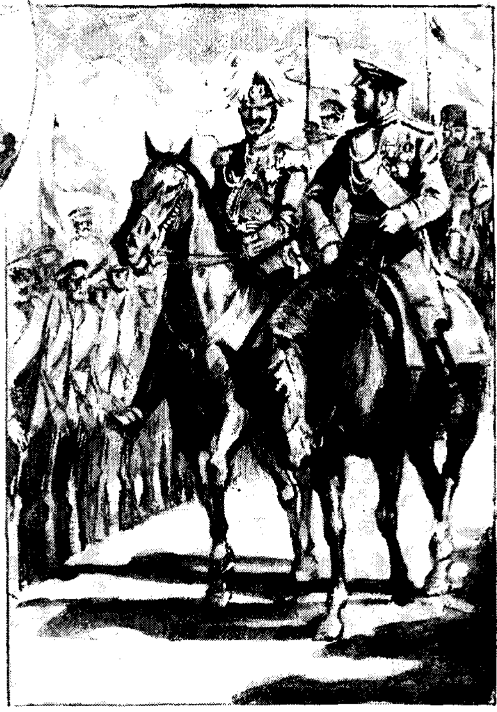
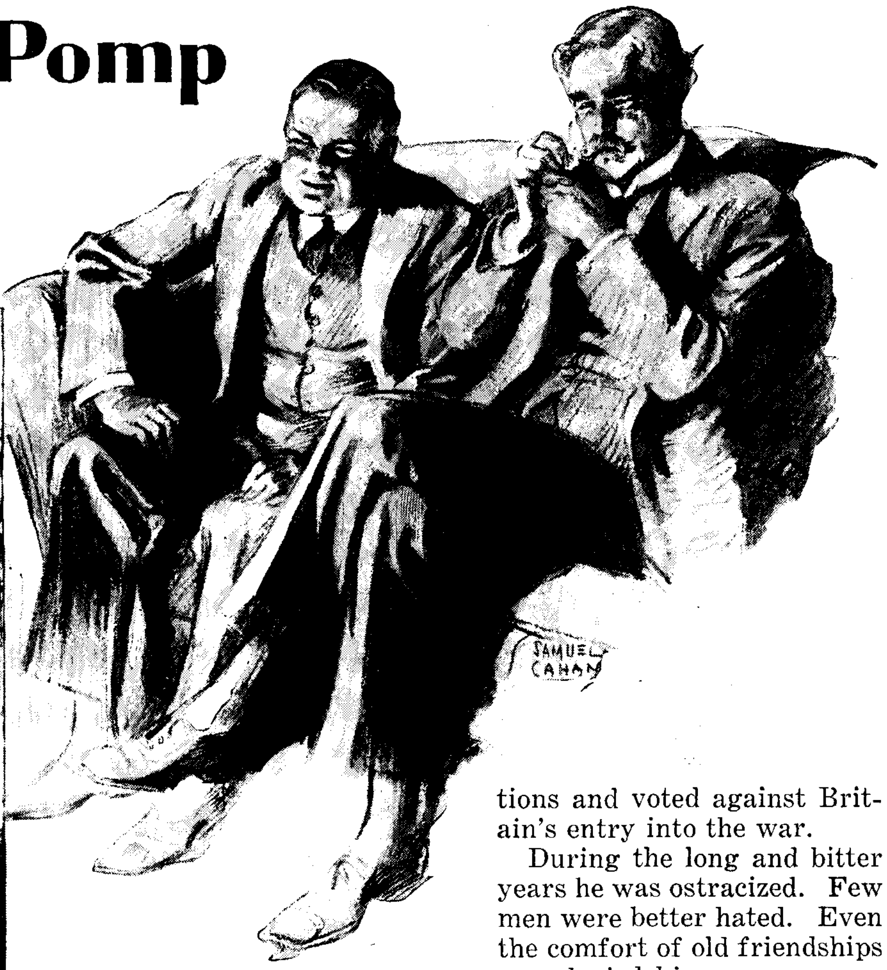
The Passing of Pomp







WHAT a picture of our modern world was presented by the drama of Ramsay MacDonald's recent visit to Herbert Hoover!

MacDonald, child of a poor Scotch family, and Hoover, son of an Iowa blacksmith, represent the governmental might of the two richest nations of the earth. No prophet could have foretold a half-century ago such a destiny.

To these once humble lads have been intrusted the privilege and responsibility of making decisions which for long years to come will affect the lives and happiness of hundreds of millions of their fellow men.

With utmost simplicity these two statesmen walked along the leafy trails of the famous Blue Ridge camp and rested by the fire of a rough cottage, all the while seeking the basis of an enduring friendship between the far-flung millions they represented.

Contrast this unostentatious meeting with the pageantry of the older journeys of the heads of states.

Kaiser, Czar, Emperor and King used all the prestige of royalty in those days to form alliances and agreements which in the end meant war or the threat of war. Napoleon symbolized his rise to the heights by the magnificence of his meetings with the Czar Alexander and the lesser kings.

Bismarck was forever arranging spectacular meetings between the old Emperor William, Czar Alexander and Emperor Francis Joseph. From the chess play of such kingly conversations came some of the fears and quarrels which resulted in the World War.

Nothing shows the depth of the change more vividly than the characters of the men who conferred at the Rapidan mountain lodge.

Our President rose to power through stages essentially American. Poverty and lowly surroundings were no handicap to a boy endowed with his talents and his ambition.

College and university were open to such a youth. Developing business had need of his abilities. Rich before middle age, government called, and by natural processes the blacksmith's boy became the chosen leader and the spokesman of a hundred and twenty million Americans.

Ramsay MacDonald's personal history is equally characteristic of his own land and time. His childhood in a Scottish village was humble and without privilege except for the teaching of the rural dominie. As a young man he became a clerk. Ambition drove him to private study. Largely by his own effort he became a gentleman of wide reading and profound culture.

More than once after he overcame the handicaps of poverty he seemed to eliminate himself from all hope of future advancement.

Member of Parliament in 1914, he might have had a place in Asquith's Coalition Cabinet. Instead he adhered to his convictions and voted against Britain's entry into the war.

During the long and bitter years he was ostracized. Few men were better hated. Even the comfort of old friendships was denied him.

Five years ago he was the first Labor Prime Minister. His administration was brief and ended in disaster over the Russian bogy. Once more Ramsay MacDonald's political career seemed definitely to be finished.

Time worked for him. The principles which he preached found more adherents among his countrymen and once again the Scotch Laborite was Prime Minister.

Behind Herbert Hoover is Quaker ancestry. In the respectable fashion of the Society of Friends, he is a pacifist. Ramsay MacDonald also is a pacifist.

The friendly meetings, the frank conversations, the candid expressions of belief in the same ideals of peace and goodwill between President and Prime Minister have set in motion new currents of popular feeling.

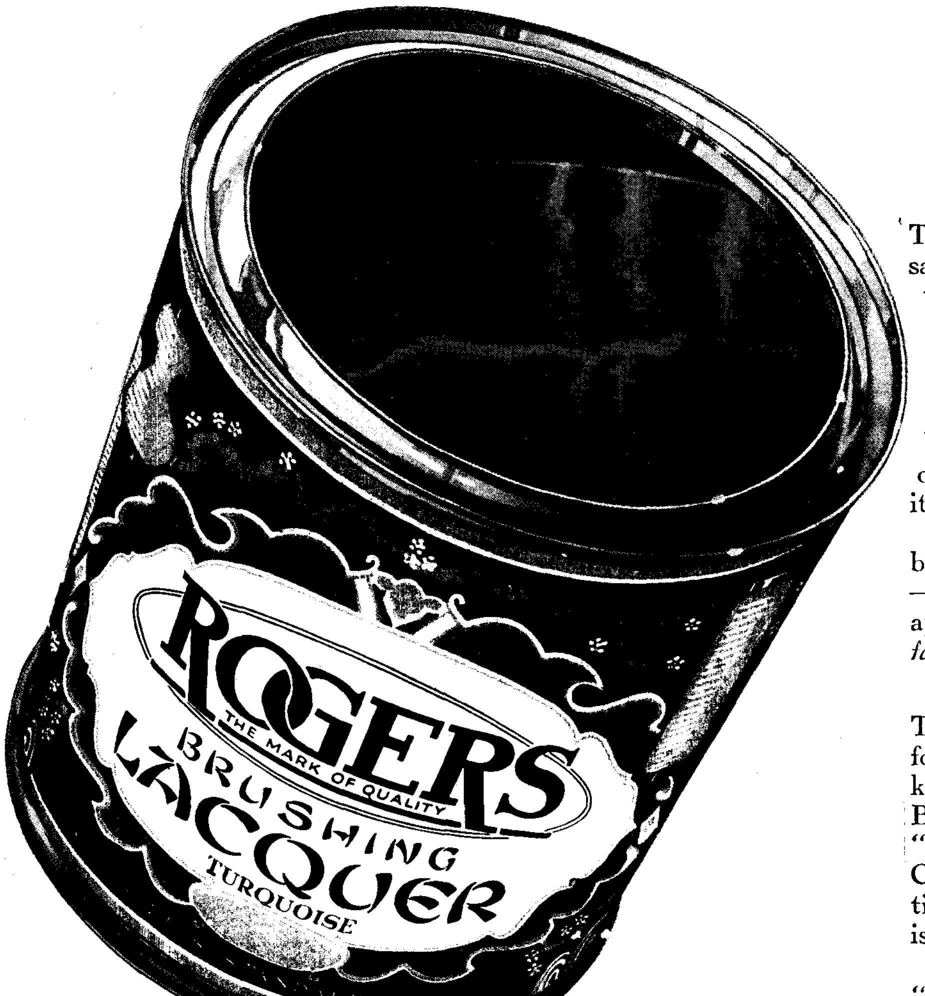
Governments are better able now to work out arrangements for a peaceful conduct of international business.

Whatever else these two men do, their Washington meeting is a permanent service to their own nations and to mankind. Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Hoover reached the highest peaks of personal success because they risked much to serve their people.

A great triumph has been recorded and the sons of two humble men led the way.

Over 20 million cans sold to date . . .

These improved "Rogers" lacquer colors are the popular thing everywhere



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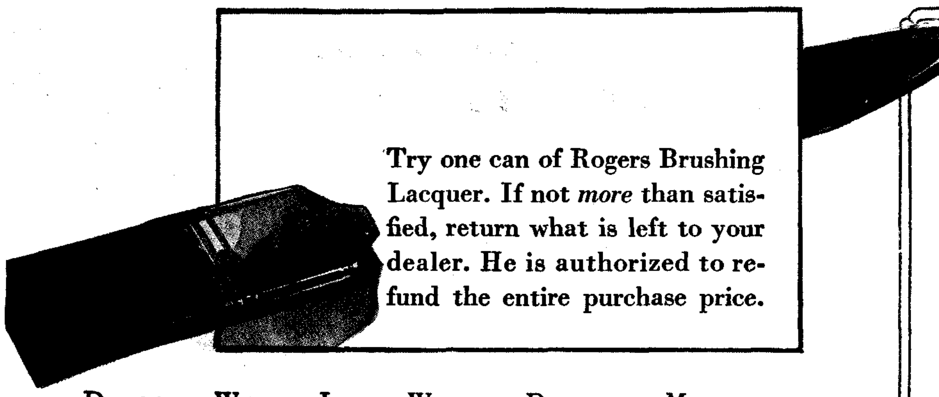

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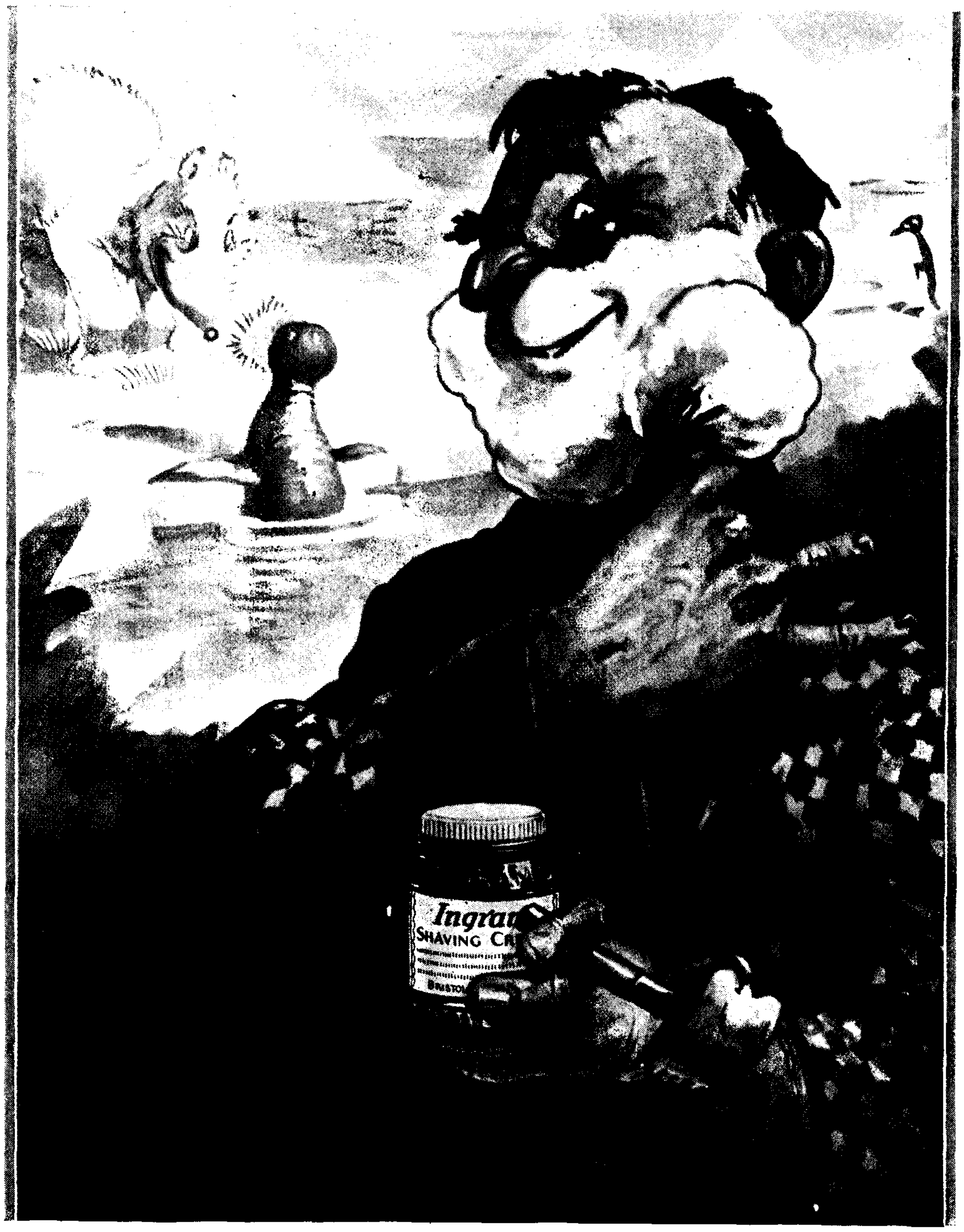
Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Fill out the coupon and get your sample. Do it now! You won't regret it!



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